

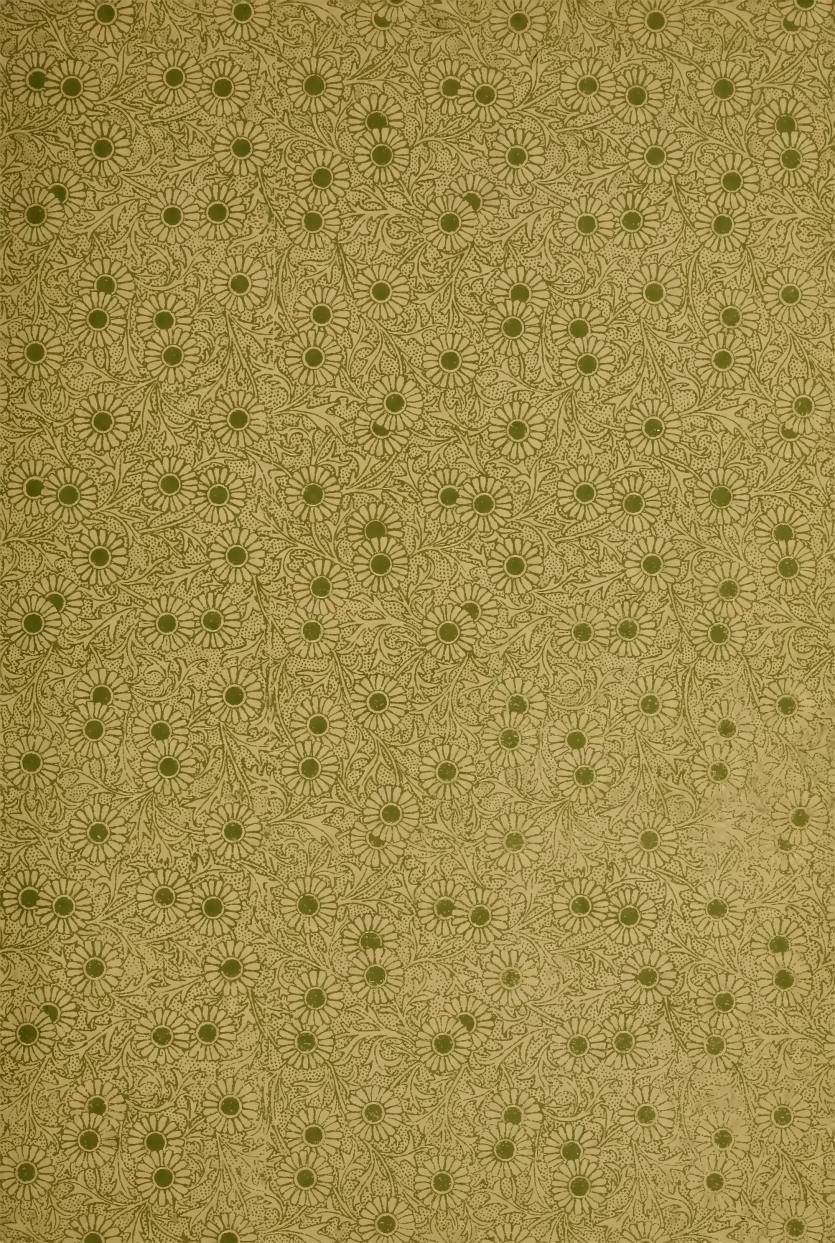
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A
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THE REVOLT OF REASON:

A
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A
M A M M A L,
O N L Y.

—The mystery
Nature affects is what it ever was,
To man's perceptions; all whose progress lies
In having come to broadcloth; all his worth,
In searching for his brother; back of man,
Before him, silence. Forces rearing man
Are tedious as eternity; in haste
To no occasion—and the universe,
Without beginning, hastens to no end;
Scarce yet reduced, to smear an axletree
With th' unguents of re-motion. Equity
Is man's invention, to salve legal wounds;
Law's the broad word, in every planet's mouth,
While every insect must have heard of it.

—Man may not ignore
Himself, the supreme factor, in this world,
But lay all wagers on him; it is he
Hath pushed along discovery, or life
Were telling couriers yet, whose numerals
Had charged an error, slighter than a hair,
On Nature's gearing.

—Of that awful Force,
Distilling musk for flowers and vernal dyes
For wistful forests; seen in bird and bee
So sweetly joyous; sentient in all life,
Vile or innocuous—what a volume, man's
Equipt to treat it?

—From less to more, the law of life proceeds,
From brutish craft to calm intelligence,
Throned in the primate, man—who in the womb
Displays a fish's, then a reptile's brain,
And last, a mammal's; whence falls clearer
light

On Nature's methods than a thousand tomes
Of a priori lore had shed thereon.
Long, Nature wrestled to arrive at man
Whereat she seems to halt; who knows for
why?

Life set out with a stomach, ere a brain;
 Which antedates the genius of the crab.
 His brain, aside, the sea outdazzles man
 In denizens, e'en, microscopic up
 With hues transcending life in earth or sky.
 Man's if a language, every beast hath his
 Signal or interjection—savages
 Partake of and enjoy, with slight advance.
 Culture but makes man perfect, who by signs
 He hath devised may well perpetuate
 His passing thoughts; whence song and chron-
 icle,

Thence sound induction, by a godlike brain,
 Sprung of a Kaffir's.

—Imagination feathers dolorous wings
 In the thick air of horrors, like the bat,
 Saturnine and nocturnal; to the light
 Drowsy, dis-souled; by the moon-haunted tower
 Flitting with witches' curses in her teeth.
 Religion, for the sake of fixed belief,
 Has held man back from thinking, and is yet
 Pointing his eye to Mecca, or some shrine
 Tradition may hold sacred; man so dead
 To credo, dubito may resurrect.
 To cherish a delusion hath the effect
 Due to a comfit, while the sweetness lasts
 To charm the palate. Miracles appeal
 To th' jury sat to try them, less to faith,
 Brainless as the mountain sorel; it most true,
 When man comes to his senses he shall find
 His senses are correct.

—No north wind were free
 That had reserved the right to inflict a wrong,
 And once had made the option; liberty
 Is motion denied power to perpetrate
 An evil or abet one; a sweet breeze
 Blown man-ward, over thyme and honeywort,
 Still sweeter for the hearthstones it hath swept.
 Liberty is the spirit of all law,
 And not its letter; while all servitude
 Turns to the wall, pierced by one ray of light:
 All rights of human nature but the laws
 That human nature grows by.

—Man is a liar, who in infancy
 Was a prolific liar, seems the key
 To startling facts in history, that loom
 This like a Jungfrau, that a Matterhorn.
 The supernatural is not above,
 But below reason yet; for th' fabulous,
 No law but laughter, and no other rule

Treats it so frankly or so cleverly.

No virtue in a man's sincerity,

Who thinks a stone a god and worships it;

So are the anthropophagi sincere

In th' choice of viands.

—Faith like a vampire hath but sucked the
blood

Of all the ages, known by the myriad names

That fancy gives her own monstrosity:

While a swift river of man's daily sweat

Rolls past his gnawing stomach to quench hell,

Her uttermost abstraction; poverty,

Her child, legitimate as any birth

In honest wedlock.

—To man's traditions thought is dangerous,

Yet bullets harmless; there was never change,

Not of opinion, that was not a truce

To pick a flint in. Truth is not a thing

Fire may consume, or water drown, or blows

Reduce to atoms—fear for it were vain,

As were concern lest great Apollo tire

And drop his lighted torch.

—Thwacks bear historic instance in them, dealt

'Twixt the wide peeling eyes of Jove or Pan,

In other monsters' foreheads; since it seems

Time's custom to repeat a comedy

Till the world's stomach heaves; thereat to
drown

In blood the footlights. History is yet

Brief, foreclosed eras of man's piety,

That witness coarse inventions. What, to proof

Hath man clear knowledge of he would forget,

Would even dare deny? Wherein, a corpse,

The Past inspires man's reverence, in the fact

It breathed, his ancestor: yet reverence done,

Each filial tear is dry; wherein the Past

Doth by conspicuous worth ensample man,

Hers, the arch-trick of heraldry, that hath

All men's delighted homage: character

Is that, man, most, aspires to, at his best;

That, at his worst, most feared. If irony

Erewhile, mistook her office, she hath learned

Her duty is man's culture; if he laugh

He hath digestion; if he formulate

His humor he hath vantage.

Sorcery

Is out of fashion, with man's intellect

Except, for sheer amusement; so, what worth

To science, in a thesis on a bone,

Marrowless as the arm of Jupiter?

Destiny is the loom that harlequins
Do weave their jests in—while the cowards
dread

It, the brave man's incentive: destiny
Is but Chaldea in her seven spheres.
Yet, damning human reason, covertly.
The pure mechanics of the busy spheres
Find parallel in the unswerving course
Of human action: law, inflexible,
In God and man and nature, congruous.
—Man is no infant of six thousand years;
An adult, rather, with millenniums,
Affecting hundreds—who has seen the poles
And th' Tropics exchange offices; the Sea
And th' Land close overtures of mutual gain:
In whose survivals, or revivals, that
Which polished his coarse pate into the brow
Whence beameth this world's lord.

Age hath no reverence for its own sake,
But for good deeds; for ill, it hath man's scorn
With his accruing contumely enough
To sink a ship o' war—O, the turpitude
Of having writ man—evil; innocent
In right of nature as the elements
His flesh is made of; it so palpable,
Anger and hatred, selfishness, distrust,
Are all man's properties, not bred in him
Of any devil, but in common his
With other mammals—O, that laughter grew
Instead of leaves on forest trees, and man
Had surfeited and mended—a sad fool
No lusty humor in him!

—To what eminence
Man may ascend, when to autonomy
Committed, frankly, hath no prophesy,
Since man hath scarcely broken fast, escaped
From thralldom in the night; few colors, his,
Tho' he hath bunting waiting for his pluck
To fly it, to foul weather.

Men are evolving painfully the art
Of thriving side by side; whose annals yet
Record much friction; to extract his fangs
And make a savage, social—uppermost
In politics, as ever.
—Statutes to equalise all pocketbooks
Had come of arson, murder, anarchy;
Yet penury and riches, should these wed,
Who had not kissed the bride? Nature doth not

Compel him to desist, who hath enough
From hoarding her choice gifts; nor to the
weak

Doth she loan brain or muscle, but has cast
A scramble to mankind of all her gold,
And seems t' enjoy it; avarice is mad,
While reason may not assert sanity,
Where it hath never been.

—The cause is lost that proves its moral power
Thro' firing padlocks at the negative.

Take nothing from the rich, had left them poor;
Yet from the poor take what had left them rich;
The rich may have too little, while the poor
May have laid by too much.

—Justice makes good the pledges of her furs
In luminous exceptions; who concedes
On vellum, with sharp emphasis, the rights
Of poverty and riches, and confronts
A trespass on the weak, with stripes and
pains.

Here, she acquits herself of duty well;
Here, too, her scales do balance to a hair;
Yet when she has a felon by the ear,
She sometimes fails to brand him, lets him
slip,

For reasons less in proof than in surmise;
Yet, was it justice did it, or the knave
Who wrenched her lucid text? Thus it appears
That palpable as Justice is not she.

—Men are stung t' inquire
Is Justice such a fiction, gold may leer
At jury, bench and scaffold, in her hand
The dripping knife she did her murders with?
O, man; O, God—what argument herein
For headlong reformation?

In plebeian vein
The gods have spurted their blood, furtively;
Autonomy seems so unnatural,
Races prepare for it, as wrestlers must,
For bays, in the arena: Anarchy
Is man, unreasoned, from an animal,
Into expediency, which he accepts,
His, light enough, to honor thine and mine.
Conscience is an election of the mind,
That helms it into instant harmony,
Struck by dilemmas; and as each man's flag
To shield his person signals to mankind,
The soil whereof he is indigenous.
Error pales seldom at the sight of blood,
Or to the smell of powder; time and oft

Man has betrayed effeminate love for peace
 To brawny disputation, the mute air
 Transfixt to jugglers' batons: men must think
 Tho' all the guns of the world's armament,
 At point-blank range forbade it.

Chuck man under the chin
 Till he glance upward, the chop-fallen wretch,
 As if he had done murder.

—Wherever man appears he seems to smack
 Of life about him as if Nature had
 Begot him with an eye to fitness there.
 Thus, the orang touches man in a tender spot,
 E'en his sensorium, and the shame-faced man
 Owns, in this primate, a near congener;
 Yet, wherefore, blush—the kinship is divine,
 Or Nature had declined it?

With knowledge of what is, man were complete;
 Thence had few bays to pluck: from the
 unseen.

If it exist, man's knowledge is cut off
 As clean as by a cleaver: nothing is
 To man he may not know of. Nature means
 By limitations his, to perfect man
 Thro' knowledge seized within them; who has
 found

His higher life is to discover this;
 Whose, if concern with the invisible,
 He had not been born, blind.

—What anything in essence is, who knows?
 A leaf had argued quite as plausibly,
 Why, found the shape it is as man had done,
 Why, found in form and function, as he is.
 Do not despise an atom; it is more
 Than reason, yet hath mastered with the aid
 Of science and all art: thro' the minute
 Nature reveals her power—whose purposes
 Atoms, invisible have inklings of;
 Atoms, no pack has yet bayed fairly home.
 No microscope, indeed, has settled where
 Intelligence begins. Science insists
 That somewhere, somehow, consciousness sur-
 prised

Well-tutored atoms; altho' how appears
 A Sphinx with bloody fangs, Oedipus yet
 May drive to suicide.

—God is a word, man ventured to his lack
 Of broader knowledge—just as spirit proves
 A term of sheer convenience; knowledge man's

Deductions by his brain, from Nature's course,
 He glimpses daily and consumes the night
 Skirting her area with fresh telescopes.
 Man learns from what he sees, from what
 beside?

In his emotions, but the changeful moods
 Fancy makes what she will of.

—Man, undisputed, Nature's masterpiece,
 Yet she transcends all art confest in him,
 In every eye, of every trilobite;
 While huge cetacians thrive a thousand years
 On animalcules each most masterful
 In its equipment: She, with diatoms
 Gorging sea-monsters, thence resolves to pave,
 Sea bottoms with them; e'en whose polops
 sweat

Founded the Isles of Balm and Land of Flowers
 —Against experience common to mankind
 Man had accepted Aristoteles,
 And Plato, arguing—ere science rose
 Challenging either doughty Hellenist.

A war is brewing unlike any war
 In all man's history; a war between
 That state man finds himself in and a stato
 Alleged as man's hereafter; the demand
 For proofs invincible that state exists;
 Unproven, to thence cease to create hope
 Or inspire terror; so, apparent, man
 Bears no relation to a future life
 In his decaying elements. No guns,
 No navies like opinion, to the place
 Of autocrat, ascended; it may spare
 Thrones to dismiss them gently; may compel
 Allegiance to inflict it on an age,
 More fitly to rebuke it: to dispel
 Doubt may enlist it by the sword to wage
 War on conventions.

Thus, the ancient's dream
 Of Heaven as the safe pocket of the soul,
 Were well translated, free intelligence
 Climbing her superb destiny, and Hell,
 When she has lost her footing and falls plump
 Downward, degrees unknown.

—Reverence

And not the object revered has made
 Shrines holy and men pagans: once have done
 With that which was not, is not, shall not be
 Confronted with what is, man's history
 Thence, proving true, were hence, most
 masterful.

Man's quarrel with the past is to grow wise
 Thro' disputation, rather than by blows.
 Nature, in a dilemma, is a lie
 Gudgeons have swallowed and do snap at
 still.

Man wants no sacred fictions, seeks the truth;
 Had oxygen itself betrayed a god,
 The fact must be allowed: the crucial test
 But, proof, supreme, of what is true or false.
 God may have left some signs, upon the rocks,
 But none on vellum—who has slain no kid
 For his integument, whereon to pen
 Advices to mankind. Tho' chemistry
 Be Nature's own conception of a God,
 As Nature feels Him, yet man's intellect
 Would introduce the chemist: Ah! to know
 A drop of water were to share God's throne.

—Form and shape

Man's instincts seize on, while diffusive power,
 Formless, seems vague, to his intelligence.
 God wears, to man, a form, man feels hath
 none;

His reason, to the rescue of his sense.
 What message had the Infinite for man?
 Or, wishing man, bon voyage, doth He hide,
 Lest man may founder? Or, amidst ships, stood,
 Doth beckon the foul winds to serve him best,
 The straining hulk gone down—some bubbles
 left,

Witnessing God, not man, in foundering ships?
 Herein, is summed up all the mystery
 Man yearns to know, which, known, had argued
 him

God's fellow, tho' no peer.

That false distinction, between rich and poor,
 Is th' mischief wrought of gold, tho' charged
 on God;

Penury, thus, divine; yet, were it so,
 Appeal to God were to man's enemy.
 Man wants no sweet delusion, as a salve,
 For the sharp ills of life, but, verities,
 A stoic, to his pangs. A lie must fall,
 Tho', God had set it up: the argument
 Of reason is, that, false, is lawful game
 E'en, at all seasons, for a clever shot.
 Man thrives not, to the fiction, he is not,
 But, to the fact, he is a mortal man:
 To tack a pagan fancy, to his life,
 Proves, but, a sorry tail, to fly it, past

A yawning graveyard: long, to live and thrive,
 Let all desire it, who live uprightly;
 So, let them test all aliments and herbs,
 For the medication, in them. Fashion seems
 The humor of the hour and always yields
 A profit, to conformity: if slight,
 The pleasure, it affords, still, all mankind
 Have courted Fashion, with assiduous zeal,
 Ere, yet, Olympus shook with all the Gods,
 Ere, Isis and Osiris laid the keel
 Of Egypt's fortunes—to whatever God,
 May rule the middle air, this Goddess holds
 All hearts, in charmed thrall: and were it, yet,
 In vogue, to honor Jove, still, Jove were God.
 So England conquers India, yet, casts,
 In sacerdotal molds, her countless Gods.
 —Ours, a recovered world, were, one, redeemed
 Of human reason, from th' atrocious crimes
 Of human fancy; man, so competent
 To live a higher, in a better life,
 Facing the fact, his, but, one life to live,
 It, tho', a brief one, than, to be misled,
 By the cruel expectation, of one, more.
 The cardinal virtues, culture, of the arts
 Of love, of friendship, of good neighborhood,
 Is man's distinction o'er the quadruped
 He hath so distanced, thinking, on the way.
 Man's bold mistake is loss of blood to God,
 Who much prefers his veins had not been
 prickt;
 Man, a barbarian, still, whom reason plies
 With all her birches. Why, man's altars, run
 With blood in rivers, is, because they are
 Man's altars and no God regardeth them.
 All sacred books prove the high-water mark
 Of morals, where, man penned them—otherwise
 They had no flavor, if, not, of the soil,
 Whence, they have sprung and naturally,
 thence,
 As, its own flora. Fancy, any soil,
 Or person may make holy; evidence
 Must so pursue a God, that disbelief
 Were, as impossible, as, to accept
 A counterfeit a God—to every Age,
 The proof, still, fulgent.
 —In all authentic time, not, an event
 In the affairs of men, but had its source
 In reason, or unreason; everything,
 In Nature, may be sacred, perhaps is;
 Nothing, by special unction: moral power

Moves to the forces, that inaugurate
 The sway of reason, which, like gravity,
 Half, unexplained, accomplish destiny,
 With, never, portent, miracle, or sign.
 Power, men hail spiritual, is the force
 Of the imagination, and to faith,
 May, e'en, suggest the presence of a God.
 Spirit, but, man's assumption, to sustain
 A theological hypothesis.

—Belief

Has been a problem, more, of policy,
 Than, of conviction; and to culture, man
 Hath, of his reason, quite ignored the Gods,
 He tendered genuflexions, in the eyes
 Of th' gaping multitude: what, to undo,
 Be man's first query, which, when, ascertained
 His, were not much to do, but, to grow wise,
 Gently, thereafter. Conscience is that fact
 Of insubordination to all power,
 There seems no penal statute, yet, of force
 To burn, behead, or gibbet: conscience oft
 Whatever, men may think, to, bravely, do,
 To opportunity.

Christ is an argument: He, if a man,
 All pledges are man's pledges, by that faith,
 Which, the arms of Rome, imposed upon the
 West.

Reason accepts the God, who may sustain
 The test, whereto, she puts him, tho', her own;
 Since, all appeal, to reason, comes, at last.
 Thus, Reason invokes Egypt, who so far
 Antedates Moses, it was at her torch
 The Hebrew lit his own, to argue God,
 Or, vindicate Him, by declaring, false,
 What premises are credited His lips.
 So, she precedes all gods, whereof, we read,
 Then, in her prime; while, nations, before her
 Have left no monuments: nor proof appears
 Of whence, she sprang, or, when, or, how, she
 rose,

Who stood, magnificent, beside the Nile,
 When Time passed by and kissed her: Egypt's
 fame,

Alone, archaic, in man's history,
 The Hebrew, but her product. Moses' grave
 If, Moses have one, were a tumulus
 Like one, half grass-grown, by the village kirk,
 Named, with the first man's, found along the
 Nile.

Still, Egypt had no memory of when
 Time hackt the earlier notches on his stick.
 The endless chain, of history is lost,
 Since, there be trees, as old as history,
 Were history the fragment we have found.
 Antiquity is what man, yet may find,
 Not, man's brief record, backward, with the

wax,
 Of Egypt's mummies, sealed.
 —Never, since Egypt, has there breathed a
 king

Merged in his office; government, as hers,
 Inverted his who said—I am the State,
 In training every monarch, how to serve:
 Who lived, but, for the State; his wine, doled
 out,

His pleasures, meted to him: absolute,
 Yet, of all Egypt, most submiss to law.
 —What, Egypt had not, of the Hebrew, had,
 Were, unregretted, of the Hebrew, lost.
 Egypt, tho', scarce, dishonored, of the Jew,
 Seems slighted, in memorials of her worth,
 Since, half, the blood of Israel, was her own.
 If Egypt and Chaldea were the source
 Of Hebrew inspiration—yet, the text
 Of the Creation, Flood and Decalogue
 As, found, recorded, may have been the worl.
 Of later Ages, e'en, of David's own,
 From meagre data, writing Israel,
 With backward sweep, past the Hebrew
 exodus.

A primal, uncaused Being, absolute,
 Omnific, sole—Him, nothing, else, beside,
 Who, by a word, creates a Universe
 Of, simply, nothing; who, to magnify
 His glory visits an inferior orb,
 With conscious life, in th' image of his own,
 Innocent, pure and holy; yet, permits
 A serpent to entice it, to do ill;
 Then, gives to death, th' heavenly type that
 erred.

With all, unborn, that, thence, should e'er
 proceed,

Tho', in a universe, a billion orbs,
 Like ours, omitted, had scarce shrunk the sum
 Of half the spheres, therein—'tis pertinent,
 What had the stomach of man's reason done
 If, tempted with such viands, served, to her
 For the first time, to-day?

—A silent world proves Nature holds her
tongue,

Whose pile had tottered, stood on—let light be;
Supreme Mechanics, all that reared the pile,
All, that, yet, prop it.

—What God were such, as, of the Hebrew,
limned,

With features, sharp and pinched, with fore-
head, low,

Demeanor, Asiatic—save, a God,

Then, level with man's genius? Thus, the
myth

Marked, by each incident of child-like thought
Of the untutored ages of the race,

Inflicts the pains of travail; takes from sweat
The honor, due it, over all the globe,

E'en from a tropic savage. So, his pen,

Who left the tale, on record, cast the facts

That much perplexed his ignorance at God,
Couched, in a curse from Heaven: the subtle
snake

Doomed, thence, to crawl, that, ever, had but,
crawled—

To feed on dust, it hath not fed on, yet

Still, in batrachians, its supreme delight,

Its sweet seductive voice, th' ancestral hiss:

Tho', th' fabulist assumes, that man and beast

Spake but one language and in harmony

Dwelt, socially, on a, yet, sinless sphere;

While, as the innocent Josephus hints,

Beasts became, after the first trespass, dumb.

—Enmity was not put, by Deity

Between the woman's and the serpent's seed;

The deadly, venomous reptile had provoked

Man's dread and prompted him to bruise its
head.

Lest, in his heel, the snake had struck its
fangs,

Instinctive, ere the fable's date, as since.

A literal significance, alone,

All, the text warrants: for, a fact if true,

That, most significant, in history,

Had been, as, clearly written, as—MAN FELL.

—Man having eaten, did not, surely, die;

Mortal, before he ate, as afterwards,

A mandate were superfluous—thou shalt die;

Who, gently, had unbidden: life and death

Already, here, disputing mastership.

—Yet, in some plain and unambiguous words,

Ages, of zealous scholarship, have sought

A sense, involving human destiny :
 A falsehood, colored by rare craftsmanship,
 With all the hues of truth, were paralleled
 By Art that filched the marble, she hath
 wrought

Into the breathing bust.

—In Serpent worship, prehistoric times
 Abounded vastly—it, anterior,
 To the Semitic record, Genesis ;
 Remote, in origin as any fact,
 Not, geologic, it, well, antedates
 Tho' current with, extant theology.
 Whence, voodooism, in repulsive forms,
 Fetishes, from Cape Horn to Labrador,
 While, vast accessions of analogy,
 In charms, in totems, spells and amulets,
 Pain the explorer's eye, in Africa.
 To th' Serpent, than to any God, beside,
 More superstitions, altars, devotees.
 —The Serpent, when, not worshipt, was ab-
 horred.

Semitic and Aryan fable deal
 Alike, with the shrewd reptile ; while the Greek
 Dwells on his malice and him, Hercules
 Slew, in the Garden of th' Hesperides.
 Man seems expelled from Eden, less, for sin,
 Than, that he grazed the side of Deity.
 —The first-born of mankind, a murderer
 Remits the legend's source, to savagery :
 To a begotten monster, every leaf
 In Paradise had withered, with each flower,
 Eden, itself, not, an incongruous myth.
 Man's fall was a cant, upward, and not down,
 His blood ennobled of the fruit, he ate :
 Knowledge, of good and evil, implies both,
 Not, evil, only, man's.

—Man ventures to do right, wont, to do ill,
 As, if, his bent were evil—is this so ?
 Or, is it a coarse fiction ? Cultured man
 Argues the point and brands it, as, most false ;
 Uncultured man hails the tradition true,
 A shield, to skulk behind, his evil, done.
 The act of man was such a startling feat,
 As, to inspire the Gods with jealousy ;
 Whose, but, one more achievement, possible,
 And Godship had surprised him : such appears
 The honest substance of the Eden myth.
 —The Sun began to reign at an early day
 Too early, to seek when—ere th' primate man
 Appeared, arriving, by some trackless trail.

Science may wait, yet, forty centuries,
To boast a Cosmos, if each solar day
She solves some problem, to principia,
That defy challenge.

—Vengeance and hatred, cited, oft, as God's,
Are but man's moral lineaments transferred
To broader canvas; as, if, magnitude
Made just, in God, such vices, as in men,
Are execrable: from like premises,
Came the Noachic Flood, the blood and smoke
Of all man's altars.

—Sinai, Olympus, Meru show to faith,
The footprints of their Gods, still, visible.
Hebraic poets are God's oracles
As, faith construes them: but, as reason holds,
Tho' less, than Homer, like Aryan bards,
Mystical, when, prophetic, as, the voice
Of Delphos, or Dodona.

—Ashera, Linga, Phallus are, all one,
A Hindoo, Hebrew, Greek or Roman God,
In Egypt's Apis, veiling nudity:
Yet, current with material splendor, such
Was man's religion: he with reason, oft,
Ours, or, for emulation.

Fatuity would dredge the Red Sea, yet,
For th' chariot wheels of th' Pharaoh swampt
therein,

Instead, of searching, for that, fabulous,
That, true, in the Hebrew's annals of himself.
Tacitus saith Vespasian healed the blind,
Yet, Tacitus writes, falsely: so, 'tis said,
Of Alexander, the Pamphylian Sea
Divided, to him; false, Josephus, too:
As false the annals, whence, he boasts or would
A parallel to the Hebrew exodus.

Yet, Strabo with Arrian, o'er the bay,
Pass Alexander, with both horse and foot,
Breast-high, in water, to prevailing winds.

—Migrating tribes, with predatory aims,
Or, the expulsion of a race, itself,
With means of transit, both o'er land and sea
A Pharaoh had promoted, may be facts
When, naked, true, when clothed in fable,
false.

They, who had entered Egypt, peacefully,
So, may have left, with Pharaoh's blessing,
theirs;

A swarm of bees, escaped th' ancestral hive,
Light ing, unwearied, in a wilderness.

Of valor, hived on Canaan's bloody soil.
 If, to a miracle, th' arm of the sea
 Had been divided, with its waters piled,
 On either hand, in heaps—there scarce, had
 been

A monarch, so demented, as to test
 The power, of th' Hebrew's God, to close the
 gap,

Inopportunately.

—Doubling the head of Suez, to have passed,
 Dry-shod, into the wilderness—how fit?
 How likely, too? Tho' fancy cleft the sea,
 Arguing flight, in them, whose sires had sought
 When famine-stricken, Egypt's pasturage.
 Egypt has left no hint, a Moses was;
 Whose own faint verdict, Time begins to
 doubt.

The blood of the Egyptian has not dried,
 Him, no man near, Moses slew cowardly
 And buried in the sand; yet meekness may
 Sprout and smell sweet from an assassin's
 brow.

Moses and Aaron, tho', half mythical,
 For craft and shrewdness have no parallel;
 In whom, Egyptian magic culminates,
 As, supreme factor, in their leadership,
 Of semi-savage tribes, athirst for blood.
 Their act, the tithe, laid, ever, on man's
 sweat,

Craft, from th' Egyptian priesthood cleverly
 Grafted, in Israel's. To credulity,
 A babe, at th' breast, to-day, had nigh re-
 buked

Their affectation of the marvelous;
 Proceeded, duly.

—Of Jethro's yearnings, sprang the moral law
 While, the fable that attended it, betrays
 The skill of the Hebraic fabulist,
 Who, with like ease had set the bush afire,
 Had shook Mt. Sinai, rocking to its base:
 So, Manna, fabled, to have rained, from
 Heaven

Yet, from the tamarisk, may strew the ground
 To th' changed conditions of four thousand
 years,

While, idle, listless, lazy monks, their bread,
 Smear, on Mt. Sinai, with like manna still.

—The Cloud and Fire report to cleverness,
 In Eastern magic, be the prodigies
 Not, sheer inventions: every master stroke

Of policy, appealed to spells and charms,
When, stress was laid on the magician's
wand;

For, th' oriental had no history
But, for the thread of magic, half, th' events,
Of all his chronicles, are strung upon :
Sorcery, thus, the life-blood of the East ;
The God, alone, whence, all her prodigies.
Egypt's, Chaldea's, Persia's, India's art,
Of feigning, to do what, each doth not do,
Done, to the cheated eye, so cleverly,
Has brought the curse of magic to our day.
In the bazar and by the wayside, still,
The Eastern juggler plies the marvelous ;
His sleight is theirs, performing miracles,
Five thousand years ago, in Chaldea,
Wherein the annals are not fabulous,
Of orient magic.

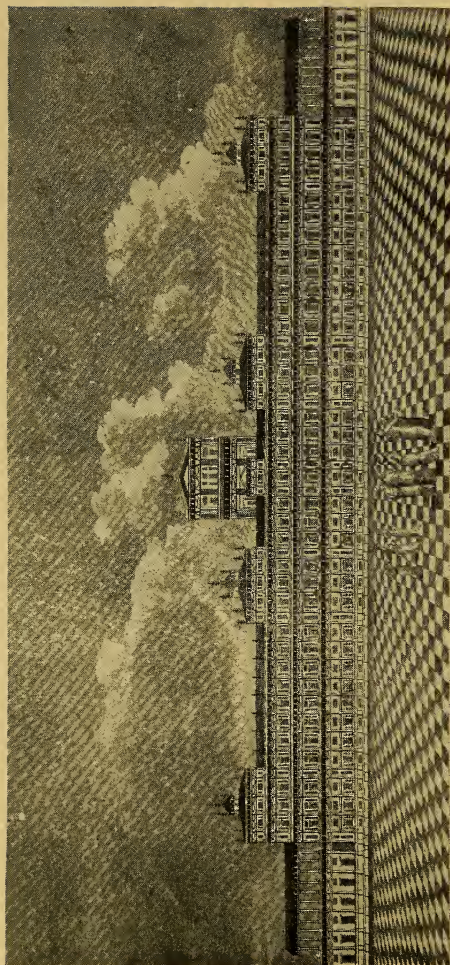
—Dead every exile from Egyptian soil ;
Dead, his successors, for a thousand years,
Who had not, of the fiery pillar, wrote,
As, of the cloud, as veritable facts ?
Whatever, Fancy would, the annalist
Of Moses, penned, of Korah—which, 'tis ours,
To credit, stricture, or, quite disallow.
Two years of fabulous chronicles, the Jew
Returns, for forty, in the wilderness ;
Forty, more cabalistic, than, exact :
Two years, enough, wherein, to whet his steel,
For conquest, unprovoked and barbarous.
The Jew is, thus, th' Egyptian, to a tent,
Forging his weapons, in the wilderness,
Athirst, for merciless war.

—Fierce Nomads, with no love of country,
theirs,

Set forth, to ravage Canaan, as, the Huns,
Late, ravaged Europe, to the shibboleth,
Jehovah's with us—which Hebraic brass,
Time hath, somehow, transmuted into gold ;
The craft of Moses, thro' a priestly caste,
Lost, in prodigious reverence.

The vines of Eshcol had displayed to-day,
To the like culture, grapes, such, as the spies
Affect, to lug, laborious from their quest :
It, but, a ruse, to edge the thirst for blood :
The clusters, fabulous, as are the grapes,
Famed in the Talmud.

Ere, hailed Chaldea, dwellers on her plains,



Views of an Infinite, elaborate,
 Of man, of nature—from the Hebrew's lips,
 Dubbed inspiration, by Semitic pens,
 To Egypt, debtors, both, in rites and laws:
 Strains, sweet, as David's, ere the Hebrew was,
 Cheered his migrating Ancestor and thence
 The harps of Judah wake, in songs of praise,
 Th' Accadian, in the Hebrew, God's elect.
 So, th' Hebrew was a pagan, and of loins
 Pagan from their remotest ancestry:

—His worship of Jehovah, as of God,
 The Patron of the Hebrew—his, in war,
 His, in fugacious peace; save, when the Gods
 Of captive tribes seduced him: plural Gods
 Quite, as consistent, with his chronicles,
 As with the Egyptian's, or, the Hellenist's.

—Canaan, his,
 Thence, for three centuries, no trace appears,
 Historical, of Hebrew piety.

Save, his vainglory, the Jew's little else
 Than, Egypt's lore, with, later, Babylon's.
 E'en, the wine and meal of the Hebrew sacrifice
 Were common, to the priesthood, of the East,
 Who, on the first and seventh, of every month
 Offered an ox in sacrifice, wherein
 Was found no blemish and between his horns
 Poured a libation of the tasted wine,
 Ere, the slain victim, to the Gods, was burnt
 In sacrifice, its chief significance
 Seems expiation, for offenses, done,
 Or, meditated; for success, in war;
 For fertile flocks and herds, in frequent twins
 A plea, by blood, made, to a partial God.

—The Hebrew's Altar was an abattoir,
 Sewered and drained for wholesale butchery,
 Reeking with th' blood of bullocks and of
 rams,

Chiefly, his holiest, at Jerusalem,
 The captured capital of Israel.
 O'er Persian, o'er Egyptian, scrupulous,
 In worship, as, an art; in sacrifice,
 Conspicuous, for the merit of the beast,
 Slain, by the priesthood—to such articles
 Of pagan piety, the Hebrew pen,
 Makes bold subscription; while, the fabulous
 Hushes the air, with its divinity.
 Yet, as a butcher, a Semitic priest
 Were scarcely fit, on life and liberty,
 To sit with conscience tender: shedding blood
 A bullock's, or, a ram's, in th' frequent rite

Of sacrifice had left of the priestly heart
 Some such a stone, as Israel's wont to cast
 At felons, capital.

For traffic in man's flesh, authority;
 Or, for polygamous households, precedent;
 For the cement of thralldom that retains
 Its grip, unslackened thro' four thousand years,
 Craft, ever, turns to the Hebrew Oracles.

—Sinai delivers, in the decalogue,
 Common experience, to a miracle,
 Semitic fancy, burst, into a flame.
 In the first precept of the ten, the phrase,
 No other Gods, before me, shalt thou have,
 Betrays the pen, of the polytheist,
 In the conspicuous phrase of other Gods,
 Tho' for the Hebrew, trust, in Israel's own.
 A God, Supreme, had emphasised the fact,
 No God existed but Himself, or could;
 Whose lips had blistered, speaking—other Gods.
 Still, twice, in Genesis, are the plural Gods
 Alarmed at man: first, thro' the luscious fruit,
 Conscious of good and evil with themselves;
 Who, had he, thence, ate of the tree of life,
 Had been as one of them, an equal God.
 —How, there could rise a circumstance of
 shame,

From sexual discovery, forbids
 The argument, it raises—yet, reflects
 A secret, silence, blushing, would conceal:
 Knowledge of good and evil, minimised
 Into an incident of sexual love;
 With the discovery of nakedness,
 Knowledge, of good and evil, consummate.
 God had been willing man had grown most
 wise,

Nor, could man, e'er supplant Him—such a
 thought

Had, only, sprung from a barbarian's brain,
 As, in the mythic Babel, risible.

—If, the next precept spurns idolatry,
 A jealous God appears the gravamen;
 The title jealous, elsewhere, hailed God's own.

—With the earlier nations, 'twas ineffable
 The secret name, of its own God, to each;
 Thus, had the Hebrew for his God, a name
 Unspoken, as, the Roman had for his,
 A stress, unspeakable, laid on a word:
 In Elohim, the plural, for all Gods,
 Hebraic usage, till a National God,

Was, in Jehovah, proclaimed Israel's.
 So, precept, third, appears a feathered dart
 For him, who takes the name of God in vain :
 The pith and essence of his turpitude,
 By man, toward God, to vocalize His name
 Without occasion.

—In precept, fourth, Semitic tenderness
 Votes God, o'erweary, rest—a universe,
 Done, to his fiat; while, unwearied time
 Down all his annals finds a dies non,
 In every seven—God's.

—Had God sought rest upon the seventh day
 He, thence, had made it holy—had not paused
 Till Age on Age elapsed and then announced,
 From Sinai's top, the seventh day, holy, thence :
 Its first, exploded by geology,
 Its further, sanction is a festal day,
 Perpetuating Israel's exodus.

—In the fifth, appears
 Th' ancestral homage of the pastoral age :
 In the parental and the filial ties,
 Jointly, the sinews, of the common weal ;
 For, with antiquity, more sacredness,
 In filial piety, than, for the Gods.

In each precept, thence,
 A maxim, of experience, common, man's.
 In the ten tables, not a hint appears
 Of the fall of man in Adam : then unknown.
 The fact, that, he had fallen—Heaven and Hell
 As, yet, a myth of Zoroastrian faith.

—Not, thro' a rift
 In Syrian skies, alone, a glimpse of truth—
 Nomadic genius uttering thence its God,
 So, wisely, to the Ages, yet, a God,
 Chary, to treat, but, with an Israelite.
 By th' West, enacted till the boards are thin
 A drama, by some playwright of the East,
 His name, forgotten—should it, well, appear
 But, an invention, of man's infancy,
 Reason may not revise it, must erase
 Her tablets and re-testament mankind,
 To apprehension raised.

—If uttered, even, by the lips of God,
 It were a statute, for the Jew, alone
 To hold the seventh day, sacred, to his flight
 From Egypt's bondage : a Creative week,
 Gone, with the Sabbath's sanction, utterly.
 —Sunday is not a Sabbath—late a day—
 Whereon, the merriment, of Rome, ran high ;
 Day, sacred to the Sun, ere Constantine ;

A day, as, Christian, unhistorical:
 It, without sanction, from the lips of Christ,
 Or, scarce, of his apostles; in the first,
 No substitution of the seventh day,
 Clothed with its sanctions: for significance,
 Christ-ward, it turns, to celebrate the day,
 Of his alleged recovery, to life;
 God-ward, it looks not, or squints meaningless.
 Shrewd policy, it seems, in th' Holy See,
 On this, already, festal day, of Rome,
 To have thrown open her basilicas;
 Her stately pomp, against the hippodrome,
 Presented the coarse Roman, who declines,
 Or, for the Circus, would, her mummeries.
 Of thinned basilicas, came the decree
 That bade the urban artizan, to rest,
 On that day, sacred, to the Sun, which yet,
 Permitted men, to plow, or, sow, or, reap,
 Without the City: thus, replenishment,
 Of the papal purse, ensued; on which decree
 With men's enactments, since, a Sunday stands.
 The issue, simple, is expediency,
 Not, obligation—if one day in seven,
 Shall, still, be set apart, to indolence.
 Custom and not utility has made
 A day of leisure, one, in every seven.
 —Imagination, still, hath by the throat,
 Man she so terrified, in infancy;
 While, fifteen centuries the West has thought
 To Hebrew premises and, gently, sighed,
 How, wise, the Hebrews were.

The code of Moses appears, scrupulous,
 Touching a bird's nest—which, if robbed aright,
 Shall prove no robbery: for, who snatch the
 young

Yet, spare the pair, to hatch another brood,
 Have victuals Israel and have done no crime.
 Grasshoppers, locusts and the like, if, food,
 In theocratic times, by warrant, God's,
 The semi-savage, of the desert, still,
 May taste the dainties of the elect of Heaven.
 —To the Egyptian, swine's flesh was unclean;
 Whose law of clean and unclean beast and bird,
 The Hebrew made the basis of his own,
 In statutes, argued, from the lips of God.
 The rights of Egypt, ceremonious,
 The Jew's were, also; so, the linen, worn
 Of the priesthood, sacred, in the mode thereof.
 Were God charmed with a vestment as a maid

Leaps, at the loom's rare product and adorns
 Her envious bosom, with its envied folds?
 But, how divine that *ex post facto* law,
 Whereby, the wretch, who, on the Sabbath day
 Had gathered sticks, was doomed to instant
 death,

Without the Camp, by stones—who had not
 sinned,

For, to no statute, crime doth not exist
 Not, clearly, stamp'd, with moral turpitude.

—If, a man strike his servant, or his maid
 A fatal blow, he shall go, quit, of guilt,
 If, he, or she survive, a day, or, two;
 He, smitten, is his money—so, is she.

Lex talionis, is the 'Hebrew code,
 All reformation, of the criminal,
 Postponed four thousand years.

—In the enactment, arming with a spade
 One, of each soldier's feet, tho' cleanliness
 Meets with laudation, argument is sprung,
 As, to how human, Deity had been,
 Had soiled his feet in the absence of th' spade,
 Passing the Hebrew forces, in review.

—The Hebrew, semi-barbarous, had God,
 Stoopt, semi-barbarous, to the Israelite?
 A longed-for fountain, reached—found, parched,
 itself,

Intensifies the thirst, late, bearable,
 Till it hath crazed the brain.

—Innocence sweetens childhood and betrays
 Th' infantile wisdom in it; yet, becomes
 A felon, thus—thou shalt not countenance
 A poor man, in his cause: which, from God's
 lips

Had God despatched, as, if, by dynamite,
 No shred of Godship, left—thence the coarse jest.
 Of a swept sphere; historically, known,
 As, sheer Semitic craft: or, charity,
 Therein, had argued a barbarian's God,
 Intensifying God's, traits, wholly, man's.
 An infinite Hebrew was the Hebrew's God:
 So, Gods, men venerate, to-day, reflect
 But, culture, argued, God-like.

—To the inspired Semitic utterance—
 Thou shalt not suffer any witch to live,
 Down either hemisphere, what guiltless blood,
 Has trickled, woman's? thus, has sorcery,
 Man's evil fancy, made appeal, to God,
 To vouch, for its existence—notably,
 In the Egyptian myth, where, magic plays

An even hand against the Infinite,
 Until, it baulks, at lice, as magic should.
 To Innocent's bull, four centuries ago,
 A hundred thousand, burnt, in Germany,
 Were, but, a fraction of the witches, slain,
 In populous Europe; while, America
 Hath Salem's ineradicable blot.

—The rite, of circumcision, had its rise
 Ere, Abraham's birth, conspicuous, centuries
 In Egypt's annals; with the Kafir, yet,
 With semi-savages, in every sea,
 Rite, sometimes, woman's; yet, the Hebrew se
 His tent-pole, thus, in th' hollow of God's hand,
 And elbowed, thence, mankind.

With the pagan nations, Hebrew altars stood,
 On the high places, whence, each sacrifice
 Of blood, was offered: so, when, Abraham
 Would offer Isaac, he forestalled his faith,
 By an entangled ram, for sacrifice;
 It, if, no fiction, not, more notable,
 Than, th' zeal of Agamemnon, who would slay
 His child for the weal of Greece—its parallel.

—Abraham settles the atrocious plan
 Of thrusting Hagar, in the wilderness,
 By an appeal to God, who, kindly, sides
 With Sara's jealousy: hence, Abraham
 Rides, spotless, down the Ages. Can it be
 That th' faith of all the ages has remarked
 In this Chaldean's craft, the will of God,
 When, this Chaldean sinned, or would do sin?
 Great things and small strike men, so forcibly,
 What fool had made a lantern of the Sun?
 Would make a foot-ball, of the Morning Star?
 Let Abraham sleep in the Machpelah cave,
 He bought and paid for, where, he, fitly, sleeps,
 A Nomad, typed, in every Sheik, to-day,
 Whom, wherein, worthier, by the worthier
 deeds

Reputed of him; wherein, baser, then
 By baselier conduct: if, a slight defense
 He was a nomad, to the crimes of one;
 What, of his title, as the Friend of God?
 Abraham's memoirs were, perhaps, unwrit
 Tho' dead a thousand years—if true of him
 He lived and died a veritable man.
 The Supernatural that guides his steps,
 His virtues, with his faults, that crowd his life,
 Fall in, with exigencies, that befel
 The Hebrew nomads—or, are history,

If, when, they had no other, but the pens
 Of the fertile annalist of after times,
 Whose fancy rioted, as Livy's, since,
 As, his, the Mantuan bard's, in Roman chaff,
 In the folk-lore of a vainglorious race,
 To set the seal of Heaven, on Israel,
 Thro' a migrating son of Chaldea.
 Isaac displays a lack of manliness,
 Wherein, he leaves his blessing, with the Son,
 His subtle wife elects and doth clear wrong
 To his first-born, whom, custom had decreed
 Should wear his honors, fitly: tolerance,
 Of whose duplicity, toward royalty,
 With that, of Abraham, as, each bears off
 The fruit of perfidy, in flocks and herds,
 In shameful sheckels, from the manlier kings,
 Than, they, who, craftily, for gain, itself,
 Enticed, with shapely wives—'twere difficult,
 To, even, grant a Hebrew patriarch;
 Its parallel in the Hebrew exodus,
 When, larceny makes use of God's command
 To lade itself, with the Egyptian's gold
 Jewels and trinkets, to a borrower's plea.
 Yet, Abraham had a Pharaoh, once, erewhile
 Entangled, with his wife, to ampler gains
 In flocks, in herds, in gold: his larceny
 A pronounced felon's, when, from Gerar's king
 Isaac made lame defense, charged with his
 crime;
 But, Abram sprang a quibble, when, accused
 Of th' Pharaoh with deceit, in that, his wife
 Was, truly, his half-sister—tho' a plea,
 Intensifying his duplicity;
 His crime, the more atrocious, before God;
 His marriage void of Nature, God and man;
 To Egypt, or Chaldea, possible.
 —In Jacob—Isaac is and Abraham
 So far, outdone, in shamelessness and craft,
 The name of Jacob is, for turpitude,
 Of each, unshadowed: born, to him, twelve
 sons,
 Fruit of two wives and of two concubines;
 His, too, a daughter—thro' duplicity,
 Who snatched his brother's birthright and had
 fled,
 His murderous hand for nigh a score of years:
 Hailed, of God—Israel; in his sons, indeed,
 Father, of all the Hebrews—yet, his hand
 Not, stained with th' blood of all the Shechemites,

For Dinah's sake—he should have washed it,
 white,
 Thro' disavowal of th' atrocity,
 By restitution of the captives' spoils,
 With th' herds, th' outlaws had borne off with
 them,
 Known, as, the sons of Jacob.—Man had, then,
 No blush, whose shame had turned the Jordan
 red,

For crime, to-day, had made th' Atlantic blush.
 Yet, remark Esau's magnanimity,
 When, met with Jacob, who supplanted him,
 A manhood, rare, in current gentlemen.
 But, what amazes reason is that ease,
 With which, the narrative doth handle God,
 As, the promoter of unseemly acts,
 As, the apologist for crime, when done;
 Ecstatic piety, evolving, whence
 The scroll turns black, as night, with turpitude.
 —Lot's piety had moved the heart of God,
 To rescue godly Lot, from Sodom's doom;
 Piety, that had cast two virgins, forth,
 Of his own flesh, t' appease a lecherous mob,
 While, entertaining angels, in his house,
 If, t' insure their safety, thro' the shame
 Of his two daughters: and if, logical,
 What should such piety suggest to Lot,
 Escaped the plain and amorous in the cave,
 But, by his daughters, to raise sons to him,
 And charge his lust on innocent sleep, profound
 A monk had smiled at in Boccaccio's day;
 On inebriety, or, on the lust
 Of his two daughters—Lot, without a stain.
 What man, but, finds a monster, in himself,
 When, he would thwart desire?
 —If Sodom and Gomorrah, ever, were;
 Or, if unfabulous, they fell, to fire,
 The witness is, still, present to their fall,
 Where, Nature so abounds, in bitumen.
 In geologic and historic time,
 Strange freaks have seized her and may seize
 her yet:

Or, sank the plain, a sea, the sea is there.
 —Lo! where Noah fell, he lieth, snoring yet,
 As, th' fabulous hero of Semitic fame,
 With breath, so foul, that an impinging spark
 Had fired the yet escaping alcohol.
 Men's scorn for Noah is that he cursed the son;
 Tempted, to that, which should have sobered
 Noah,

restoring his lost manliness instead
 Of stirring passions, fierce and truculent.
 Perdition, man's own art, he hath the will
 To culture, or, 'restrain it; who, in wine,
 Hath murder at his beck and needs no more
 Than, wine distilled, to terrorize the globe,
 With ready-made assassins.
 —Nature might boil with springs of alcohol,
 But Nature doth not: it is man who made
 That poison, of the self-same elements,
 Mixt, to her gauge, so wholesome, mixt, to his
 Mounting the brain for murder. Alcohol,
 Thence, not perdition, whence? The Fegian,
 The Bushman and the drone, by Labrador,
 Seek, each, some poison, to antagonize
 Th' possible manhood, in him: drunkenness,
 If, from the betel nut, or, from the vine,
 Accepts the common odium—beastliness;
 For which, no plea, but that of courteous
 death,

Whose pity slips a dart: reform, begun,
 With babes, to drunkards, born.

A Medusa's head,
 Hissing with serpents, to the bibulous,
 Whether, an Alexander, or, a monk,
 A South Sea Islander, or Hottentot,
 That, in all lexicons, for—alcohol.

The tale of Joseph is a charming dream,
 Half, orient fancy: such, the wail of Job,
 Tho', faith, for her vocabulary, seeks
 Her gems and choicest, in this dialogue,
 Of unknown source—a fiction, redolent
 Of Chaldean, Hebrew, Persian scholarship,
 Itself, the jewel, of the elder books.
 —Isaiah sings the hopes of Israel,
 Just, as Aryan bards, as Greece and Rome
 Sang racial figments, to satiety.
 Isaiah, mightiest, of Semitic bards,
 Dead, o'er a century, resumes his song,
 With lyre, re-strung, to th' Muse of History.
 While, who penned Daniel, chronicled events,
 In th' role of prophesy, that had transpired,
 All, mystical, therein, as meaningless,
 As, when, indited: Daniel's single charm,
 In the post-mortem color of the ink.

In Samuel's conduct, toward the manlier Saul,
 Whereby, the son of Jesse is made king,
 Supplanting Saul, by sheer duplicity,

Saul, having done the shameful butchery,
A pledge his crown and kingdom should endure,
The glib narrator hails the prompter, God.
With the Amalekites, prone, in their gore,
Their king, selectest sheep and oxen, Saul's,
God hath repented, He had made Saul, king,
Would, David, in his stead, had sat, his
throne,

So, Samuel cleaves down Agag, Saul had spared,
E'en, to the plea, that Saul's barbarity,
Had not been found, conspicuous, enough;
Thro' stratagem, anointing David, king.
A quibble, in a man, were what, in God?

What had not David's royal stomach borne,
Who could do murder, to embrace his wife,
Fallen to royal lust? Is it not true
That, murder, in a villain, in a king,
Were, tenfold, murder—in whose penitence,
A royal swing, out of a felon's slough?
So, what plebeian had desired the wife,
Who, in his absence, with another wed,
Adulterous, for years? Yet, David had;
The unwilling, impious wretch, restored to him,
Thro' treaty made with Abner. Heu, alas!
For blood, if, royal, that, in David's veins.
So, the demise of Nabal, opportune,
Falling, ten days, from the acquaintanceship
Of Abigail with David, may suggest
Poison, instead, of intervention, God's,
In haste, to wed to David, Abigail.
He, with his harp, who charmed despondent
Saul,

May make the eyes o'erflow and e'en the voice
Grow tremulous, to his sweet psalmody;
Yet, herein, is repentance and what, else?
A manhood to be shunned, constrained to leave
Such strains of penitence, behind, to wave
Man's indignation off, as well as God's;
Therein, suggestion crime were readily
Condoned, of God, if, to a favorite.
—To raise the standard of true manhood, strike
Th' offender squarely; innocence is smirched
In felons that go free.

If, after God's own heart, this man was styled,
He may have died, while, in pursuit of it.
The plea, for David and his sacred peers,
Their virtues and their vices are alike,
Preserved, to prove, how frail and fallible,
Man, at his best, is—sets, in blinding light,

But, for the hideous background of their crimes,
Their straggling virtues were unrecognized.

—Piety may be
Melodious, from the harp, to burning words,
Of anguish, or, remorse; if, this be so,
What felon, waiting doom, but, hath enough,
To shake Heaven's arches?

—Of Solomon,
Whose proverbs are the sayings of the East,
Whose mind debauched, may have propounded
one,

Or, may have, many—his libidinous life,
Silence finds speech to damn, or, had been
damned.

Yet, is that true, or, half, thereof, half true,
Recorded, of him?

—Of ease, of leisure, opulence, or power,
It often happens the incumbent feels
Himself, a special favorite of Heaven;
Hence the effusive strains of piety
From such, down all the ages—vanity
Prompts the delusion, in a Nero's heart,
Or, in a David's.

—Pious ejaculation, from the midst
Of wickedness, astounding, simply, proves
How blasphemous his piety may be,
Man, semi-barbarous, even, when sincere:
It, often, of the priesthood, but, a ruse
To awe the vulgar, to revere their words,
As, if, God's oracles and wear, serene,
Their master's shackles.

—E'en, as the cultured Hellenist invoked
The aid, of Zeus, th' uncultured nomad strode,
Led, of God's spirit, forth, to butchery,
As, Samson, with the jawbone of an ass,
Dispatched a thousand, tho' th' incredulous
Urge he had splintered it, ere, slaying ten.
So puerile, the fiction, that assumes
That, e'en, a thousand cowards, like a flock
Of sheep had, singly, fallen—whose joint charge
Had slain and hung him, by his lying locks,
That, by their length had in like ratio, proved
His strength enfeebled. But, how exquisite
When, to the spirit of the Lord, again,
At Askalon, he slayeth thirty men,
To strip for spoil, wherewith, to recompense
His thirty choice companions who had solved
The saintly Samson's riddle? Samson's death
Transcends mythology in Greece or Rome:
To the miraculous, appeal is made

To obviate its incongruities.
 While, the myth defaults to that of Hercules;
 More humor in the foxes' blazing tails,
 Than stench from the Augean stalls.

Tho', half is fable, half, the other half,
 Is mythic, also, of th' atrocities,
 The earlier ages have recorded—God's,
 Done, by man's hand—hailed of disshackled
 thought,

Pious bravado, only. God is, still,
 The God, he was; of whom no pen dare write,
 He thinketh evil, or inspireth man,
 Or, nerves him, to do murder.

—The ingenuity of scholarship
 Has wrought upon its scrolls age after age
 To stretch the purport of a cultus, meant
 To embrace a tribe, or, race, to man, include,
 And hath, or, would, in only Israel's God,
 Seek human Nature's.

--In the dis-poisoned soup and swimming axe
 We have Elisha; yet, what have we here?
 'Twere almost quite as easy to reply,
 As, to propound the query; since, 'twas when
 Magic and sorcery and witchcraft swayed
 The semi-barbarous East, this prophet rose,
 When, rose so many seers in Israel.
 While, mythical, of children, two score two,
 Were, of she-bears devoured, for mocking him;
 Yet, the barbarity of such an age
 Would prove his seership, by the fact, itself,
 That had disproved it, both to Gods and men.
 Still, when had fable bit her lying tongue
 While, men had listened?

—The incident may smack of Eastern craft
 Instilling terror in the infant mind,
 That had indulged irreverence for age;
 Fear as the master passion of the heart
 With reverence for age, obsequious,
 The premises of patriarchal sway.
 Blot from all primers, such atrocities:
 Fables like this to have imparted babes
 Were crime, continuous, for three thousand
 years.

Fear, not, as of a monster, fear of God.
 As, of a father, who had kissed his child,
 And, ere discretion, gently, had reproved,
 Illume, therewith, the mind of infancy.
 A fool had charged a wise man with an act,
 Only, a fool could have been guilty of;

Its refutation, carried in the charge:
 So, savagery had charged an act on God,
 Only, a savage, had conceived, or, done.
 Lions and bears greet the Hebraic pen,
 In th' glare of day, in th' teeming haunts of
 life,

Swarming, like lions, in Bengal, by night,
 Cautiously stealing past her bungalows.

Ah! who, to-day, had deemed Elijah ripe,
 For haste to Heaven, by steeds of flaming fire,
 The blood, confest of quite four hundred men
 Soaking his mantle? Yet, 'tis possible,
 Elijah's mantle was as white as snow,
 As, th' innocent wool, whereof, it had been
 wrought,

The holocaust of the four hundred priests
 Like other marvels, but the vaporizing ink
 Of pens, Semitic: since the annalist
 Permits him, to flee danger and to skulk
 Where'er he may from vengeance when de-
 nounced,

On the atrocious massacre—the fault
 Not, with Elias, with the fabulist,
 Who paints the veriest coward, in the seer,
 He, yet, had armed, with strength, Jehovah's
 own.

—As Constantine desecrated a flaming Cross.
 His armies saw not, and inspired their ranks
 With his narration of the prodigy,
 So, may Elisha have proclaimed his right
 To the succession, by a narrative,
 Tho' false, a master-stroke of policy.
 If, to assume collusion, possible
 Between Elisha and the Tishbite, then,
 Elisha's marked reluctance to permit
 The fifty's quest, for good Elijah, lost,
 Might, well, have sprung from shrewd Elisha's
 fear

Lest, yet, Elijah had not quite, concealed
 His person, safely; or were scarce en route
 For th' whither, he would reach—thenceforth
 to live

Unrecognized, as, late, a seer of Heaven.
 Elijah doubted, if Elisha should
 Perceive his exit; yet, Elisha did,
 Or, it is written, that he did and seized
 His mantle, fallen: irresistible
 Thus, the impression, that no other eye
 Saw the translation: from the fifty, stood,

Afar, at Jericho, no hint appears,
These saw the chariot.

—The grossness of the era is confest
In the suggestion, fifty should proceed
To search for lost Elijah, lest his God
Had cast him on a mountain peak, forlorn,
Or, in some valley; so incongruous
Men's notions of a God, when miracles
The most stupendous, in mythology,
Fable affected: what it proves is clear,
How raw, the genius of the annalist.

Enoch, the seventh from Adam, walked with
God:

And Enoch was not, for God took him—here,
Death, in its choicest figure, appears couched:
Enoch's translation, but, an inference,
Drawn, from Elijah's, of late scholarship.
If, God took Enoch, living, Enoch was;
Who was not, of God, taken, if by death.
In an untutored Age, that rare memoir
May have received a sense, so literal,
As, that, some day when Enoch walked with
God,

God whiskt his choice companion off, with
Him.

—Have wise archbishops argued, how the sun
With the earth, conspired, that, the sun's
shadow might

Retreat on Ahaz, dial, ten degrees?

Gravely, these argued—nay, have, even, urged
The earth did change her motion, to effect
For Hezekiah, the demanded sign.

Alas! for human reason, when, in chains,

Thro' fear, of human reason, set, at large.

Belike, Isaiah might have aired the cue

That, had undone, when, done, the miracle.

So, if, man ever stayed the sun or moon,

His, the like art, or, privilege, to-day.

Yet, men insist, that, tho' they sometimes lie,

Their ancestors could not—a courtesy

That has cost half the mischief, in the world.

A conscientious liar is the worst,

Of liars, easily.

Romulus, son of Mars, had founded Rome,

Had reigned nigh forty years, then, rode to
Heaven.

In a fiery chariot, seated; the sun, dark,

The earth, tempestuous; and was afterwards

Seen, of Proculus Julius, beautiful,
 As, in a vision—whom hailed Quirinus,
 Rome, as her guardian God, thenceforth
 adored.

Thus, fable seems imprest on the stones of
 Rome,

As, on the tents and arms of Israel.
 The prophets of the Hebrew were, but, bards,
 Hailed, always, prophets—so, all prophesy-
 Is fancy, in the role of poesy.
 Just, as the sports of childhood are of kin,
 Theories, sprung, of ignorance, agree.
 It strikes the savage, common, to confess
 God, in the thunder; or, by sacrifice,
 Bloody and cruel to avert his wrath.
 So, to incipient culture, God reveals,
 In dreams and visions, what shall come to pass;
 Or, by the vision of a nation's bards.
 When, reason, bursting sacerdotal chains,
 Achieved the proof, no priesthood hath, in fee,
 By divine warrant—man, the spark was struck,
 That made man, luminous. Yet, who had
 dreamt

Words, by barbarians, for barbarians, writ,
 Should, by their sheer antiquity, alone
 Have duped the cultured eras of mankind?
 Semi-barbarians had the audacity
 To credit God, with having penned their codes,
 Who is, to them, a partner in each scheme
 If, kindly, or nefarious; and the Jew
 Not, the exception, was the rule, itself,
 In all its rigor—in the vulgar craft,
 Of a Nomadic priesthood, to insure
 Tithes and th' innocent victims, cruelly
 Butchered, in sacrifice; then, at the age
 Of fifty years, disfunctioned, left, to enjoy
 The exacted riches.

The muffled sound, of a mechanic's tools,
 Is heard, in Nature, but, a fiat—where?
 Nature had queried, what a fiat meant.
 In th' Cosmos of the Hebrew stands the earth
 With the sun and moon, as adjuncts: to create
 Where Science was in embryo, an act
 Of God's volition: the Creative week,
 A tale of artless, innocent, old age,
 Arching its eyebrows, to the wistful tent.
 With the moon's quarters made to synchronise,
 To the seven planets a fit compliment,
 The week, a fact, before Creation's date,

E'en, to chronology, the Church's own,
 In the seventh, hailed a day of festive ease:
 Thus, the week suggested the creation myth,
 And not the myth, the week.
 —From the seven planets of antiquity,
 Whence, e'en, Apollo's lyre took seven strings,
 Sprang, half, the crumbling myths and vagaries,
 That, like old hulks, in the highways of the
 sea,

Imperil navies, and men, nautical,
 Freeze, with forebodings: thence, the mystic
 seven:

Forty and seven, from the Semitic pen
 As cabalistic, as is presto-change,
 With strolling jugglers.

—While the ethics of the Bible are the Jew's,
 The precepts, Christ accented, are, of kin
 To Hindoo saintship, tho' his argument
 Is that, of the enthusiast, who dreams
 His mission is divine; then, stakes his life,
 Upon the issue raised and loses it,
 For what, the Jew held blasphemy and Rome
 If, she held treason, did so with a smile,
 Yet, for the Jew's sake, slew him with a spear;
 Man's brother not his sire—wherein, a king
 The Agnus Dei of all potentates.
 Some precious kernels, rescued from life's
 chaff,

Men hailing ethics, cherish, as divine,
 Experience, always; how, man cast his skins,
 Tore out his fangs, endued his cruel claws
 With humanising arts—to poesy,
 Were man's majestic era: life, to-day,
 Is gentle, as the jasmine and foretells,
 Like, that sweet plant, in the yet closed bud
 Its ministry, in flower.

—As, 'tis not knowledge, man's, enthrones a
 God,

Nor lack, that had dismissed one—man's conceit
 Are his peculiar products, never, God's.
 Nothing, but God is holy—after him,
 All things bear marks of their incestuous birth
 Man, e'en, if, raised into the millionth power,
 Had showed no signs of Godship—man, the
 more:

God, but, an open question, to be met,
 With light, more light, with, ever, more light,
 still.

Not, to attain power, but, equipt therewith,
 Betokens God and always: God falls not

In the dilemma, man's—fain, to elect
Between expedients.

—If, in the daybreak, God had chanced to meet
A semi-savage and accosted him,
The interview, if, afterwards, detailed,
Had left no faint impression, on the mind,
That, He, somehow, had shortened sail, a God.
Words, too, inspired, if, in a barbarous age,
Had not evinced the savagery, therein,
Of such an era, but, had honored God
E'en, to an age of culture; had not craved,
For God, extenuation—bidding man,
To place himself, in the barbarian's stead,
And by his standard, gauge the immaculate God.
From the barbarian's stand-point, to seek God
Were to contend, thro' barbarism, life
Had become consummate.

—Why, between God and man, analogy,
Pursued, as, if the fact were palpable?
Men are yet in the leading strings of Paul,
David and Jeremiah—half, their tears,
Yet, salted, from the pillar of Lot's wife.

—The gentile is the Hebrew's metaphor,
A foil, to Israel's glory: scarcely, once,
Is th' gentile name sung by Hebraic bards,
But, as, a captive, Israel's kingdom, come:
The Jew sang for himself, sang not for man.
Modern polemics would thrust man, within,
That, written by and for th' elect of Heaven.
Yet, God and he a partial God, were seen
Nearing the exit of the universe—
Going, unreverenced.

—Nor, are the Hebrew Scriptures what they were,
Their barbarous cipher, helped by all the pens
Of luminous reason to eke out the text,
Or shade its unconcealed savagery.
The book, if, God's, yet, with a frontispiece,
A serpent and man's mother, seems to proof,
But, a thesaurus of the orient mind,
Of Hebrew letters, the compendium:
A Hebrew-Chaldean anthology,
A synthesis, of oriental faith,
In its religion, clearly composite,
Its annals, to convenience, fabulous.
Whate'er, the void, in Hebrew scholarship,
God is impress to fill it; for each fact,
Asseveration takes the place of proof.
That, elsewhere, true, were in the Bible, true,
That, false, if, elsewhere, false, why not,
therein?

The complement of magic, sorcery,
Of astrologic wisdom, when, compiled :
Of origin, divine, to proofs, its own,
Man ventures near and finds the book, a book.

Not, holy writ, 'twere diabolic writ,
The tale of butchered Canaan : half, if true
Crime in the name of th' immaculate God,
Turpitude, baseness, quite impossible,
To the West, as fiction, entertained as fact
In th' Hebrew annals, it accentuates
The barbarism, of an era, known
As theocratic.

—Despite the glosses of all scholarship,
The pen was held by a polytheist,
That left on record, Paradise and Sin :
His scrolls a patchwork of the Hebrews' pride,
They realize a tribe's desires, unrest,
Ambition, lust, vainglory, overthrow.
The author of the Pentateuch, unknown
It fareth worse, than, with its author known :
Its author known, yet, certifying that,
False to man's reason—what shall reason do ?
Must man accept of Israel's God, or, none ?
How, had this struck a visitant from Mars,
The evidence, before him ?

—Dubbed as The Books, in the fourth century,
By an ascetic, known, as th' Golden Mouth,
The bible is, in issue, as to the worth
Of the genius, man's, that permeates the text.
With reason, umpire—man's enfranchised mind
Has raised the question, if, the book be, God's.
If, God's own word, it may ignore the gag ;
If, God's own word, it stands, alone, like Him,
Of incommunicable energy.

—The bible hands a brief, for any course
Of moral conduct to each litigant,
While, it forecloses freedom, innocent,
Conceived, before opinion, that man had
The right of private judgment.

—Man's reverent genius leaves her own light
there

For light she seeks, yet finds not in the text ;
Her light, man's progress, in despair of scrolls
That depreciating change, man, pastoral
Hail, finished, as, in Syria.

—The Jew is ever challenging the Gods
Of other pagans, to some feat of strength,
While, his own pen records, who wins the joust
So, he indited his own chronicles

With th' stolen nutgalls of a stolen land,
 Who, every scroll embellished as he would.
 The cultured nations of antiquity,
 But, as, a slave, or, captive, pass him by,
 Who were unknown, with the nomadic tribes
 His peers, he conquered, but for vanity
 Unspeakable and tribal, that, to faith,
 Made an appeal and duped the gentile world,
 Unwittingly, to venerate his words;
 Which, clambering into Israel's narrow bed,
 Has, ever, since, sought to crowd Israel out.
 Nomadic legends never become true,
 Because, the Hebrew's, for no flock of sheep
 Wayward, as Israel, browsed, at will, a sphere,
 Shepherded by the Infinite.

—Bigotry,

By, ever burnished arms, sustains the seal
 Of silence, on men's lips. Compute the cost,
 To date, of silence: blood, e'en ten times o'er,
 All Alexander's, Caesar's, Bonaparte's.
 The issue, stated, were—belief in God,
 Conceived, as, man may, or, as Israel hath.
 God is, on trial, always, for a flaw;
 Impatient to be tried, by every test,
 Man's reason may devise.
 —Who saith that God and man are not at one?
 An Eastern Fable: by authority,
 Of whom, is man, a culprit, before God,
 Forever, in his issue?—Persiflage,
 Men will indulge in, whose such antics, here,
 Such expectations, hence—all history
 Were a broad farce, to a good playwright's pen
 E'en, the bible argues, power, wherever found,
 Whatever, styled, as God's and shuts the door
 On reformation with a hopeless bang;
 While, man's theology supports the text,
 With theories of moral government
 By a supreme and personal Deity,
 Whose counsels are unknown; evil as good,
 Laid, on Him, indirectly, thro' the craft
 Of an arch Devil, who discomfits God,
 By his devices, oft.

Faith, a lost art, what Fury had restored?
 'Twere not essential to true worship, God,
 Should be a Person—who impersonal,
 Were as adorable: man's ignorance
 As, to what God may be, leaves God unchanged
 Who challenges man's homage, as a Fact,
 Tho' incommunicable

—Man's most alarming Fall was, when he fell
 Into the gross mistake—that Nature errs,
 His province, to correct her: who, when dead,
 Is man, completed, to all science, yet;
 Tho' Nature drops the curtain, with a sigh,
 On his poor playing.

—The virtues with the vices of an Age,
 The Hebrew devotes candidly to God;
 Nothing, of good or evil, He is not
 Amenable to man for—tho' the time
 Be not, yet, ripe, himself, to vindicate.
 A plague thins London and the earthquake
 thrives

On Lisbon and Callao; in Cathay,
 A swollen river drowns a million souls;
 While, scare, a day, but somewhere and some-
 how,

Revolting slaughter—is it therefore God's?

Slavery and polygamy appear,
 Early, in Genesis—such noxious haste,
 In barbarous man, t' enslave each captive tribe
 Lusting for many wives, who pleads God's
 wink,

To clinch both evils on a credulous world.
 —God had He e'er revealed Himself at all
 And as a Person, 'twere t' accommodate
 Man's limitations; God, remaining, still,
 That infinite necessity, whereof,
 He, scarcely, probes the mystery, himself,
 In self-existence.

—Can God perform a miracle—who knows?
 His presence, in fixt laws, his history,
 In all authentic eras? May He act
 Other, than, is apparent, or, suspend
 The laws of Nature, or, do that, without,
 His custom, to do, thro' them?—or, at will,
 Ignore the powers of Nature? What is God
 Craves, first, solution—for, the Infinite
 Is what?—and, always.

—Man, fabulous, invades the will of God,
 Whose realm is silence and some vocables
 Drops, furtively, therein—tho' man's a stretch
 Of history, with not a portent in,
 But, to proof, common.

—Man's wholesale vanity is the false note,
 Of his first octave, swept from catgut strung,
 To Asia's barren and unpeopled skies.
 Speak, plainly, man; thy duty, so, to speak;
 Nor, mince thy words, as, if, in mortal fear

Of the ghosts of dead barbarians; speech, thine
own,

By right, as clear, as theirs. Ah! me, if God
Doth think of man, at all, when had he thought
More, opportunely, of him, than, to-day?

God, his, a favorite, had been the butt,

Of all the universe.

—That of the Jew is true, whate'er he wrote

In words, self-luminous: his miracles

Spume, of his barbarous childhood—as, if, God,

Knew any friend, in man, beyond a man,

For man's sake, only? What, the Hebrew
penned

True of all men, conceded of all time,

It, God, still, speaks, by man, God spoke, by
him.

Man, primitive, finds that, an easy stride,

Across the doorsill of the Infinite,

Man, cultured, finds so hard.

—Goblins have held the earth and man has
cowed

To that, invisible, as, if, the sense

Of sight with hearing, were not one to him,

With th' tiger in his jungle—whence, whate'er

Had put him on his mettle? Nature stamps

On man, her cost mark, to rebuke the knave

Who quotes himself, too high.

—The Arab, still, is what the Hebrew was,

Allah, for a Jehovah: patriarchs

Sway, yet, the East, as when they ruled the
tents

Of the nomadic Hebrew—thus, it seems

Both soil and climate are, less, factors, man's,

Than, man a reflex of them.

—Man hath not met with Light and then passed
on;

He's in pursuit thereof—yet strikes each spark,

He threads his way by.

—The name of Jew shall, yet, be obsolete,

His blood in every realm, in every State,

Man's, with an accent, as on patriot, laid:

Jerusalem, but monuments a tribe,

Like ancient Rome, with fancied grace from
Heaven.

The Jew is wiser, than, he ever was,

His genius and his morals, excellent,

Above all men, his patience, half divine:

He, less, a Hebrew, than, a citizen,

Of every nation, safely eminent.

The West, but, an assassin, thro' her zeal,

For the dogma of Christ's sonship, centuries,
 Is, yet, a veiled assassin, with a plea,
 E'en, for starvation, as a sacrament,
 If, of th' perishing Hebrew—in that, he
 Held, Jesus had blasphemed, thro' ancestors,
 Interred in Jewry, nigh, two thousand years.
 O God, what have not, do not, men conceive
 Had been thy pleasure?

Greece taught men how to think, Rome how to
 fight.

No Rome, no Christ: in Him the plaintive wail
 Of struck Judea; in the bliss of Heaven,
 In the fires of Hell, impatient equity—
 A short-lived sphere, in flames, to Israel.
 With th' Earth, the centre of the universe,
 And the Hebrew, God's elect, th' economy
 Of Nature, bowed to Jewish history,
 Enacted, on the soil of Canaan—less
 Than a feudal dukedom, in its acreage.
 So, in Christ's day, th' belief had currency,
 A final consummation was at hand;
 His cry, the undertone, of Jewish faith.
 To Time, his Empire, scarcely, yet, begun,
 It called a halt and bade a pregnant sphere
 To brief advisement, cease.

—'Twas startling news, to break in Gentile
 ears,

The winding up of Time's economy;
 Tho' the Hebrew's ears were prickt to hear
 thereof,

Since, the sun shone for him and the earth
 stood firm;

While Time, concluded, had brought punish-
 ment

To Judah's foes in Judah's triumph, come.

Yet, to conceive

A world begun and ended, what a stoop
 To human limitations? Time itself
 Tho', but, another: what, the universe
 Means, as, a whole, were indefinable,
 By man, or to him—who has come to know,
 Truth, such as he partakes of, must be truth,
 A conquest, by his intellect, alone,
 Or, its supreme conception. Man has grown
 So clear of vision, he looks straight at God,
 And cuts the cant, below him. So, his brain
 Hath shaped this world and to its energies
 Imparted purpose: with the earth, his own
 Man's moral forces, joined, with Nature's powers



In cordial concert, suggest Providence.
 So, oft in history, the act of God
 Is man's neglect, or ignorance, or both,
 Confronting natural law, that had not swerved
 A jot, to rescue a dis-sphering star;
 While, all disasters, from disturbed law,
 Are, but, exceptions, Nature may regret
 Much, as, a wheelwright, had the mischief,
 come

Of his strained gearing.

—The candid earth, by every rock and rill,
 Doth advertise her purpose, to survive
 By billion upon billion solar years,
 All man's grave fictions of a final fire.
 Should man succumb to frost, or flood—life,
 thence

May take new forms and Nature may enthrone
 Some other potentate to sway the sphere,
 Clothed with more powers, than man's, or
 clothed with less.

Yet, in Christ's day, when,
 The stars did stir their wicks, 'twas that the
 Jew

Might tell his sheekels or might fold his flocks;
 The Hebrew served, their offices were done.
 Such was the lunacy, unspeakable,
 That held this orb, of all the universe,
 The single sphere, astir, with conscious life.

—The key to Christ,
 In all, he said, or did, lies in—THE END;
 So near, 'twere idle to take thought, to-day,
 E'en for to-morrow: quite impossible,
 But, on this theory, to prove, in Christ,
 Intelligent concern, for man at all:
 Whose communism in a common purse,
 He meant, both, for his lifetime and for theirs,
 Who listened, as he taught, th' END OF THE
 WORLD,

Scarce, one man's life-time off.

—The flavor of the soil, is in his words,
 The soil of Syria: Christ did little else,
 Than argue with man's heart—and thro' his
 zeal

For justice, peace, his meekness had inspired
 Such transcendental ethics as had turned
 E'en to the smiter the unsmitten cheek.
 The sweet enthusiast, of Galilee,
 Swept all the strings of human sympathy,
 But, in a singer's frenzy.

—So, Christ sought not to found a cult, or sect,

But, to give notice of the world's END, near :
 Who bade the living, stand, in wait, for it.
 Reason is constant and what supplements
 Her province, mythic; but, a playwright's
 trick

To flash a God upon a restive pit.
 Christ, men revere, or worship, lovingly,
 If, but, a nosegay, Virtue pluckt and pinned,
 On the spread lapels of the centuries,
 Hath, yet, therein a perfume, for all time,
 Its flowers, unwithered, as in Galilee.
 Good will to men with charity, is Christ :
 Christianity, a policy, Paul's own ;
 Which cultus frustrates life's economy,
 Would, to a future life, or state, postpone
 Its culmination—arguing this life,
 To one, unproven, but contributive :
 The question, always, begged, of life to come.
 That sweeping claim, the earth belongs to
 Christ,

Men demand proof of, that her destinies,
 Else, have direction, from man's intellect.
 A wrench, in human nature, fancy found,
 And voiced, in fable, reason remedies,
 By much heroic doubt : while, perilous,
 For men, to trifle with a veiled God—
 God, loved, unknown, were better loved, than
 known,
 Hath, yet, much countenance.

—In Christ's as in th' Apostles' ministry,
 Facts, the most unrelated, to make good
 Some prophesy transpire—an emphasis
 Laid on the duty of persistent care,
 Prediction to fulfill : prophesy, not
 Left to fulfill itself, denied the aid
 Of a conscious factor.

—Christ, in his words, were Christ, yet to affirm
 What words he spoke defies all inquiry.
 If, he on Peter reared, Ekklesia,
 In the same breath, or, next—him, Christ bade,
 get

Behind him, Satan—lo! a stone how frail
 Tho', hailed, a Petra, Christ had builded on ?
 As, Christ conceived of demonology,
 Peter, possess of Satan, even, then.
 Ekklesia, if, ever on Christ's lips,
 By one evangel, vouched for, thereon twice,
 'Twas on Christ's lips, a synonym to-day,
 As, it was, then, for the word synagogue,

A congregation, or, a pouring out.
The pun found on Christ's lips, may be a
monk's:

Christ cut a side-door in the synagogue,
Bade Gentiles enter—his Ekklesia.
He, as John's greater, re-inforced the cry,
Behold Heaven's Kingdom is at hand—Repent
Permanence was no factor, in his speech,
As, to th' economy, of human life,
He wielded power, from God, anon, to close.
But, twice, Ekklesia is on Christ's lips,
Once, in the interview, with Peter, had,
Once, in regard to a disciple's fault,
Both, in the first evangel, only, found.
Since, in the legend, Peter fell, at Rome,
A martyr, to the Cross, how natural
To seek, in him, the corner-stone of power,
Founded, ere, yet, th' play on th' word was
writ;

Since, 'tis not known, we have a single page
Of th' evangels, as these, first, appeared;
As, no transcription vouches for its date,
Within three centuries, ensuing Christ,
The keys of Heaven and Hell, may have been
swung

With absolution at St. Peter's belt,
By the same pen that reared the Church, on
him:

It, but, in one synoptic, hinted at,
With the like context, common, to the three;
If, true, the fact of prime significance,
In all Christ said, or did: to Constantine,
The Church had opportunity to slip
What words, she would, to fortify herself
Within th' Evangels—ere the Roman See
Flashed at Jove's thunderbolts, St. Peter's keys
Christ caused a schism in Judaistic faith,
His purpose, but, to have cemented it:
Nothing was farther from his heart than power
Organized in hostility, thereto:
Whose inexhausted love, meant, for the Jew,
He gave the Gentile—as, a better world,
A world, Hebraic, was the mind of Christ.

Uncultured man conceived, the Deity
Pleased, with that dearest to his heart, who
made

A sacrifice, by blood—wherefore, a son,
As, nearest to the father's heart, was slain;
Conception, cruel, horrible and false;

Therein, the cue to the penman's episode
 Of Abram, tempted, to yield Isaac up :
 Therein, the type of sacrifice, in Christ,
 Acclaimed God's Son. From early sacrifice,
 Men drew the notion, God was pleased with

Christ's,

As, if, Christ were God's veritable Son,
 His death, appointed by the will of God ;
 As, if, a fact and not a metaphor ;
 Closing the dogmas of theology,
 With one, Faith could not, if, she would
 believe ;

The Author, of the Universe, Himself,
 Priest, Altar, Victim and Sacrificant,
 Dying, a satisfaction, to his law,
 For sin, by man, the reason of all time
 Had laurelled man with were it true—he fell
 —A Saul of Tarsus, whom, we chiefly know
 Thro' words, by his own clever pen, itself,
 Transmitted to us, undertook the task,
 Of formulating Christ, into a faith,
 Dissenting Jews might, with himself, embrace.
 The synagogue, shut on them : hence, the myth
 Of Eden, to Paul's fancy, bore a sense
 Unheard of and undreamt of, but, to him :
 Its complement, in an atonement, Christ's,
 Tho' but a crucifixion, to the Jew,
 For blasphemy, before the Jewish law ;
 To, keenly, whet the point, of th' Roman spear
 For treason, also, toward Tiberius.
 Man's fall with his recovery—Paul's own.
 —A God, once, doubted were a God no more :
 Deny his Godship, yet admit Christ's worth,
 If, not, what, faith demands, what, reason
 must :

Final theology, but, common sense.
 Not, the first martyr, nor, the last, in Christ,
 To self-deception, if, he spoke the words,
 By unknown penmen, credited his lips :
 Over the cities, found, in Israel,
 Ye shall not, yet, have gone, ere Christ be come
 The Gospel, as, we find it, had no point,
 But, as, the trumpet of the world's end, near ;
 Come, ere, some hanging, on Christ's lips had
 died.

Such, apostolic faith : so, martyrdom
 Spilt its first blood, to an immediate Christ.
 No prophesy was needed to foretell
 The fall of Salem, it so imminent,
 To facts transpiring, to th' events had been.

—An almost,, literal sameness, in the text
Of the synoptics, as, to th' END OF THE
WORLD,

Might argue the insertion, by the hand
Of the same penman, of this prophesy,
To give an impetus, to waning faith:
Christ, having died, to lack of faith, a man;
To faith, enough, who rose: thus, to predict
His brisk return to close th' economy
Of Nature had inspired his followers
With zeal prodigious and had martyrdom
Crowned, on the instant: yet, the theory
Had stript Christ of His functions, otherwise
Than, as, a teacher, of all righteousness.

—Christ, but, a man, no mystery, at all,
In what, he truly, said, or, truly, did.
Dismiss that, supernatural—accept,
As, simply, human, utterances his;
Divinity, posthumous honors, paid
By the devotion of his followers;
By th' veneration—distance, both, in time,
And space, accords heroic rectitude;
While, all he spoke, as, if the voice of God,
Their utterance, or his, who may have penned
Brief memoirs of him; or, the interleaves
Of the zealous founders of dogmatic faith,
And we have Christ, a man, in Galilee,
Born, unmysterious, living unremarked,
But, of a sraggling, lowly following,
Prompt, to forsake him, let a maiden jeer:
Whose pregnant sayings are, as true to-day,
Fall, just, as, sweetly, on the ear, as when,
He voiced them, by the wayside and the shore,
No fable, in his life, no mystery.

—In th' fourth evangel, Greek philosophy
Accentuates the Logos and suggests
Th' affinity, of Christian synthesis,
With the Buddhistic formulas of faith;
With the Platonic; with the pagan gods,
Confest, in the ichor, as from th' side of Christ
Ran blood and water: in its authorship,
As, in its date, uncertain—it appends
To the synoptics, the academy,
Yet, notes the salient acts and incidents
In the life of Jesus and with pathos, treats
The love of Christ for John—while woman's
love

Hath, here, memorial touches, for all time.

—The transcendental, with the mythical,
May long prevail, yet, daily, educate.

The tendrils of man's reason, till they clinch
Round common sense, at last, that monstrous
bough,

Whence, Time suspends the world, he doth
bestride.

Paradise may accent the Golden Age,
When, unlaborious man enjoyed the sphere,
Whose fruits spontaneous, charmed his appetite,
As, the Gods kissed him, frank and innocent,
Ere, to disfavor come—and the Earth frowned
And bade him die, but, to persistent sweat.

Nor, is there, in the book, of Genesis,
A hint a devil is, nor argument,
For Satan, in a Serpent, voluble;
Yet, the Talmud, of the fable, has made much
As, a portfolio of the marvelous,
Therein, th' Arabian tales, well nigh outdone.

—Man's fall and his recovery are but
A twin concept of Paul's theology:
Christ, unaware, that, man in Adam, fell;
Of Adam, silent, as Confucius,
He recognizes no original taint
In human nature. Thus, the rich young man
Had entered Heaven, of sheer morality,
If, Heaven had been—tho' Christ imposed on
him,

As, a remarked exception, poverty:
Who, to a strict observance of the law,
Had entered Heaven, at last, if Heaven had
been,

His vast estate, untouched. Christ could not
shut,

By a caprice, Heaven's Gate, on him, or her,
Who had done all, the law demanded done,
To enter Heaven's strait gate. Christ, but a man
The onerous condition, half, suggests
Replenishment, of the communal purse,
Thro' a rich proselyte.

—A dogma, fundamental, thus unknown
To Christ's own lips, argues the dogma, man's,
Christ, if himself, a God—and with what force
The dogma, not, till after his decease?

A present God and that, not recognized,
Most vital, to man's weal, how congruous
His silence, with the fact of Deity?

Christ added little to Hebraic faith,
Beyond the charities—who, scarcely, tore,
Of th' Jew's phylacteries, one, fairly, off.
If, Christ knew nothing, of the fall of man,
It seems a pity. Paul should know so much.

If, Adam were and fell, who tript, in him,
 If, Justice holds her balance, in the skies?
 The first and second Adam, to research,
 Prove an equation, Paul's—to algebra
 Had negatived the Arab's; life and death
 The dual factors: death to natural law,
 Discarded, for a debt, from lapsing man,
 Due, to his frailty—and eternal life,
 Of God, or, Nature, never, pledged to man,
 The second Adam's gift, thro' faith in him;
 A system, of theology, by Paul,
 Christ had been shocked, to find, sustained, thro'
 him.

—Saul, from the synagogue, belike, cast out
 As a schismatic, formulates a creed
 To lead, himself, th' assault on Israel;
 Th' initial fact, a startling miracle,
 He leans against and fulminates his zeal,
 With moving eloquence.

Christianity, wherein, a victor's wreath,
 Is th' ivy, thriving at the Roman's heel:
 To human nature's cry for sympathy,
 It breaks the sweet pictorial news of Heaven.
 By the Dead Sea the best of Eremites
 With therapeutic hands had scattered seed,
 Which, budding, in the Christ, unfolds a flower,
 Sensitive to the winds of Palestine.
 A better Pharisee, than, were the best,
 This flower, to him, had smelt of Paradise.
 The titillating dust, of Palestine,
 In any nostril, may provoke a sneeze
 At her divinity: the filth is there
 That, ever, was in Jewry, with the greed
 For silver, as, of yore: that, sacred, there,
 Of men's traditions, sacred; holy ground
 His, who shall tent, in Asia, where, he may.
 —Christ, mythical, is not the Christ, a fact:
 A lowly peasant, bred, in Galilee,
 Who lived a harmless life, persuading men,
 To better, holier living; who, for vice,
 Thro' the reproof of virtue, made a plea,
 When none had pleaded for her; sympathy
 Endeared him to the outcast; common woe
 Imprest on him what warrant, he might hold,
 To lift the fallen up; in tenderness,
 One, so unlike the scribes of Israel.
 The sanctimonious Jew, oft, spat on him.
 His superb, childlike innocence, of speech,
 Describes the halo round the head of Christ,

In the Jewish legend: like the utterance
 Of the ethics of pure reason, in a child,
 He seems, like one, who never casts the lead;
 Of shipwreck, fearless; so, th' excellent flower
 Of goodness, is too sweet for th' tainted air
 Of silver-clinking Jewry; goodliness
 Is, in the Christ, a child, turned inside out,
 For emulation, as, man's best estate:
 Bestowing honor, not partaking it—
 His, honor's very self.

—A peasant's stainless life, in Galilee,
 Like fallow soil, fattening, for thirty years
 To peerless sun and dew, with its first fruits
 O'erflows the bins of Nazareth, to snatch
 From famine, sterile ages: excellence,
 Then, a Sumatra, buried, in far seas,
 Spice-laden winds to Jew and Roman, hint
 The worth of, quite, unheeded.—Christ did not
 Affect rank, higher, than the social rank
 Of humble Joseph, and in Simon's house,
 Partook the bounty of the fisherman,
 Or, dwelt, a day, with zealous Zaccheus:
 So, purer, Magdalenè's company,
 Than, were the brutal, shameless Pharisee's.
 —Christ proffered Gentiles, what, the Jew de-
 clined

Of th' Gentiles, half accepted—or, who knows
 If, Christ, himself, had, quite, relaxed the scowl,
 Common, to Jewry, for the Gentile world?
 Do, thou, to others, as thou wouldst, that, men
 Should do to thee, was Hillel's, before Christ's;
 In Hillel, not, in Christ, for vulgar ears:
 Ere, Hillel uttered it, the Buddha had;
 Ere him, historical in India.
 Th' untravelled Galilean knew no more
 Of the world, itself, than Peter did, or John;
 His horizon was Galilee; beyond
 Were the Gentiles, the barbarians of the Greek
 Of th' patronizing Jew, permitted Heaven,
 Should they accept it, gratefully, a crumb
 From th' Hebrew's table, fallen. Charity
 Loves man, for man's sake; yet, to fill his bins
 With corn, found, empty—were not half so
 hard

As, to remit his faults and with a kiss
 Have done reproving him; whose life should
 roll,

A gentle river, fringed with asphodels,
 Perfuming either bank, as lusty winds
 Play with its current; happiness, but, where,

Man's own divining rod unearths the ore;
 Common, to all the continents, as gold.
 —Christ spake, and oft, so, humbly, of himself
 No boast of Godship may be, truly, his.
 Devotion plays such pranks with idols, dead;
 She, in a hermit's, hails the voice of God;
 Him, mortal, as a Caesar, she may sit
 With the Immortal Gods, nor, do amiss,
 To wall-eyed wonder: to no evidence,
 Doth Faith appeal, as, often, as, to none.
 Four or five Eremites have trimmed the sails
 Of all the Ages and man's destiny
 Rolls, water-logged, to th' seamanship of tars,
 Who, never, once, sailed out of sight of land.
 —Christianity, if pagan, wherein false,
 Is human, wherein, true: Christ, in men'
 hearts,

Or, as, in Syria, Christ were, homeless, still.
 Christ re-voiced Greece and India, in his words:
 Buddhism had drawn a halo round the head
 Of saintship, ages before Christ was born:
 Whose monks and nuns were sealed to
 chastity;
 Had, in The Word, hailed God's eternal son;
 Her own compassionate Saviour, she adored:
 She to the rosary, repeated prayers,
 E'en centuries, ere Rome purloined her beads.
 So, the Buddhist, ere th' Christian tolled his
 bell,

To call to prayer, the faithful; canonized
 His dead, ere Rome had snuft a whiff thereof.
 —The parallel is faithful thro' his life,
 Between the Christ and Buddha: Christ, no
 more,

Than, due a fancy, thriftier, from the soil
 The spears of Rome had plowed.
 —Gautama, with no pledge of life to come,
 Surprised the unequal East, with fellowship;
 Who brake, of bread and tasted wine, with his,
 In holy friendship, and, then, died, a man.

Chastity grows in sweetness, as a flower
 Of stainless white, sprung from a lecherous
 soil.

Hence, to the East, whose dreamy, idle life
 Doth wallow in the senses, it, that type
 Of sanctity, reputed of the Gods
 In man, or, woman, honored: fruitfulness
 Hath warrant, in all life, from insect up;
 Barrenness seems life's failure, manifest.

Celibacy, to some, means happiness;
 To some is a necessity; to none
 Awarding merit; it, at best, a wrench
 Of Nature, that must ever cast a doubt
 On enforced chastity—while, secrecy
 Spreads curtained couches, for illicit love.
 Nature made no mistake in sexual love,
 In man, or woman, heightening every grace:
 Good deeds, still sweeter, in each flower that

peeps

From path or hedgerow along wedded life,
 Or trails around it—with the merit, too,
 Of goodness, so enhanced, had thrust itself
 Between life's clamor and the piteous moan
 Of need, or anguish, to no recompense,
 But, to have hushed it. If, to educate
 Life, to a higher plane, let it consist
 With one emotion, foremost, in the love
 Of man and woman, the incentive, thence
 In joined hands, for every gentle deed,
 While, in two hearts, for one, that throb of joy,
 Worth a King's ransom—who have learned to

serve,

Find, theirs, and alway.

—Christ reproduced the Buddha, yet did more,
 Reproduced Heaven and Hell, or, with his
 brush,

Gave the archaic myth, some tints his own;
 Tho' with a hand, so doubtful, Heaven and
 Hell

Are antique, weathered figments, indistinct

As, to the Persian, or, the Hellenist.

Obscurity is, ne'er, an argument,

For inspiration, or divinity;

A God should speak a lucid dialect;

Something, to say, or, nothing, seems the
 horns

Of a dilemma, God's.

—A life, beyond, was, ever, in debate,

In all the ancient schools; but, never, these

Had ventured higher proof, than, kindling
 hope.

Metempsychosis, with the learned few,

And vulgar many, had an early rise;

While, Socrates and Plato, but refined

Traditions, of a soul, undying, man's,

For incarnation, on the alert, when, lost,

The vehicle, it, late, had occupied:

Or ceasing to be personal, absorbed

In what, philosophy would postulate

The Supreme Essence: and ere science was,

Such seemed a rational egress from the net,
Thought and emotion spread for th' ancient
schools.

In th' Egyptian, in the Druid, found,
Where'er a Hindoo, or a Bushman breathes,
In Madagascar, e'en, the vagary,
To punish, or, to purify the soul—
Migrating, ever, into man, or beast;
In poisonous reptile, insect, plant, re-born,
Till, quite absorbed, in Brahma, or extinct,
In the Nirvana.

The simple verities Christ re-inforced
Are old as human reason—for pray, whence
Comes any Gospel, reason may approve,
But, as she harvests man's experience,
Or dives down consciousness, for pearls,
therein?

Th' essenic master of the healing art,
Christ, from the Mount, is Christ to history:
Who, thence, rehearsed the charities, to men
Turning their ulcers toward him, as they pass.
While, Christ re-set some antique jewels, man's,
He paid too dear for hope—since hope itself,
Is not an element of faith, but gilt,
On any felon's chains.

Of Nature's subtle properties, when best,
But, darkly, known; wherein, medicinal
Wielded, so, oft, by charlatans, time may
Make, yet, discovery—and miracles
Of healing to our science, may seem tame.
Yet, th' imagination, thro' the nervous force,
Joint, with the will, may possibly have done
Of healing, prodigies and, yet, may do.
Imagination hath, e'en said—Go out,
To-morrow, by this hour and life obeyed.
No miracles, performed, to lack of faith,
Argues, th' imagination, a prime force,
In th' art of healing, in the time of Christ.
Mesmeric arts, with arts, the magi's own,
The Essenes may have wielded, masterly,
Yet, veritable, miracles had been
The source, itself, of faith.

—Christianity, invading pagan soil,
Had no vocation, but, for pharmacy,
Displayed, in one hand, and for surgery,
Borne in the other: what gave currency
To Christ, in Jewry, was his healing art,
While, in the offices of charity,

Is merged, to-day, the lowly Nazarene.
 The Gospels seem the fabulous life of Christ,
 With his terse pastoral sayings, interspersed.
 —So, we have Christ a study, as a man;
 Oft, an unsparing radical, altho',
 In every hair of all his head, a Jew.
 He, a rare flower, in Palestine, that awed
 As, by its presence, the malevolence
 Jostling around it: scarce, a heel but had
 Bruised it, to opportunity; the fact,
 Of goodness, then, as, ever, targeted
 To envious arrows. There is not a heart,
 That, yet, has throbbled with love, for him, a
 man,
 Hath throbbled, with half, had been, for Christ,
 enough,
 As, th' martyred Son of Joseph and his spouse.
 The guard of holiness, was holiness,
 In him, without succession and were, still,
 To holiness, a fact, its sole defense.
 Christ, of the Jew accused of blasphemy,
 Slain by th' unwilling Roman, presents all
 Christ was, and that most human: after-
 wards
 To proof by Jewish witnesses, alone,
 To proof, judicial, none—quick, from the dead.
 So, all the spires, of Christendom, ascend
 To Mary Magdalenè's theory,
 Of the empty sepulchre.
 —'Twas an opinion, common, to the Jews,
 Still, current, when the Gospel text was penned,
 That, his disciples, while the guard had slept,
 Snatched from the tomb the body of their
 Lord;
 His resurrection and ascension stood,
 On the announcement, Christ was not therein,
 By the two Marys, early, at the grave.
 He, who espoused the dogma—Christ had risen,
 Would overthrow the dogma—Christ had not:
 Whence, may have sprung the charge, that the
 guard were bribed,
 Of clemency, assured, their guilt exposed,
 To give it currency, that, while they slept
 Christ's own disciples stole him from the tomb.
 —Here, God be thanked for a man, dead, be
 praised
 Had turned upon his bier: virtues, remarked,
 In other men, find multiples in him,
 Arithmetic had paled at: while, this man,
 Gentle as woman, tender as her heart,

Composed himself to duty and it, done,
Why not, inter him?

—Christ left his words in th' air of Galilee,
Then, went the way of death, like other men;
E'en woman's faith, at resurrection halts,
Hers, spices, to embalm him, erewhile, slain,
Who slept, sleeps on, his grave, in Palestine.
Christ, the best man, in the best teacher, man's,
A pupil, having said it, 'twere enough.
A human Christ demands, of living men
More offices of honor, than, 'twere theirs,
To pay his virtues: what may manhood do,
Of good or great, of manly or divine,
He hath not done, e'en done more masterly,
Than, in th' examples, that incentived him?
Tho' the Ages long for such men, each when,

come

His Age may doubt of, while, the next, con-
cludes

To disinter him, as men have, the Christ.

Penury

Christ made the coin of heaven and thereon
struck

His image, smartly; who, in poverty,
Descried an evil, that must, always, be:
Human, who had no remedy—a God
Who hath withheld it. Nature doth not breed
Poverty, man creates it—on whose fame,
Its stigma strives with murder.

—The Zend-Avesta is more marvelous
Than, that, astounding, in the Gospel text,
Which it, well, antedates, by centuries;
Who knows, how many? resurrecting man,
E'en with his mortal body—the world's END,
Come and the judgment, in Messiah, sat,
Acclaimed Sosiosh: immortality,
The keynote of the Zoroastrian faith,
With Heaven and Hell, defined, as done, to-
day:

A Hellenistic fountain; while, the Jew,
The Roman and the West have drank thereof
Hail! Zoroaster, thou, on lentils, fed,
What mischief came of thee, O, Eremité?

Christ failed, a Prince, and having died, a man,
Reverent Judeans raised him from the grave,
And laid strange words of Godship on his lips,
In their memorials of him: once, a God,
Thence, such delusions, as eschew debate.
On marble gods, men stumbled, everywhere,

What time, man's reason hailed the 'Caesars,
 Gods,
 And reared them altars—Gods and miracles,
 The gossip of that era.

As, the Gods appear
 Facts, in the daybreak, to be seen and heard,
 Cited, at noon, invisible—the close
 Of the first chapter of man's chronicles,
 Is, perhaps, written, and hereafter, God
 May seem, what, God must be, to God, himself,
 Law, fixt, unchangeable.

—God's in the world, as much, as, ever, God,
 Tho', man hath less assurance on his lips
 Of intimate acquaintanceship, with Him,
 God, greater, in man, less: if, moved thereto,
 God could not save what light extinguishes.

—Appeal to miracles, so, final, once,

Were an appeal to raw credulity:

Conceded, late, proof of divinity,

Miracles, but, premise the fabulous;

For th' miracles, to Jesus, credited,

In kind and number, pale, if, named, with
 those,

His saints did, afterwards, vouched for, like
 his,

Of common rumor and eye witnesses;

Or, by the fancy of the fabulist—

Who raised the dead, performed more prodigies

Than Jesus had, in all his weary life

A miracle, to every breath, he drew.

But, when the house

Of Joseph, built at Nazareth; wherein,

The very Christ grew filial, suddenly,

At midnight, rides the air alighting last,

Loretto's shrine, since, for six hundred years;

His home, traditional, at Nazareth

In the Latin Convent, shrined, albeit, still,

With the workshop, too, of th' godly carpenter

To heal the sick, or, blind, to raise the dead,

To cast out devils, to turn water wine,

What, these, if, named with that? an argu
 ment

For faith, man leaves unchallenged, with the
 blood

Of Januarius, that liquifies,

To prayer, tri-yearly. Who shall dare, to urge

All man's experience, against his faith,

Who would believe and doth? What roused
 the zeal

Of th' crusaders like th' bones of th' saints

What shall prove holy, even, fanes to-day,
 Unless, these relics, with their miracles?
 Imagination doth, what God had not.

In prison, languishing, despondent John,
 Misgiving him, he, late, announced, the Christ,
 In that, no hand flung, wide, his prison door—
 Sent messengers to Jesus, fainting hope
 'T' assure, he was the Christ—whose proof, to
 John,

Argued his feats of healing, while, to the poor
 The Gospel was proclaimed: therein, a stoop
 That, the back of pride had broken, then, t'
 have made,

Yet, in a God, to breathe of rich and poor,
 With sharp distinction, had dis-sphered the Sun
 Of His divinity; to whom, alone,
 Distinctions fade—who had not, penury,
 Hailed, meritorious, such its revenues,
 Beyond existence: but, had blotted out,
 The sharp distinction, with a whiff of scorn;
 Had done, at once, what man, still, seeks to do,
 T' abate the evil.

—Christ did not snatch the gory head of John
 From th' wanton's charger and to th' quivering
 trunk,

Restore it, quickly—whom, no greater, born
 Of woman, had been; but withdrew afar
 The most significant of all his acts,
 Clouding omnipotent power, or privilege.
 At any time, a miracle, then, here:
 Not, here, where, else, the courage of a God?

So incompetent,

Met, with the Greek or Roman, seems the Jew,
 To limn the awful features of a God;
 Such as once hushed th' air of th' Parthenon,
 Or, by the Forum, cowed a Cicero
 Who, even, doubted, of him. What a hinge
 To swing Heaven's gate on, words, cast to
 the winds

Of Galilee, to treasure? or, the mouth
 Of Hell to shut, or, open, to a voice,
 Heard, but, of few, some doubted, if, a God's?
 —Christ taught some simple peasants, how to
 bear

Humbly, the Roman yoke, in parables,
 Gauged, to their reason. They were fishermen,
 To superstition, bred; whose eyes descried
 What others' eyes see not; whose ears had
 heard

What, landmen's ears have, never, heard,
nor, shall:

The frank, yet, treacherous sea had toyed with
them,

Had tost them, on his billows; their delight,
The perils of the storm—while, to the calm,
Their hearts had leapt, to legends of the deep
Credulity had set their mouths agape,
And reason may not close them—such, were
they

Who followed Christ, as, in the legend, told.
Reverence for Tradition, nothing, else,
Restrains men, from exclaiming—Lo! the tale
Of Christ, is, but, by fishermen; each fact
Vouched for, on nautical authority.

—Cowardice appears,

In every action of the fishermen,
Who joined his fortunes: so, he bears his cross,
To woman's tears and John's; in all whose life,
No act, of one of his disciples, proves
Faith, Godship had inspired: it competent
T' assume the marvelous is, but, the fringe
Of orient fancy, on his stainless robe.
—Luke's preface, to his Gospel, stirs the doubt
He meant to silence, in Theophilus,
Since, what had come from Heaven had proved
itself.

His, all virtues, man's,
Had sweetened with fair uses his brief life,
And surnamed swollen Charity, the Nile,
In honor of its flood; 'tis cowardice
Makes man a villain; it is bravery
Must raise him to the stars. Christ was, to
man,

Brother, to that man, lost, who had not found
A kinsman, to stand by him; whose own heart
Burst, at Jerusalem, in martyrdom,
To supreme charity; and Christ, alive,
To Roman clemency, in morals, yet,
Dead, to the bigot's poison, in the spear,
Displays th' historic halo, round his head.
Elisha multiplies the cruse of oil;
So, Christ the fishes and the barley loaves;
Elisha gives the mother back her son;
While, Christ restores to Mary, Lazarus:
The newer Canon dovetails, in the first.
—Man's miracles of healing are, as old
As, his traditions and their verity
Stands to credulity, quite, unimpeached.
Him, of Tyana, born, ere Christ was born;

With him, of Sicily, then, Ages, dead,
 With him, of Crete, whose miracles command
 The voice of Delphos—man's traditions, each
 Award the honors of divinity.
 So, the Sicilian rode into the skies,
 A mortal, living; and when he was born,
 The prophet of Tyana and confest
 Divinity within him, magic, then,
 Had ravaged Rome, in all her provinces;
 Of Rome, more dreaded, than, a pestilence;
 Than, all the amours of th' Olympian Gods,
 When, Nero, by his edict, clipt the wings
 Of magic, in mid-flight—while, far from Rome
 The prophet of Tyana healed the sick,
 The skill of Apollonius, divine;
 Who died, in his own bed, unlike the seer
 Of Sicily, who, to the Immortal Gods,
 Would pass, undying, and had, cleverly,
 Had Etna held not, grinning, in her teeth,
 A brazen sandal. Miracles, of old,
 Were, to man's reason, what the oyster is,
 To man's digestion, and such aliment,
 Of sickly reason, craved, craft well supplied
 No weapon, so like Thor's, that, oft, as hurled
 Sought the God's hand, afresh.
 —The vulgar herd demanded miracles,
 T' authenticate the Gods—no evidence,
 Half, so convenient, or voluminous:
 Hence, to the Supernatural, appeal
 Down all his annals, till man laughed aloud
 When, lo! the Gods were dumb.

—Who shall say,

Christ, ever, for Himself, made other boast
 Than, as the Son of Joseph? Who shall say,
 What, in his life, is true, what fabulous?
 Thus, Daniel, if, not Daniel to the age
 Credited with this prophet, prophesy,
 Were false, tho' vouched for by the lips of
 Christ.

So, if Christ hung on th' peak of Ararat,
 The gorgeous Crown of a Divinity,
 It hangs there, yet, if, not to th' letter, true,
 Noah sailed a drowned world and stranded
 there.

If, Jonah sailed not in a fish's maw,
 Three days, th' Internum Mare, every claim
 Of Christ, to Godship, fails. 'Tis possible,
 Both, the prediction of Christ's death, itself,
 And resurrection are an after thought
 Of pens, that hailed the resurrection, true,

And would by Christ's prophetic lips assist
Faith to accept it.

—Deucalion and Pyrrha were preserved,
When, man incurred the enmity of Zeus
While safely on Parnassus, strands the ship
Deucalion built, to ride the nine days' flood,
As, all mankind, not in the ship, were drowned :
So partial were the Gods, to piety,
The Flood is proof, of pure beneficence :
Thus, human, Gods, whose methods were man's
own,

Or, below reason's.

—Who knows what memories, prehistoric man's,
Transmitted thro' what eras—cataclysms,
As, of a continent, gone down the wave,
Or, of one, risen, boldly from the sea?
Traditions, by the shore, affect a ship,
Well ballasted and trimmed, with man and
beast

Riding, well piloted a six days' flood ;
Whose inland versions seem unnautical,
As, of an ark, or, chest, nor stem, nor stern.
So, from the cave-man and the drift-man, down
Tradition may have plowed its tortuous way ;
While, from a watery horizon had sprung,
The earth, unknown, a universal flood.
Geology appeals to heat and cold,
To Continents, emergent, from the deep,
Eons—as factors, to relieve a Flood,
Of labors, multiform, no flood had done,
Tho', universal, half a century.

—What, Ptolemaios penned a hundred years
After Christ's exit, was astronomy
As understood in Christ's day, when the earth
Stood, central, to the universe, a point
Round which all planets swung : such ignor-
ance,

Vet, unrelieved, hints what it must, that Christ
Knew nothing, of the spheres—since, to one
flash

Of divine science, both astronomy
And the, yet, guessed-at Cosmos, stood unveiled
—Ptolemy

Waits Copernicus, an abutment, stood,
Against the boiling strait, where, life went down
Whose lenses drift ashore, whereat the earth
Wheels, on her axis and rolls round the sun
Since, then, all knowledge, with the merit in,
Of science, is man's product—all beyond,
Pure speculation.

—Astronomy assures man, he enjoys
 A squalid quarter of the Universe;
 E'en, by her glasses demonstrates the fact:
 In Sirius, witness, to a sun, wherein,
 Quite, in Canopus, the vital force, of ours,
 While, in Canopus, countless suns, in one.
 A paltry system, in the Milky Way,
 Ours, if, but, named, with systems in mid-sky,
 That, in to-day's, or in to-morrow's glass,
 May with their satellites squeeze, one, by one,
 To patient science, in the astronomer.
 In man's own system, think, of Neptune's
 track,

Of near two centuries, around the sun;
 A solar year, to her inhabitants.
 Jupiter, vaster, by four hundred times,
 Saturn, eight hundred, vaster, Neptune, too,
 E'en four-score times, than is the dwindling
 earth—

How, dwarfed, in his own household, man
 appears?

The life of man, were it longevity,
 Like theirs, in fable, 'twere not long enough,
 To cover half the time, a ray of light
 Consumes, in transit, from some unseen star,
 To this vainglorious orb.

Pitiful cra, when a lunatic
 Was one possessed of demons, or, one, struck
 Of a malignant planet: him, disease
 Threw on the ground to rave, a man possessed
 Of devils seven, or, multiples of seven:
 Yet, such the era, man's fatuity
 Has garlanded with aureoles of light.
 What creed is true? If, faith be made the test,
 All creeds are true to zeal or votive blood.
 --To slay a true man, in a felon's stead,
 Is a device, by man, its equity
 Defying the best moral microscope,
 To make it, visible: to postulate,
 Justice is satisfied, thro' shedding blood,
 Tho' innocent, for crime, at her assize,
 Tried and convicted, is a maxim, false:
 In substitution, a sheer subterfuge,
 Which, none saw clearer, than, the ancient
 did:

Yet, it afforded license, to the strong,
 To do their pleasure and to substitute
 Victims, for crimes, their own, before the law:
 To loop-holes of escape, power, riotous.

To proffer justice a clean, innocent life,
For his, who reeks with blood, had seemed
absurd,

E'en, to the wretch, who slipt the noose,
thereby.

—The essence of the Gospel cult is faith;

Its secret is a banquet, for the heart:

Reason is not invited to the feast;

But the affections gorge them and lie down

On beds of resurrection, joyously.

His sweet emotions, who has been forgiven

Offences, if, but, fancied, with his love

For one who suffers, as, his substitute,

For crimes charged mortal—altho' fanciful.

Has lent the Western Cult, whate'er its hold

On man's affections. Everything, in Christ,

Not, pagan, clings to Galilee; is, still,

In th' box of ointment, in the human voice,

Tender, of woman—while, the venal Jew,

It rebuked, roundly: in each incident,

Of love, or virtue, in a guileless life.

—Yet, grant a Heaven and Hell and man's, a
soul

That must survive him; then, conceive, how
frail

Were that device, to rescue man, if, lost,
Had saved, scarce one, of every million, born?

Tho' such the Western Cult, that predicates

Salvation, thro' the voiced, or written word;

Perdition, theirs, who fail to hear, or read.

How many, hear or read, of all mankind?

The blunder is not God's, when, a device

Is charged on Him and the device has failed

Each popular Cult presumes to solve the doubt

Of man's experience, best, by cutting it;

Treating man, hence, with life in Heaven or
Hell,

Life, here, a dismal failure: but, life here

Is all man hath assurance of who, dead,

All Nature's voices break forth, fitly dead.

—The grace of God, in a dilemma, found,

Reason, not revelation, hath made bold

To whisper, gently, of, probation, hence,

Whereat, the cry of heresy is raised:

Ermine, in banco, scarlet, in that, faith

Demands, of justice, on her doubts, to make

Deliverance, final.—Faith awaits a fall,

Fallen, erewhile, but for her legs of gold,

Fatal, as Jupiter's—like his, wherein,

It left no ripple, on th' peace of th' world.

What evil has not come of the Hebrew's pen
 Voted, the wisdom, of Almighty God?
 What blood, in God's name, shed, by zealots'
 steel?

What vigils, kept, of faith, to no reward?
 What fears have dashed the pleasures of this
 life?

What dreams have crazed the lives of fasting
 saints,

Like, th' fascination, that doth o'erpersuade
 The wretch, to plunge into the seething sea,
 Stood, on a beetling crag?

—What, in the Western Cult, best, serves man-
 kind

Is th' guileless anthem, pitched, in Galilee,
 To man's atrocious pride, in blossom, there.
 Had God a message for the human race
 He had not left it with twelve fishermen
 To memorize and publish; since, the act
 Were charged with nameless cruelty, to men,
 Who fail to hear it—yet, the fault, not theirs,
 Denied a yea, or nay: to think, of God,
 Each nerve had tingled, to his equity.
 Must light and shade fall, man's, from
 Palestine?

Hath Nature, not, for all her continents,
 A love, to each, peculiar, yet, her best?
 Christianity is welcomed, less, for the pledge,
 She makes, of life, beyond, than, kindness,
 here:

Her kiss and alms, the miracles, alone,
 That raise her to esteem; whose name shall,
 yet,

Be changed to Charity, her proper name,
 Stript, of all, supernatural, the husk,
 Charity may have ripened in. 'Tis true,
 Christ did not, soon, return, as, in his life,
 He, oft, predicted—thus, Christianity,
 In yielding ground to waning miracles,
 Is ethical, or, nothing; while, therein,
 Lies all the merit of her history;
 All evil, her pretensions, unsustained.
 Evangelizing man were teaching him,
 The Golden Rule, with ethics—more than this,
 Seems, but, new lessons, in mythology,
 The pagan bolts, to Western pharmacy,
 Yet, vomits, shortly: Westernized, a man,
 An oriental, to tradition, still.
 Nothing, to dread from more intelligence,
 Spring how, or, whence, it may; tho' avarice

Suffer, profoundly, merchandizing light.
 The best, the Supernatural has done
 For man, has been to roast him—history
 Proves, little, in its favor, but this fact.
 Man and the Supernatural may not,
 Co-exist, longer, without loss, to man,
 Of all his manhood's honor: let us have
 The conflict o'er and peace.

—When few men thought, the priesthood
 thought for men;
 When all men think, the priesthood shall have
 been.

No moral power has contravened man's own,
 In human history: God, in what, we hear,
 Behold, or feel, is a fact, polyglot,
 Our hearts contain, our senses reverence,
 Our wills obey, or, would: the field for faith,
 God, the Immutable, in natural law.
 Man is, to man, himself, the universe;
 Nothing, to man, worth knowing, not, of man.
 In common sense, the world is drowned, at
 last,

The first authentic deluge of the earth,
 Since geologic eras.

—What, in Christianity, is mythical,
 Had sphered by the fifth century, till then
 But, formless chaos. Christ, to us, appears,
 Tho', to his precepts, a discarded Jew,
 An afterthought of many centuries,
 Platonized down to Athanasius,
 Thence, the suggestion, of the Vatican.
 In no succeeding Council of the Church,
 Ignorance, such, as in the first, prevailed,
 In the fourth century—whose famous acts
 Were, scarce, recorded, half traditional,
 Its chief transactions. Superstition, then,
 By Pappus and Sabinus told, at Nice,
 Resolved the Scriptures into those, inspired,
 Those, uninspired, by casting all the books
 Beneath a table, whence, to prayer forsooth,
 Upon the table, those, inspired appeared,
 Immobile, all the rest—a miracle,
 To the majority, hardly, to such,
 As, had composed the Canon, ere the prayer
 The brain of the first Council, Constantine,
 A dabster, he, in arts, miraculous,
 With Alexandria's bishop and a clique,
 Crafty, as he, these wield their credulous peers.
 —The Father, Word and Holy Ghost, there are;

Which three, in Heaven, bear witness and are
one:

Words, in John's letter, flowing from some pen
Inked, after the first Council, to sustain
A dogma, man's, to copious argument,
Affecting inspiration: Trimurti,
As, th' first conception of a trinity,
In Hindoo—and in Greek mythology,
Zeus, Pluto, Neptune—if, no archetype,
Pregnant suggestion. So a Synod's vote,
The Incarnation: for which, precedent,
In Hindoo, Greek and Roman history.
Sprang, of debate, most stormy, faith, itself,
As, th' vote, of the majority, wherein,
Obnoxious, not to fagots. It appears
Blood, if, the seed of the Church, is error's
too.

Devotion, incident, to policy,

If, pagan, or, if, Christian, ever, one.

—Can it be, that Christ,

Is th' shuttlecock in th' game of battledore,

Is not, himself, the all-absorbing game?

Man, ever, has been an idolater,

Permit him idols—eagerly were, yet;

Whose policy has been, to substitute

One idol for another and his gods,

To dethrone, moribund. Wherein, the Church,

Religion is a product of the sword,

As, well, as thrones are; all her annals writ

In such accursed blood as dare dissent

From faith, already, crowned: in origin,

However, holy, it is history,

• One creed supplants another, by the sword;

While, purse and sword are, ever, orthodox.

E'en, Christ, himself, heretical, his voice

Had sunk, as hollow, as Olympian Zeus'—

No Phidias by, to stay the sinking God,

With gold and ivory, warranted, divine.

—The Cross is old as Egypt as a sign:

Baptism, a rite, much older than the Christ;

Older than Buddha, with significance

Wherein, symbolic, Christian, much therein

Distinctly, pagan: so each festival

Partakes of the pagan faith, it represents:

For th' early Fathers, pagans born and bred,

Had, scarce, sustained a faith, not mythical,

Hence, the mythology, of th' Christian Cult.

For Saturnalias, we have carnivals,

Tho' change, of name had left a vice, un-
changed.

—Day, festive, to the Sun, in all the East,
 When he had paused at Capricorn, the birth
 Of-Christ, was made to synchronise therewith.
 Thenceforth, a festival four hundred years
 After his burial: Christmas, thus, a day
 Sacred in Rome, to Bacchus; Persia's own
 In the mediating Mithras; festival,
 In Egypt, India, even, in Cathay,
 As, in the yule-log of the pagan North,
 To the returning Sun, past history.
 —Jove, scourged from Rome, returned: his
 temples, burnt,
 He, of their smoking ruins, built them o'er.
 The clever God but changed his name and
 state,
 Who, to more light, than erst the Sire of
 Heaven,
 Had mustered, well, within him, gleams with
 rays,
 That, from without him, flood his broadening
 brows.

Poverty, as an incident of life,
 Dates, ever, from man's culture: savagery
 Holds riches, common: yet, the fleetest foot,
 Like the best arrow, wins, in th' equal chase.
 Of no condition, is equality
 To be affirmed, but, as the equal right
 Of each, to excel all others, if, he may.
 Want is not a condition of man's life,
 Tho' half may spring from man's conceit, it is
 And is, withal, Heaven's gate.
 —Poverty is an incident and not,
 A fact, that human nature may not waive.
 Man's rags are, half, his folly, half, his sires',
 Thro' countless generations, who have twanged
 Their sacred harp strings to such psalmody,
 As, poverty hath merit, in itself.
 O, what, a day were that, when poverty
 Shall find no face to pinch?
 —Hath the world naught, but, hope, for
 penury?
 It hath the very marrow of the earth,
 To flesh her bones with; hath th' uncounted
 gold
 Long scattered to the winds, the price of
 Heaven.
 The riches doled to faith, on the joint fact
 Of cold and hunger, spent, if, wisely, spent,
 Had made half tropical e'en Arctic frost,

Had polished her shrunk flesh to ivory.

—What a spectacle,
Of murder, craft, deceit and violence,
Yet, this a minor planet? Man, unmade,
Might be man, well, made over: hope were
salve,

Stale, as from gallipots of Pompeii,
T' anoint a sore with, if the sore be old,
As, is man's reason—waiting, yet, the knife.
Man, homeless, to misfortune, or, unthrift,
Anticipates home, dead; which sovereign cure
For th' ills of poverty, by epithets,
Pagan and Christian, hailed alike, is hope.
Classic Pandora and nomadic Eve,
Have, each, left hope, unchallenged, having
done,

Mischief, not, soon repaired, once, in the blood,
Of common ancestry. The sealed jar,
By th' one unsealed, and in her consort's home,
The other's curious fruit intimidate
The Ages, still, because the lies are old.
Hope is no remedy for human ills,
It never cured one—is a quack's resort,
In his last nostrum: hope is not an end;
Is, if, a staff, a frail one. Evidence,
That shall make clear man's ills, must prompt
each act,

Armed, to undo them. Hope, not fortitude,
Both, to endure and conquer, were a myth,
Dead, as Pandora.

—Power, absolute, made, scarce, a note of man,
But, to swell armies; hence, despairing slaves
Conjured with hope, till, she invented life
Eternal, to correct the mischief in,
Of life, that, by the changes of the moon,
Reels off, to secret sighs, a fragile skein,
Tangled, by demons.

—Think, of that structure, boasting Jesus'
tomb,

Its shattered dome, erewhile, a plea for war?
Did Christ rebuke the money-changers late?
A tenfold plea for his rebuke, to-day,
As hostile clans, to a divided faith
Would honor Jesus. Yet, what spot on th'
earth,

With zealot and fanatic, pestilent,
As the reputed spot where Christ was laid?
What does it mean, if true, the lowly Christ,
And he, the very God, lay there, as dead,
This tomb has cost such lunacy and blood?

Christ, if, a God, could he survey that spot,
Of Christless bigots seized and yet not rock
That soil, with such an earthquake as had
swamp

The jostling wretches, to which, that on file
At his decease, had been an incident,
Not worth recital?

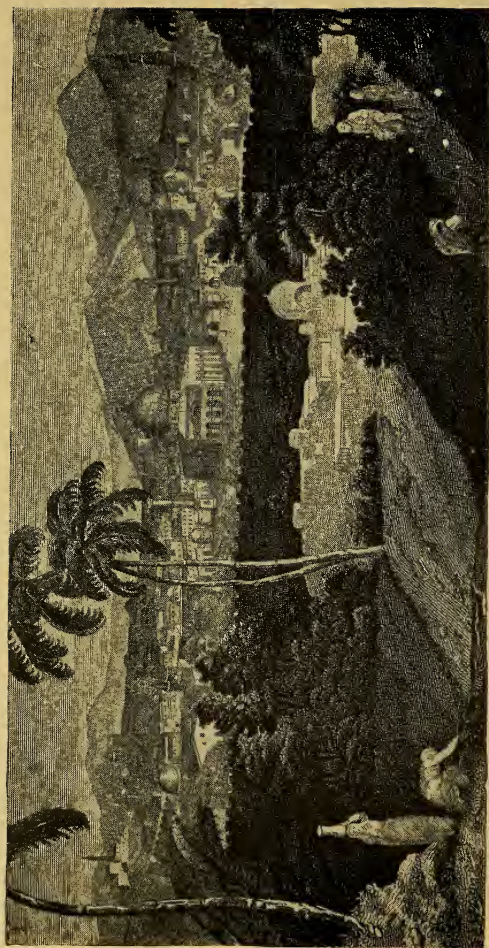
Still, round his Salem, hideous, wails the Jew,
Ages, expectant, of a Prince from Heaven,
To restore her glories; he, a maniac,
To his traditions. For three thousand years,
The Hebrew hath with scrupulous care fulfilled

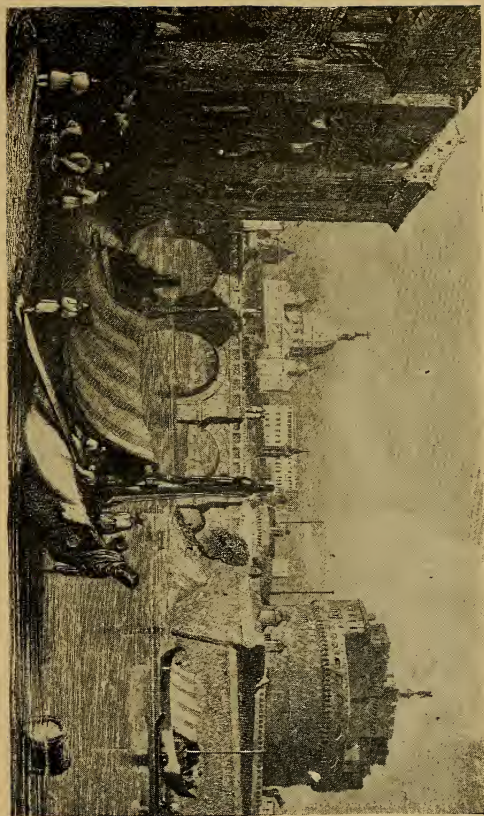
His seers' predictions, and is, yet, absorbed,
In making good the fancies of his bards;
Who, at their consummation, well divines
Salem's renown, his own Messiah come.

—Martyrdom, for one's country is divine.
And glorifies the martyr—otherwise,
Of, epidemical, in history,
A morbus, like the plague. Reason maintains,
That, if a God, Christ had come down the skies,
At the cry of martyrdom, and waived its blood
Godlike, wherein, he rescued innocent lives.
Christ, if a God, upon some gala-day,
In Rome, had entered the Coliseum,
Had strode to Caesar's seat—before his eyes,
Had lockt each lion's jaws and every pard's,
Satisfied with their faith, who had not bled,
To fasting lions, tho', resigned to bleed.
Nor, were a dungeon, dark enough to quench
His eye, intent, to light th' escape of him,
Immured for Christ's sake: there had been no
flame,

To lick a martyr's blood up, hot enough,
Who would be burnt, e'en, for a dogma's sake.
An infinite God and personal were shocked,
In him, who bled, in him, who vaunted blood,
The common madness of an era, Faith's.
If martyrdom were possible, to-day
To th' Western Nations, every throne had cast
A vote against it: yet, to th' praise of Christ,
It was not he, that cost the West her blood,
But th' fabulous husk of Paul's Christianity.
Faith makes a bigot, whence a murderer
To occasion scenting blood.

—At Superstition, Paul affects to rail,
Himself, the key-stone in the arch of fear;
Who, found, in Athens, argues with the Greek,





And bids him think with Paul: the cultured
Greek

Smiled, at the frank barbarian, and his stole
Drew tightlier round him.

—Paul, as a bigot, with indifference,
Had shed his own, or spilt another's blood,
Whose fancy left him, sensitive, to sights
And sounds, unearthly: in the life of Paul,
The right to self-deception, cardinal:
Whose arguments are, oft, chimerical
As any, in the Talmud; yet, the Cross,
Is planted, not, on Calvary, but leans
Against Pauline, dogmatic utterance.
Calvin's and Paul's polemic institutes
Bear common warrant—false, to reason, false:
So, each had burned, or stoned a man to death,
Who differed from him, with authority.
For the atrocious crime, clear, as his right,
To speak the mind of Heaven: who burns a
man,

His girdle, hung with all, he, ever, writ,
Partakes the murderer, with him, who held
Their raiment, who stoned Stephen,

—Had Ananias been the, first, to lie,
In Hebrew annals, it had seemed most fit,
To slay him on the spot, with his true wife,
Sapphira, who had seconded her lord's
False affirmation: an inequity,
Tho' fabulous, without a precept in:
Mendacity, a common privilege
Of men and women, to the era, bred.
A rumor of the miracle had caused
A copious stream t' o'erflow the treasury,
Wherein, belike, the motive, to the tale.

From Zoroaster down, what man is prone
T' assume, as evil has been, oft, revamp,
The Persian in new garb—whose Ahriman,
Whose Ormuzd, to the Jew, reflects the rays
The Jew illumed the West with: hence, to-day,
Hail! Zoroaster, gives to Light its due,

—In the Parusia, by the Talmudist,
Both Jew and Gentile, frankly, are apprised
That, men shall grow nine hundred feet in
height,

One grape, itself, a cargo for a ship,
While every son of Abram shall beget
Quite sixty thousand souls, as many Jews
As sallied forth from Egypt; sympathy.

Pouring, a flood, from every Hebrew heart,
 In the infertile Gentile's: Paradise,
 More, than, restored in a Jerusalem,
 Let down from Heaven. So a millennium,
 By Zoroaster dreamt of, should ensue
 Ahriman's triumph and the crafty Jew
 Made half his vestments of this Eremite's.

—Mahommed restores Venus, satisfied,
 To wind Arabia, in the jewelled arms,
 Of Georgians, here, and Houris, in a hence,
 Pledged, to the faithful; to which reeking Lie
 Confest half Europe, with the land of Christ,
 Half Africa and Asia. So, the barb,
 The Arab mounts, neighs, yet, to victory,
 His prayerful rider, saddled, hopefully,
 To raven hair and eyes, that wait him, hence.
 Arabia outstrips Jewry, by a stretch,
 Jewry shall, ne'er, recover; while the sword
 Achieved the empire, lechery holds fast.

—Mahommed rose, too late, to pose a God,
 If, but, in the sixth century, too late
 For fable not to blush, at the word—divine;
 Who lived and died a Prophet, with less faith
 In Allah's arm, than, in Damascus steel;
 Whose fasting made an Arab, one, inspired;
 Who like the Nomad and the Eremite,
 Sought Allah in the desert, and when'er
 His epilepsy seized him—Allah spake.

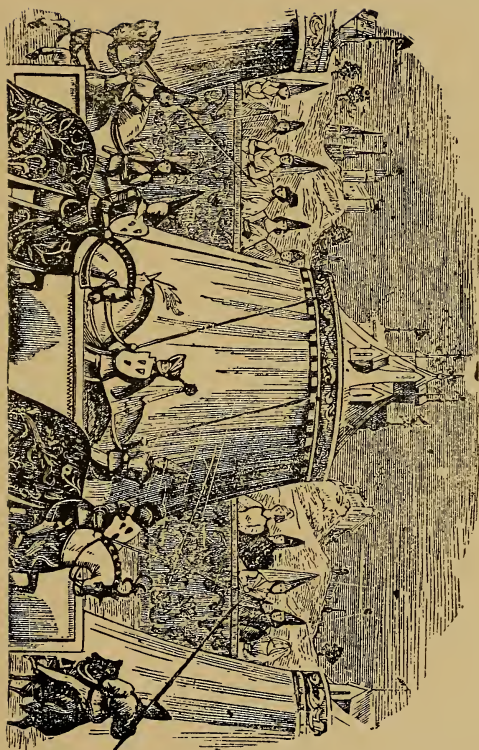
—Th' invention of a Devil is the worst
 Of man's misfortunes, vastly: it has done
 More mischief, than, all poison, than the knives
 Of all assassins, joint: it has dethroned
 Man's reason and a Goblin has installed
 As master of man's fates: whose subtlety
 Premeditates disaster to his hopes,
 And with infernal gusto, thwarts his will.

--Thus, the shrunk soul of man, the Middle Age,
 Confronts with ghastly fear—inflames the Cross
 With a Medusa as the twinkling star
 Of the pure Christ, set, in th' smouldering
 wrath

Of the Latin Manés. Man, with wars to wage
 Against the offense of reason, silenced loss
 With th' solace of his fictions; who, to war
 Ascribed all, war so failed of: plentiful,
 Of death, his ordnance, patented, in Heaven.
 Parked, on Christ's vantage, at all angles shot.

—The Middle Age is, more, the corse of Jove,
 Or, Thor, dipt, in the Jordan, than a voice





Harmless and sweet from Judah: what, a swing
 Of execution, in the headman's axe,
 Whet, by her murders? and, while, tragical
 Behind the footlights, no such comedy
 Since, the frogs of Aristophanes. Juvenal
 Was born, too early to have served man, best;
 Terrance and Plautus living, then, had found
 Such drastic incidents in papal Rome,
 As Capitolian Jove was guiltless of.

Christ, an estraying Lamb
 Tethered in Latium, pining, bleating, sick
 For the hills of Jewry!—On the Middle Age,
 With guilty faith, in what? fall the ringing
 blows

Of reason, resurrected: who had borne
 Th' impeachment, known, as faith, which,
 analysed,

Partakes the same servility that blanched
 What feathers, blew to Jewry?—Bravery
 Cast, but, a spar, across the boisterous ford,
 Yet, woman passed, a woman over it,
 Behind the amorous man. The Middle Age
 Juts, a black promontory, boldly out
 Into the stream of thought and sinks more ships
 Than, all the reefs and shoals, whose cruel fame
 Seamen would stop their ears to: who will
 climb

Yon Crag?—What Tar? and light the Devil's
 Head?

—Faith, never, lit a candle, in her life,
 Unless, of sperm; her forte, to quench all light,
 But, down a golden, pagan candlestick.

The statues by the Forum of old Rome
 Stirred, quite, as much to the eye of Cicero,
 With th' pulses of true manhood, as did man
 Under the reign of Faith; as man had, yet,
 If, still, a reign of Faith, were possible.
 Faith, had she held her sway, man had no light,
 But, from her altars: his impoverished mills,
 To industry, were hushed, save the sad looms
 Weaving her vestments.

—What kept the Ages dark so much as faith,
 Ignoring human reason? Manhood fell,
 With man's remove from courage: crime slipt in
 Between the joints of the knight's harness
 since,

Grace, by a priestly hand, could purge its guilt
 Honor, there was, if, in the stoutest lance.
 An episode of love, the Middle Age,

Penned of the Knight and Virgin, in the oath
Hissed—By Our Lady!

—In Charlemagne, whose empire ceased with him,
The West had found a master, yet, a friend,
To letters, culture, e'en to liberty,
Frisking within a tether, tho' of steel.
An epoch, in a monarch, Time enjoys
His leisure, oft, in wholesome argument,
Touching the secret springs of history,
In Charles, the Great, who cleft the sky of
Faith

With, now and then, a flash of light, itself;
Yet, superstition gave to it the hues
Of burning brimstone.

—Ah! the long Middle Age that slept much less,
Than, it dreamt evil and, at intervals,
Swore godly oaths, by pious lances, dipt
In th' blood of dragons, while in trailing robes,
Bespangled so, with sanctity, they gave
Off, healing, as did Jesus. How, the air
Must have opprest man's reason, if, indeed,
He had conceived of cogito—unless,
To schoolmen's hairs, or grave philosophy
Transmuting the base metals into gold?

—Peter, the Hermit, in a lunatic,
Infected Europe with fanaticism,
As, if, a plague had swept her, in her sons,
From th' Alps to Syria, pale, in death—for
what?

For th' rescue of, if rescued, but a tomb,
Empty, of what was worthy and defiled
By the blood that had recovered it—alas!
For human nature, wrenched: insanity
In its worst type, lies, in religious zeal,
For ends, below man's reason.

—How, superstition jested and, oft, reeled
O'er the easy conquest of the Gate of Heaven,
When man believed successfully and died—
Living or dying, his, a hope of heaven,
Perched, on the helmet, of the murderous
knight,

Seen, as a halo, round the bandit's gold,
When dumpt in pious vaults.

Hiccups, in the wine,
Of bibulous monks, of reverence, supreme,
Hailed divine utterance, hath audience lost.
Much, like some monster, oft, affrighting ships
No sea-glass takes clear note of, armed with
fangs



Darted, at Europe, yet, with gracious tail,
 Dousing with saving water, Europe's fears;
 With, half, her cargo, sunk, and half, afloat,
 For further antics—thus the papal world
 Told beads, an hour, and caballed, twenty-three
 —We learn more from Pompeii, than from Rome
 Of what, Rome was and hence, Vesuvius
 Is Rome's historian—while, her vomit, half,
 Atones, in Pope and Vandal, Goth and Hun,
 For hearthstones, shattered, in the Tiber, cast;
 For Gods, as, Art conceived them, Gothic saints.
 Rome never soared too high, not to descend
 Always in the Campagna: liberty
 In the first eagle's wing, met in mid-sky
 Had sent her, skurrying down, the despised fowl,
 Of all the game of heaven.

No malediction, ever, fell from God;
 A curse, from God, ere lit, had God dethroned.
 Tho' man, affecting curses holds his throne,
 Till man unseats him: in the curse of God,
 The invention of the priesthood, to the wall,
 Pushed, for more whipcord.

—Heretics may have been who died thro' fear
 Of Faith's anathema, ere, it had fall'n;
 Yet, more, elected, to die afterwards:
 Imagination is the knife, whose steel,
 Moral assassins bring to th' finest edge.
 Of all Faith's enemies, no head turned white,
 But to her tortures—and pray, where, the
 knave,
 Had not hewn dungeons, in the solid rock?

Why, still, some version of th' Archaic myth,
 Of an arch devil, round a baffled God,
 Fomenting mischief—vital?—What a day
 Shall that be in man's annals, when his brain
 Hath no more maggots in it?—so, of faith,
 That of th' imagination, oft, wins fame,
 Thro' postquam ergo posthac; dwarfing those,
 Of fabulous ages, daily—miracles,
 By her ascetics, pastime: what a stride
 Of reason, man, a godlike infidel,
 Unfaithful, to the past, yet, true to God?
 Let's stay the headlong current of man's gold
 His fears have made an Oronoco of,
 That, hell-ward sets, to quench eternal fire,
 Ablaze in human fancy, elsewhere, not;
 Let's turn the current backward and remind

This gold, purloined from purses, crewhile
turned

To superstition.

—If, there be, yet, a cat-o'-nine-tails, man's,

'Tis for his back who teaches men to heed

His power, to curse or bless. God had made
clear

As, by a sunbeam, that, for which, He would

Men should have reverence: Nothing else, par-
takes

Of doubt so vastly, in man's history,

As, doth religion—which assumes, to be

Man's most stupendous interest, yet, proves,

His most prodigious folly.

—To lapse of time, no falsehood becomes true

Tho' revered daily for ten thousand years,

By acts of homage, worship, zeal and faith.

No merit lies in what men may believe,

But, in what is and, ever, must be, true.

Rarely a lie but contradicts itself;

While, half the mischief, of a lie, proceeds

From th' marches it has stolen on the truth;

The other half, the cost, of the alkali,

With which, to scour its trail.

—Semitic vanity imprisoned God

In Ark and Covenant: while the Western Mind

Has halted life an era, by the streams

That water sacred Canaan, dreaming o'er,

Each mystic utterance of bard or sage;

Dwarfing man's reason, notably—since, man

Shall not find God behind, but, in the fore;

Or, fail to find Him. Yet when Christendom,

In Theodosius, put a helmet on,

The West believed, to spears.

—By the Internum Mare, vigorous swarms,

From orient hives alight, and industry

There, plied her arts, while, seamanship set out

To scour the coast for gain—th' Olympian Gods,

Hushing the waves to peace, till Pan's last

wail

Died out in echoes on its classic shores.

From Salem's heights, where, erst, had gleamed

the gods

Of cultured tribes, the Son of Jesse flung

The banner of the God of Israel,

Dripping, with th' blood of all the Jebusites;

A city, thence, the pride of Judah's God,

His Temple and his Altar, there, alone:

Where, to tradition—later, in his Son,

The very God enacts a tragedy,

Vouched for, of Jewish pens, of these, alone.
 Why, marvel, Europe snuff, in every gale.
 That swept th' Internum Mare, westwardly.
 Hebraic fancies? Stemming every wave
 Some sea-craft, with the ensign of the Cross,
 What marvel, hers the cult of Israel—
 Hers, decimation, faith, therein, withheld?
 Anon, a crescent moon rose in the East,
 In Allah's name, with menace, in its rays
 Of universal sway, when, at its full.

Then, Cross and Crescent, fought their quarre
 out,

In Christian blood and Moslem: Europe, thence
 Garlands the Cross with mistletoe and bade
 Both, Jove and Thor, farewell—yet, in he
 heart,

Cherished, by other rites, reveres them, still.

—How Christ had shuddered, had he dreamt
 the Church,

An organ of the priesthood should ensue
 His words, in Galilee? Or, that his fame
 As of a lowly peasant should be wrapt
 Round Capitolian Jove—of whom, 'tis like
 His ears had heard not, used, to homebred tales
 Or, that, in Italy, the Roman spear,
 Dead, should enthrone him, in a Pontifex,
 Successor, to a Caesar?

Conceive God, as a person, who would make
 Much of this trifling star—apprising man:

Were he unbosomed, by the doubtful lips
 Of men's traditions? or, by oracles,
 Historically, man's, as Delphi's own?

God cannot be the close, familiar friend
 Of shrewd Italian monks—yet, reticent,

To men, in cleanly homespun.

—For policy and shrewdness, consummate,

A Gregory; and that the papacy

Survives, a Gregory: a pope, himself,

Is but, the force and culture of the man,

Whose genius, e'en a fish-horn had announced,

All, supernatural, in Peter's chair:

In supernatural powers, the leathern fudge,

By which, Rome clomb to Caesar. Tho' the
 zeal,

That boasts of proselytes is, oft, content,

To feed on barley cakes; th' anointed few,

Styled Princes of the Church, what luxury

These wights do wallow in, with what re-
 proach,

For Christ, who had not, where, to lay his head?
 Christianity, before the Church, was Christ;
 Christianity, the Church, half fabulous:
 Rome, as the weathercock, of Christendom,
 Of Jesuit oil, sensitive, to all winds.
 —St. Peter's stands on broad indulgences,
 Tho' th' dome of Angelo is innocent
 Of the transgressions, that erected it;
 Art unapproachable, as, if, the gold
 That made it, possible, had not been smeared
 With lechery or blood. A Temple, then,
 Is God's own house, if, craftsmanship alone,
 Vouches its fitness? Rather, the broad skies
 Beneath whose dome, there is not, never was,
 To life, in this, or any other sphere,
 A hint of crime, condoned, lest crime had
 thriven,
 But, rigorous justice, flashing, from each breach
 Of natural law, in silence, ominous:
 God's house, wherein, there were not found,
 a spall,
 With a blood-stain on it.—Fear of God, itself,
 Is fear of man's traditions of a God
 From papyrus to parchment—and since then,
 Men fail to settle, clearly, what is God?
 —The question, whence, is evil, is man's own,
 God, no concern therewith: evil is not
 Assumed, a factor but false quantity,
 To waning brimstone. Disinfect the mind,
 Of th' plague, within her hull, whose cancerous
 sores
 Disfigured all man's thought: not, yet a pain,
 But, in the breach of law, or pleasure, man's,
 But, to obedience.
 —Who hath the courage to avow that, true,
 All men, in concert, damn? Less, what men
 know
 Than, what, men think they know, yet, do not
 know,
 Plays havoc with them.
 —Slip all the pack of hell on him, who dare
 Be true, to human nature and avow
 The truth, for truth's sake; here is not the
 place,
 For truth, to be outspoken.—Yet, opinion
 swings
 Between the poles of blind, submissive faith,
 And proof, as positive as gravity.
 Opinions change and men are changed thereby,
 With their late selves, at startling angles, stood,

Who neither shrink, nor shudder—scarce surprised.

No knowledge, like more knowledge; so no power,

Like, power, enough, to humble power, itself. Thine is the privilege, or, to dispute

What stands on affirmation, or sustain

What men have negatived: authority

The better reason, always.

—Who cherish their delusions, in that, sweet,

Are like the aged, who in childhood's toys,

Would feel, anew, the exquisite delight,

Of childhood felt, alone. That penitence,

The sea is hoarding salt for, that, men's eyes,

May do their duty, nobly, some day, hence,

Suggests the crime of overmuch belief.

It costs too much to keep old myths alive:

They eat the very bread, that mothers sigh

To feed their babes with: nor is corn, to-day,

As cheap as to a Roman Emperor,

Who, by his largess, made the yoke of Rome

Sit lightly on men's shoulders: festival

And circus, free, to Romans. Nor, are men

Bred, but, to fight for Rome and be amused,

In th' intervals of war: all men appear

Claimants, for equal honors; which are theirs

Far as unequal brains permit thereof.

—The Age wants heroes and wants cowards, shot.

Half hero and half coward were a mark

For fusileers to blaze at: heroism

In war, or peace, half-hearted, but confest

Cowardice wrapt in a field-marshal's cloak.

Let us breed men, against all odds brave men,

Who take their ground and hold it, despite arms,

Gold, favor, even, life: improvement, man's

Dates, from the breaches, made, by catapults,

E'en, heroes' brains, in the tough masonry

Of reverent custom.

—The supernatural survives her time:

She, with the Middle Age, had closed her course,

More fittingly, than, by a lingering death.

The dreary dogmas of the Middle Age

Survive as problems, but, of policy.

The pessimistic East has made the thought

Of the world, hideous: true, to man, the West,

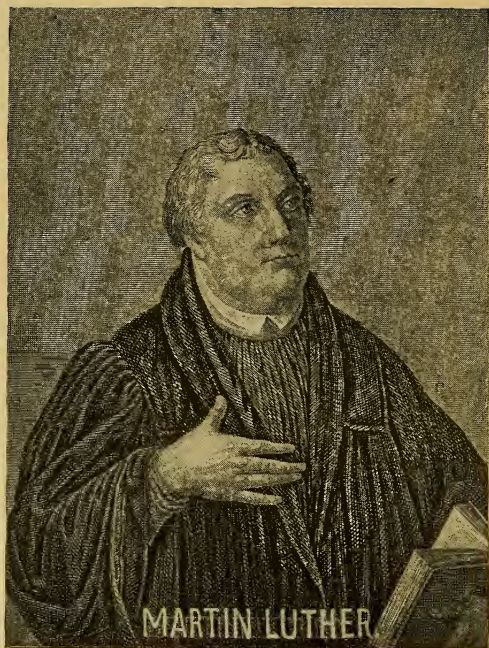
False, to his creeds, which, of sheer policy,

She coddles, entertains, or tolerates.

Against the supernatural, the bolts

Of reason are directed and ere long,
 Gunpowder may sustain an ordinance,
 Denouncing within Christendom, assent
 To th' evil, longer.
 —'Twas Phidias, the Greeks adored, in Zeus,
 Yet, him they dungeoned, for impiety.
 If, to consistency appeal be made
 To save man's sanity, his cause were lost,
 As hopelessly, as any inmate's were,
 Of any Bedlam : reason hath the keys
 Of Faith's own dungeon, on the turpitude
 That built the dungeon, turned.

The Western Mind awoke, refreshed, by sleep,
 Chagrined, her nap so long : the printing-press
 Re-published Greek and Roman, polyglot ;
 While, the West marvelled, how, men thought
 and why,
 And probed the secret, having thought, herself,
 To emulation. Freedom, thus, had come,
 Tho', in a goddess, not, a luminous fact,
 Till courage supplemented art, with arms.
 Both, in the flash of true Toledo steel,
 And in the nerve to draw it, liberty,
 When, man learned, what it meant and har-
 bored it,
 Thence, on th' alert, to mount each circum-
 stance,
 Plying the rowels, freely. Ah ! the privilege
 Of thinking, for himself—what oracle
 Has man found, like it?—Man, too, with the
 power
 So, to surpass himself, he had, to-day,
 On his best boast of yesterday, the laugh ;
 Whom, naught concludes, unless the Infinite.
 Thought, when, phenomenal is dynamite,
 Nor, could it prove a harmless fulminate :
 Yet, revolution in belief imports
 No bloodshed, but, of knaves and the raised axe
 Gleams for such wretches' necks—it, always
 just,
 That such as will not, well contain themselves,
 Should contain bullets, since there's lead
 enough,
 For all who crave it.—If, for centuries,
 Men did not change belief—theirs, none, t
 change ;
 Who bled, but, to the banners, whereto, bred
 Opinion, yet, unborn : religion spake,
 By oracles unquestioned, and the State.



By arms, decisive.

—What crime so black as man's credulity?

Belief, without confronting evidence,

First, made man infantile, and keeps him so.

The East reflects the Bible as it is:

The West, man's genius, in despite of it.

Freedom is, never, light, from Syria.

Not, to the Hebrew Scriptures, nor, to th' fact,

Their leaves blew open, freedom: liberty

Had made a freeman, ere she made a Huss;

Roaring in Luther, as a hurricane,

Sprung of a zephyr. Ere, his anger rose,

Luther was, but, half, certain, he was free;

Whose anger found his courage, waiting him.

The manliness of Greek and Roman souls,

The fortitude of true philosophy,

Printing had filled the air with, the West
breathed,

As, chivalry, with feudal arms, went down.

Freedom is not Semitic, thralldom is,

Whose irons find the marrow of the bones:

Not, in the East wind, freedom, but, the plague.

Science stood up, despite authority,

To argue the earth's motion, to descry

Stars and explore them—e'en the Stagirite,

To have dumbfounded with his premises.

Authority?—in God's name, what were that,

Unless, O God, thyself?

—Christianity hath not made Christendom:

Throned, by her arms, her arms, it still,
retains

Whose menace hushed each whisper of debate,

Christendom, then, perhaps, Christianity:

But, to men's lips, unsealed—Christendom thence

The product, of the genius of the West.

Freedom is, always, reason, at a stage,

She dare assert herself and with a spear,

Or, shield, conclude her argument: her light

Such as endues man, with new faculties,

Or, doth so stretch the attributes, he hath,

He seems, re-functioned. Always, bravery

Presumes such sentiments of manliness,

As, arguing honor, with a schoolman's art,

Had stirred a gladiator's liver up.

Man has had liberty two hundred years

To breathe aloud—the earth rolls round the sun;

Such, a stupendous privilege is man's.

One other right, let faith concede—to probe

Her own foundations: liberty of thought,

To theocratic Europe, dealt her. blows.

That more restored her brains, than scattered them.

Freed from his chains, man turned upon himself
And his own thoughts devoured for aliment;
Thence, freedom and true culture; wherein
power,

The Renaissance was, but, man's right to think
E'en each man, for himself—hurling at Rome,
Her boast, to think for th' Ages: it was not
For th' privilege to think with Israel:
For th' right to hear him and think wiselier
By thirty centuries.

—Truth, seldom, is, half, radical, enough,
Unless, a plowshare: reason shall not cease
Propounding questions, or resolving them,
Till with a tidal wave, or glacial frost,
Met, as forecasted, in her almanac:
Since, Nature hints, she may inaugurate
A reign of frost and bid man caulk his doors.

—Reason holds
Events if, evil, are mistakes, her own,
Or follies and repents them—on th' alert,
For broader knowledge: she most confident,
Herself and Nature are, at amity:
So, constant, their relations—so secure,
In her position, life is tentative.
Confusion proves not Providence, but man's
Raw manhood, in the offices of man:
Life's touching, at the port, she should have
made,

Five thousand years ago.

—Man blushes for his clumsy vehicle,
With the pagan gods carved on it, with much
gilt,

Much fluted ivory, spread over it:
Savage, barbaric, classic, with a lamp,
Swung, at the axle, by whose fitful gleam,
The wain goes, jolting on. All freedom, man's,
Is measured, by the distance, overcome,
From sacerdotal chains—freedom as dead,
As, the God, Apis, in the atmosphere.
Of superstition: Light, and of man's brain,
Is like the handful of avenging dust,
By the last Gracchi, falling, cast at Heaven,
The Furies honored.

—Accentuate the present and forbid
Unfounded expectations; man is what
The instant makes him: man is but a fact,
To his surroundings, which, his intellect
Proceeds to master, or, to, gently, serve:



Whose future holds the clew of destiny,
Men strive to snatch at; whose felonious past
But, pickt the lock of hope; whose intellect
May have as low and base an origin,
As, in the muck-worm; if philosophy
Holds anything, in Nature, low, or, base.
Instinct t' assume is far more violent,
Than, to hail reason, common, to a scale,
From insect, up to man.

—Experience is the measure of all light;
Man's inexperience, zero: but, one plea.
Tradition urges, or tradition may—
Thus, thought, our fathers, and thus we should
think;

Tho' he shall yet have honor, who believes,
Not, what his fathers did, but, what, they had
Theirs as clear vision, as, their children have
Tradition hath no rights, against the sun;
The kid, that gambols with a lion, bleeds,
A mounted god, let him assail the light,
He were unhorsed, and quickly: So, to-day,
Nothing is sacred from man's inquiry,
But, that, beneath it.—Superstition holds
Firmly, the keys of destiny and man
His reason, half, aroused, is craving—why?
A bankrupt, yet, in that, he, seldom, hath
His assets, at command—hid, in the vault
Of some basilica, the keys thereto,
At some frockt warden's girdle: all his meat
Exchanged, for lentils, or, a charlatan's
Pledge of clean entrance into Heaven's strait
gate.

—Europe has fondled dolls, a thousand years,
Trickt out, in finery, in vogue, the day,
She raked them from the ruins of old Rome;
Pagan, as Caesar's mother's, or her dame's.
—Time is preparing to indulge a laugh,
His waistband is so slack!

To search for mystery deposits it,
Where, none before existed: mystery
Is, oft, a phantom of the intellect
Man hath the knack, to raise, but, not to lay
If, mystery were, simply, that, unknown
What, else, in Nature, man's, but, mystery?
Motion, in Nature, is significant
Of half her functions: such the mystery.
In that, which seems the least mysterious.
Science is more than man accords to her,
As man's conception—she is Nature's own:

All knowledge, man's invention, in the sense
 Of finding out, or, of discovery.
 Doubt, is the alphabet, by which, we learn,
 While, demonstration settles what, we know,
 Till, to more light, re-argued.

II.

Why should man's exit prove more difficult,
 Than, his unconscious entrance into life?
 To light a candle, or, to put it out?
 Man lives, because he must, yet brandishes
 His knife, a suicide, because, he may.
 Research dispels the notion, that man feels
 Immortal promptings, due to natural law:
 No word, in any savage dialect,
 Native, for yearnings after life, beyond.
 'Tis Nature's consolation, no man, dead,
 Is conscious he has left his palace, cot,
 Or, merchandise, or shop: the fact of death
 Realized, by the living, not by th' dead,
 What more could Nature do, than, give man
 sleep,
 No dreams harass, no trumpet shall disturb,
 Life, nobly, spent, or ill? No watchful eye
 Doth rescue from their indiscretions, men,
 They suffer, or fall, to them, death responds
 To vital mathematics; no regard
 Had to expediency, in time, or place.
 No mystery, in death, like that of birth;
 The flame has, but, burnt out, yet, how the
 flame
 Kindled, is, thrice, mysterious.

—Man must be what he most appears to be,
 Mortal, as if a lichen, or, a fern;
 Whose folly seems—to rate himself so high,
 He sets his idle heart on life, beyond,
 To the distraction, of his only life:
 Tho' not misled of Nature, or, of God.

—There is no fear of death, nct fear of man,
 Thro' man's inventions: heaven and hell are
 man's

As, truly, as his murders: Nature shuts
 The door, on inquiry, beyond the grave;
 Kindly, in her, to do so if man hath
 No fortunes, hence—and who had better known?
 What is man's age is a momentous fact,
 Biology lights, dimly: proofs may sleep
 Beneath Atlantic and Pacific seas,

Of what man has been—facts of yesterday
Thebes and the rise of Illion : Nature's trend
Seems toward a consummation, hers, wherein,
Man is a factor, passive.

—Man had clear right a century ago,
But, to live o'er, what had been: to have
thought

Then, as men, now, do, had been blasphemy,
Treason, or, crime still fouler: blasphemy,
A faded fiction—treason, blacker, still,
To justice, on her throne, than, yesterday.

—All crime is possible, to ignorance,
Smithfields may, hence, transpire, should faith
revive.

In Christendom, the final Act of Faith
Is, of the past, scarce, yet a hundred years;
When, by the Holy Office, men were burnt,
For crime, impossible, styled heresy.
Had God interpreted His will to men
Of every Age, as if made audible,
This had been Revelation—well observed,
Therein, God's favor, His displeasure—spurned:
But, what Traditions of His will were true,
Extra-judicial, proof of these, alike?
Against experience, hearsay, proof of what?

—Physical courage has done more, for man,
Than, half, his schools did, for him, ere, the
day,

Gunpowder, flashing, at the gleaming crest,
Of the last knight, unhorsed him—for, it seems,
Man had no rights, till courage proved he had.
Religion, before science—afterwards,
Science, and thence, religion, illustrates
The law of progress, fitly. Feat, too hard,
To argue man, to savagery and fly
His annals from a tent-pole: argument
Sides with mankind, in action, to achieve;
Or, failing, man's extinction.

—In a sphere, swept, of idols and false gods,
Were a clean stage for man, whose, not a fear,
But, lest, the prompter nod. Liberty
Has doft her Eastern gear, disdaining sleep
On orient rug, or divan, every pulse
Languid, with frequent amours: watchfulness,
Her spear and egis. 'Tis the bitterness,
Evolved of man's traditions that defeats
The unity of man and shall till time
Hath burnt much faded papyrus, or shelved
The mischief in it, high.

—Opinion, tho' not air observes the law,
Of veering, oft, until it settles down,
In a contented trade-wind.

In morals, wherein friction, it is man's,
Ever, to lack of knowledge: human life
Ought to move, noiselessly, along its way,
As, ride the spheres, e'en, with a glory, theirs;
Eclipses, transits, every incident
In life's astronomy, as positive
As th' mathematics, of the solar spheres.
—Since, God is other than men deem He is,
Ours, a new era—man in search of God.
How shall man prosper till he feels his life
Is mortgaged to no devil and his name
Signs, with heroic flourish, to the deed
Of his self-manumission?—who well needs
All th' sulphur feigned, in hell, to fumigate
His noxious life with—who would make it o'er
To the pattern of pure reason. Never, God
Crams a man's mouth with bread, nor, raven's
crop;

Each heeds the law of life and to it, thrives,
Or, to its rare exceptions, starves and dies.
In th' ear of men's traditions, it sounds strange
That, man's is moral providence, and God's
Unmildewed corn, in autumn.

—Voyaging the ecliptic, if the sun
Had smote the zodiac, with pestilence,
How, it had smirched his royalty, whose fame
Ensues benignant swav?

Wise men rejoice, in wiser, than themselves,
But, fools delight in their diminutives.
He who had recognized a God, when met,
Were, half, a God, himself; it, ever true,
He eulogizes his own powers, the best,
Who finds another, greater, than, himself,
And tells men, of him.

—A special message, by an Eremite,
Or, fasting Arab, from the Court of Heaven,
To-day, were lunacy: God has not changed,
But, man has changed his notions of a God.
The only envoys, God's, from other spheres,
As, yet, prove aerolites.

—Men are not atheists who disbelieve
In verbal revelation and maintain,
Law, common, fixt, and irreversible,
Appears the presence of a God—whereto,
Man may adjust his life and live, serene.

Such honor Him, too much, to entertain
 Traditions, faith insists on—as, of God,
 Late, vexed and wrangling, in the Orient,
 With favorites perverse. Were God to speak,
 'Twere by a protocol, cast down the sky,
 With th' flaming seal of God on—every eye's
 For stricture and all Time's.—The priestly caste,
 To power invincible, leapt, at a bound,
 Power, to the credulous, it, yet, retains:
 Dismist, the priesthood, and all men were freed.
 Imagination is the arm, itself,
 Imagination nerved to snatch the world.
 Man, vested, in a devil, by a myth,
 Was not suggestive to man, barbarous,
 Of a capacious gullet. What, unless
 Man's passions, that entice him? Hence, to
 charge

Temptation, on a devil, proves a man,
 The veriest, of all cowards, as of knaves.
 I did not do it, is the flimsy plea,
 Of the wretch, who dreads a drubbing, so well
 aired,

In th' myth of Eden. It is time, indeed,
 Diabolism, magic and the like
 Distempers of man's childhood were interred
 In one accursed grave. What, too, of creeds
 That, while, they differ, scarcely, but, in name,
 Vie, in ascetic rigor?—Fast and feast
 If, to good men's rotundity, the cue,
 Bad men are lean, in that, no pious serfs
 Have rolled old wine, in puncheons, down their
 vaults.

For that found clear, faith, seldom, is invoked:
 Faith is invoked to overmaster doubt;
 Tho' doubt be man's own rescue, from himself.
 Faith, by whatever name, is, still, but, faith,
 In reason only. Demonstration wields
 The baton of all knowledge: constant proof
 Hath made the mathematics, of the sun,
 Acceptable, to reason—man had dropt
 His puissant triangle, long, ago,
 Met, with a fractional error, in the force
 That wheels the planets.

—Who sees not,
 A somersault, impending, in belief,
 No gymnast's were a type of, from the first
 Olympiad, downward? How, to prove a God,
 Is, yet, a problem, how, to prove a man's
 Avatar is resolved—while, evidence.

Two thousand years, wherein, no hint, or sign
 Flashed down the spheres, that Christ, had, ever
 been,

Sustains the manship, that precludes a God.

—The age of knightly Arthur, subsequent,
 To the first, by many centuries, displays,
 On th' screen of man's credulity, enough,
 To teach men, how, to estimate the past.
 The nineteenth century, not to test the first,
 By its own rigorous reason, were to take
 A Gascon, at his word.

—Chivalry, her blood,
 Shed, in the knight, of the tenth century,
 To no appearing God, while, half, her plumes
 Fell, to the Saracen: so, reason fails
 To entertain her dream, inspired, with hope
 That, culture, yet, may so refine mankind,
 Men, for the sake of righteousness, alone,
 May, e'en, do justly.

—Not, what, men may believe, but, what, men
 must.

Religion is the mischief man has done,
 Reducing Nature, to his premises.
 Religion? Will God whisper it, to man,
 Now, he is past the nomad? It, so clear
 The Supernatural has raised a doubt,
 No possible credence, man's, may overcome.
 Hebrew mythology is much, the same,
 As Greek, or Roman—no wise, quite unlike,
 But, in their closing fortunes: every myth
 When, of Semitic origin, has had
 The rasp and varnish of the intellect
 Of th' Western Nations, to subdue each coarse
 Repulsive outline, in th' original,
 To cultured favor, after Greece and Rome's
 Were buried, with their Gods, in classic mould.
 The Jew penned history to charm the ear,
 As Mozart set a fugue. Be man's, for faith,
 The fact of supreme charity, and live
 And die, in the odor, of it.

—Man implies thought, that prompts the word
 or blow,
 Had built life, higher, manlier, broader, yet
 Than its foundations: no such obstacle
 To manhood, as man's dread of growing wise,
 Lest, he supplant his follies: still, so sweet,
 His stomach sours, to wholesome diet, served
 With th' salt of just experience.

—Tradition is not satisfied, to feed
 On her own poison; she would have, not one,
 But, many corpses, and in every house,
 The stench therefrom, a problem national:
 Still, bidding man seek riddles in himself,
 Tho' Nature made man, but, an animal,
 Ambitious, for the sceptre of a sphere—
 Who needs but one salvation—righteousness
 In word and action and were, otherwise,
 In hell, already. 'Tis man's privilege
 To think and boldly—not, as if the right
 Were pilfered, as Prometheus stole the spark,
 But, a condition, laid on man to think
 Or waive a planet's mastership. Who knows
 What, man may stretch to, since, no man as yet
 Knows, from what point man started: history
 Appears a morbus, with a glacial chill
 And flushes of brief purpose: intellect
 Gravitates toward man's future, as t' a ship,
 In trim, en route, for possible continents,
 Think, for thyself, is the last Gospel, man's,
 And man accepts it.—Honesty, alone
 Is hero, in life's epic: strength to wait
 Transcends achievement. What the world ad-
 mires
 Is manhood, so pronounced, an infant's eye
 Remarks th' exception: wherefore, honesty
 Hath honor, in the blow, had been a kiss,
 From hearts, perfidious.
 Who spared the house of Pindar, sacking
 Thebes,
 Built, in the act, a fitter monument,
 Than had Mt. Athos been constrained of Art
 To look, the Son of Philip: sentiment
 Outlives a mountain; so, in space, transcends
 Its bulk, as vastly, as had all men's hearts,
 Touched into sympathy, the shrivelled soul
 Of one barbarian.—Thine, a Roman urn
 Cato and Tully in it, room were left,
 For half their compeers' ashes—e'en so small
 The compass of dead gods, whose effluence
 Is the charmed atmosphere, breathed of us all,
 The languor in it, lusty. Life commends
 The good, the beautiful, the true, alike
 To thought, as qualities—of Plato, held,
 Ideas, fixt, eternal: when, in gods,
 Their foremost attributes.
 In the first person, singular, quote man
 Against a visible world: let that, unseen,
 Invite reflection, but, no argument

Raise, touching primacy, in man, a fact,
 That pivots plain and mountain, to the sun,
 For his vivacious kiss; man's, or no ear
 T' enjoy the gracious smack: lion and pard,
 Conscriptions levying, on a swarming sphere,
 Had fought their cycle out.—Still, equity
 Fights with the moth, to, yet, preserve her
 furs,
 For State occasions; while, man's liberty
 By well-known thumb marks, found, upon her
 neck,
 Proves her assassin would be, could be, gold.

Nature is so committed to fixt laws,
 Be there a Power above her, or, if, not,
 Is speculation for the curious.
 Nothing is more contemptible, than, man's
 Contempt, for Nature; doing in God's name,
 For Nature, what, she doeth, in her own.

—If, armed possession, half, the title, man's
 To this contested sphere—a unufruct,
 Despite himself concludes him: pains, to gild
 The fiction of our fathers—his, the soil,
 Usque ad coelum, to earth's central fires,
 Who hath paid money for it, clarifies
 A common usufruct, as the best boast,
 Man, ever, had, or, may have, to the earth;
 Whose title to the enjoyment of the sphere,
 E'en, all thereof is indefeasible,
 Till vaster populations shall demand
 Concessions, to their needs: it, never, true
 That against Nature, is the soil, man's own;
 Hers, a most clear, inviolable right,
 To breed, or, to forbear, as she elects—
 Tho', she had, still, sung lullabies, to men,
 If, hanging, from her dugs, when all were dry—
 While, eight parts, out of ten, of all the earth,
 Were, quite, unutilized—yet, waiting sweat
 Of hunger, prompted; thus, to educate
 Man's genius thro' his stomach.

—Labor is not th' advantage, gold exacts
 Of starved and wasting thews, as in a lad
 Apprenticed to a villain— is not sweat,
 Save, as gold, minted, to gold, ingoted,
 Weighed, sealed and safely vaulted: labor hath
 Th' election to die, rich, tho', ever poor
 To man's traditions; hath the privilege,
 To be, what Plutus is—with sleeves rolled down,
 Astride the bullion, she, but, lately, served.

There is no God, but Labor, visible,
 Armed with a thunderbolt, since Jupiter.
 Meum and tuum, ever, must remain
 The bulwark of the State, the last defense
 Of industry, herself, who had sat down
 Had wiped her dripping forehead, indolent
 As th' veriest vagabond, if, hers, no pledge
 Of several gain, inviolably hers.

—Labor is prayer, with her petition crowned
 While, who would toil, yet, may not, the
 world's crib

Is theirs, to feed from, to the equity
 Of brotherhood, in sight, if, not, quite, here.
 Labor is not a question, tho' men make
 An issue of it: labor is a law,
 Pronounced as gravitation, and like it
 Admits of no proviso. Not, to toil
 Is no man's privilege: tho' every man
 May, frankly, ask—For what? for why? for whom?
 Whose sinews, as his own, he hath clear right
 To market, at fair value, or withhold,
 His wares, at his election. Policy
 Is tainted meat that any vulture scents,
 But manliness and honor, what base bird
 Sniffs carrion, thence?
 But for man's sinews, gold had starved to death;
 A chary dealer, guaging by the ell,
 Or to, the balance, labor, when by sweat
 Thro' the earth's bounty huddled into bins,
 A value is created, in the power
 To challenge cold or hunger—in the means
 Of vantage, man's, thro' iron fuel steam,
 His arts have educated to his needs;
 As in that force, whereof, as more is known
 Science with knottier problems is assailed;
 Man's motor, candle, eye and ear and voice,
 With pledges waiting him in wonder-land
 By this so reticent force, incognito,
 Frisking thro' all the spheres.—Of brain and
 thews

When these have wedded, in each drop of sweat
 An argument for ten, in cheery homes,
 To hands resourceful, twenty roods in one.

—'Tis not so much in teaching labor how,
 As teaching labor why—the reins cast free
 On the arched neck of common industry,
 Less when to sweat, than a fair open field:
 Tho' prizes may be snatched of snail-paced men
 Against athletes who tarry in their cups,
 The odds are sweepstakes' to persistent thrift.

Toil may not squint toward the pyramids,
 T' remark the worth of labor—at her feet
 Stretches bread-bearing soil; as right and left
 Roll populous seas; whose never-finished
 Towns

Inscribe utility, on Western skies,
 As, if, the Sun's vocation had been found
 When, near his setting, in his rising, lost.

—The sanctity of labor is, in thrall,
 To pagan rites, while the beseeching soil
 Waits homage, in man's sweat. Tho' savagery
 Supremely happy, in the chase or war,
 Finds life a pastime—indolence, a law
 Bears but the fruits of indolence, in fits,
 Of uncongenial thrift.

—To seize a sphere and teach it, how to swing,
 Is man's vocation—tho' the privilege,
 To argue bread on every river's bank,
 Nature contends, were kindlier, than to drop
 Bread from her tree-tops, daily in his lap,
 Who made the sloth to teach him how to run,
 And proves her own a doting mother's heart,
 To have enthroned him.

—Man wants men,
 More men, and better bred, to thine and mine,
 To courage, manliness; to all the arts
 Of strength, of power, of comity—wherein,
 Man's needs are common:—man's but to sub-
 sist,

At animality, a pause were made
 While, each remove from bestial selfishness,
 With each advance, beyond the emmet, his
 Insensibly, had been, to hunger, lost.

—No fear, whatever, for the weal of man
 Urging his way, to freedom of the mind:
 Nor, for the garnered fruits of common toil:
 Time, fully, ripe, for changes, radical,
 Had caught no shriek of danger, in the air.
 Argued and, oft, re-argued, it remains
 Unsettled, what, beyond protecting it,
 The posture, of the State, toward common toil
 Starvation argues, with sepulchral voice,
 The wrongs, alleged of sweat, from capital,
 To Socialism, pointing—that, the bins
 Of Rome, may be replenished, or, that toil
 May have a common fatherhood. A fact,
 Labor is, older, than the pyramids;
 A problem, recent, as man's liberties;
 Its true relations, as, yet, tentative;

Th' experiment, proceeding, day by day,
 How, each may take the profits of his sweat,
 Beyond just payment for the handkerchief,
 With which, he mops it.

—Next, to the question, of one life, or two,
 Which, late, absorbs men, is that stirring one
 What rights hath labor, which, has, just, been
 put

To th' current Ages. It seems all, of life,
 To have well spent it, to have made the most
 Of brevity, by crowding, well, therein,
 The best results of all experience—

While, Labor seems the sun, round which re-
 volves

The social system. Man, merged, in the State
 Was but the ward of government, that nursed
 His thews for war, at its convenience.

But, man, a unit, may demand, how far,
 When, capital and labor are, at odds,
 The State should intervene. Should riches grow

In private life colossal, at the cost
 Of failing bread to hapless multitudes,

Till Freedom, as a fact, fall, odious,
 Before the brisk assaults of private gold,
 Its name, but left, a vulgar talisman,

Wherewith to conjure common suffrage, still;
 Ere such event, 'twere fit, or, then too late,
 To vest the State with powers to fix, on sweat
 Its current value and to supervise

And promptly pay it, wages, with a view
 Less to enrich the State, than serve it, best,
 As, the employer of its unemployed.

Th' electric fluid, steam and iron prove
 The masters of the State—gold, secondly,
 As th' oil and fuel, to their energies;

While, peace and war insist, that the State
 maintain

Its clutch on each, lest, it some morning, wake,
 An oligarchy.

—No sunshine, like an ever-joyous face:

It, even, makes the leathern cheeks of care
 Dimple, to its contagion. Happiness,

Is where men make it; seldom, where, 'tis
 sought:

'Tis that, good fortune, may not, oft, bestow,

'Tis that, good fortune, gone, his, left behind

If, he would but perceive it, who, when lost

Berates his stars and dies. Suicide, to-day,

Is not a fine art, a surrender, clean,

To vanished hope, he seeks to vindicate,

As, manly, in himself, whose, ~~note~~ raised port
Droops to misfortune.

—Seize Labor's hand and shake it—kiss the
cheeks

Of all her ruddy babes; let capital

Find that home, sweet, whence, his: a common
aim.

Esteem and mutual had done more, for toil,

E'en, more, for capital, than policy

That slights the social instinct and with gold

Pays labor off, with supercilious smile.

What, too, when labor shall participate,

Most fitly, in the gains of capital?

Labor hath good digestion with sound sleep:

Hers, such an edge to hunger, breaking fast

Is a delight—the languid, sickly heir

Of ease and indolence, had emptied, half,

His coffers, to partake, and then to sleep

And wake, refreshed—what Heaven, to health,
alone?

Sleep pays the highest wages, paid, to sweat,

Pays them, most promptly: Sleep, O blessed
sleer.

When, likest death thou hast the nearer,
Heaven,

Him, who awakens, to the Morning Star.

The rights of man, no Magna Charta yet
Hath, half, asserted: Man hath rights t' enjoy

Some future day he may not yet conceive,

Nor, of the fitness, that shall summon them

Into existence: life and liberty

Are, still, but terms, with meaning half obscure

However, patent, they appear to such,

As seek no meaning, deeper, than the skin.

The rights of many are superior

To desolating selfishness, in one,

The right of many, otherwise, denied.

Diligence is entitled to her own,

But, craft and cunning find, defeasible,

Whatever title, theirs.

—Who rendered verdicts man may not reverse,

Facts, found fallacious, they are founded on?

Who hath so settled the estate of man

What, vital, none may argue? Who shall set

Authority against the brain of man,

Unless authority o'ermaster it?

Men know a glow-worm from trim Jupiter.

To living men, what fact, but, death, itself,

Not, subject to repeal, re-argument,

Revision, or rebuke?

—There seems no stage of culture wherein, men
 Do, as they would—the nearer savagery
 The less election, man's bound, hand and foot,
 By his traditions: these, his rule of life
 Inviolable.—All morality
 Seems, but, the twin of culture and is less
 Ideal than, of custom, a fixt code,
 Contemporaneous social life observes.
 There is no conscience, false—such, none, at all
 Nor, one divine; nor, yet, intuitive,
 A key, to ethics: so, all wickedness,
 Is what, the customs, of a tribe forbid,
 Or, what, each stage of higher culture, may.
 If, in themselves, distinctions absolute,
 Evil and good, abstractions had been, yet,
 But, for the customs, whereto, men are bred.
 Of right and wrong, man's standard is his own.

—So, a bandit may be manlier than a thief;
 Since, crime hath manliness enough therein,
 To warrant sharp distinctions: noble, he
 Who seeks thee, an assassin, yet proceeds
 To arm thee, like himself—in valor's hands
 The doubtful issue: base, with cautious tread
 Who stabs thee in thy sleep to snatch thy purse

Man has no fixt and changeless destiny;
 Life heeds the intimations of his will
 And changes with it: time were just to man
 Should Justice cast her scales into the sea,
 Dismiss her lictors and wind up her moot,
 With maledictions on all righteousness.
 Less light streams from the torch, a wise man's
 own,

Than, from some fitful taper, he may trim.
 Carrara's marble waits an Angelo:
 Tho' marble may not sigh for Phidias,
 Still, Time may wake Endymion, unaware.
 Man scores no progress, in pursuit of God,
 When he assumes each fact, he seeks to find,
 Who doth not need a creed as much as light
 To seek a creed with, yet in search of one:
 For th' time is come, when Light dethrones a
 God,

Unless it be the God of Light, himself:
 To veneration, any stone, a God.

—I do not know, is father to, I know:
 I know, aborteth knowledge—half, the art
 Of teaching man, is learning, what he knows,

Imagination, still, writes history,
As, she, ever wrote it, with an iron pen,
Dipt, in the Iris.

That, vital, of all problems, men's, is how
To make the most of life and gently die,
Unresurrected: thus longevity,
May prove a question, graver than was sin,
That tortured man for sixty centuries.
Cost, what it may—man seeks to learn the
truth

And cease his errors, gladly: so, wherein,
Man is himself, the subject of the probe,
What glory, his, who speeds the eager knife?
The highest wisdom, man's, proves common
sense,

When, apprehended: so profoundest truth
Takes refuge, in the hornbook, having run
The gauntlet of men's jeers. Strange, altho'
true

Man hath not, yet, the privilege of thought
But, to the censorship of penal laws—
As, if, thought had done all, that thought may
do;

Man's, but, to rock his faculties, asleep,
And genuflect, profoundly, to the past,
Facing the future, backward.

The fact that men believe a Devil is,
Achieves the mischief, that a devil had
Were he, a person, and hath travestied
The whole economy of life, itself.
An evil spirit, postulated, man
Dances, a frantic devil, soon, himself,
To Fancy, fiddler—with his sensitive nerves,
Her royal catgut.—Tho' to science, man
Seems an illustrious toy, of Nature, made,
Fondled, awhile, who with its atoms seeks
Amusement, in new ventures—man, himself,
Devoted to the toil of head and heart
Is, thereby, sacred.—To invent a world
Peopled with spirits, pestilent and just,
Eternal feud, between them, was a feat
Fancy was equal to—which, reason seeks
To contravene and flatly: privilege,
To have learned, how, with courage, to do right,
Is finding favor. Reason would re write
The Vedas, Shastres, Gospels of mankind,
In her charmed ink, that hath no element
Of wonder, in it.

—There's not a grain of merit, in belief,
 However, sanguine: who believes a lie,
 Yea, bleeds for it, doth himself twofold wrong.
 Martyrdom argues, but, how frail man is
 And, ill, concludes its argument, for faith,
 By its false system of phlebotomy.
 Faith, in that, true, were, scarcely served by
 blood,

Unless, faith, in a monster, to whose nose
 The scent of blood were sweet. 'Tis rational,
 Faith, if, not logical, is obsolete:
 Faith is th' assent of reason to clear proof;
 Heresy, his infirmity, who, yet,
 Bleeds, to the supernatural, or, would.
 If, late, the fashion, to seek pleas, for acts,
 Reputed God's—it is, the vogue, to-day,
 All props, withdrawn, t' remark th' conse-
 quence:

Had ill befallen that, indeed, God's own?
 What, in its stead, 'tis argued, as, if man
 Must have another error, were one, lost.
 O'erthrow the error and make inquest, thence,
 For the truth, men could not, while the error
 stood:

Error is, always, quite, infallible;
 To any change, of sheer necessity,
 Fallen, forever.

—Faith is a possibility of birth,
 Its quality, an accident, of where,
 Its worth, the custom of one's ancestors.
 Faith is oppression, in the shameful act
 Of clinching irons on his wrist, with hand
 Outstretched, to take her sop: 'Tis in the air,
 That, reason, tho', no God, resembles one.
 Faith, almost, bloodless, in the classic age;
 Ascetic faith, the preface and the close,
 Of medieval madness, throve, on blood.

Theology, at bay, well nigh concedes
 God, thro' his reason, only, treats with man;
 Thus, dissipating formulas of faith,
 Derived from words, wherein, exclusively,
 It, late, sought revelation—ignorance
 Whereof, had left man, unrecovered, lost,
 Until his faith embraced them. What is this
 But, the confession, that a book from God
 To be accepted, upon faith, alone,
 Were, quite, uncalled-for? reason hath no need
 Of a bard's fancy, to make up her mind,
 On life and death, on God and providence,

Man's vital issues: every sacred book
 Foreclosing knowledge, thro' its boast alone,
 To have exhausted knowledge. Man stood
 still,

By the North Sea, the Danube and the Rhine,
 Chained, like the Asiatic, but, for faith,
 In reason, only.

—Man's own improvidence has never had
 A Providence, to succor it, in men,
 Who to test poison take a dose thereof.
 Nature's to him, a special providence
 Who, snugly, sidles up, between her knees:
 Since, th' supervision of a personal God
 Could, ill, consist with famine, fire and flood.
 God, within Nature, or, outside, of her,
 Personal, or impersonal, but facts,
 Meaningless God-ward: God, no more, a God,
 Sceptered and sitting an immaculate throne
 Than, immanent, in Nature; to men's prayers
 Just, as accessible.

—Man formulated life, to dogmas his,
 Ere, science split a sunbeam: when the earth
 Seemed, as the vestibule to man's estate,
 His fortunes, behind doors, of burnished gold
 That swung, at death, to rapturous music, wide
 The moral evil of this wicked world,
 Demands no fable to account for it,
 As, far, as it concerns man, 'tis his own.
 The purpose of this life is what appears
 Its purpose, on the surface—why, elsewhere,
 As down the depths of an unsounded sea
 Should men, still seek it?

Man's culture, with no cue from the Orient,
 Is the experiment of Liberty,
 Made to conditions, positively, man's:
 While, men and women, joined, in wedlock true
 Man's morals, purer, thro' his privilege
 To make more odious, to more honor, vice,
 Has made of life, a garden of sweet herbs.
 This is no sin-curst, but, a sun-blest sphere
 Tho', scarcely man's, five centuries, wherein,
 Fable is not the warp of history
 Done, with the fictions of a fabulous past,
 Man shall have honor, mortal and enough.
 That, clearly rubbish, why not brand it such,
 With label, rubbish in all languages?
 Man seeks re-education, to the fact,
 There is no Devil chafing, yet, his heels,
 He hopes to distance; nor within his breast,

Gliding to ensnare him—which infernal myth
Has done man infinite wrong.

—Granting a Devil, whence, had he a soul,
To torture in his brimstone? Shades appear
Poetic license to eke out the myth,

Of the skipper Charon and his crazy boat.

The flesh of Plato, and of Plato's dog

Have common prospect of a life, to come:

A resurrection, to man's intellect,

Presents no problem, in an idle dream

Of callow fancy.

—His search, for final causes, is the rock

Whereon, man has made shipwreck and must yet

Till quite contented with phenomena,

He, well, concludes—Nature was never, not,

While, his own fortunes ride too near the ground

To argue eagle's wings.—Time, hence, must grow

Wiser and wiser, still: if, time do not,

Time were man's enemy. Death consummates

Man's purpose, to fond tears, and buries him:

Man, in the race immortal—for who knows

There is a spirit in the universe?

Truth must be welcome tho' she prove a torch

That lights man to the grave and leaves him
there,

In dreamless sleep, him, happy, thence, for aye.

Death was, to fable, man's arch enemy:

Death is, to reason, but, the curtain, dropt,

On life's brief drama. Death is negative,

A self-commissioned executioner,

To savage eras, by his fleshless ribs,

Still, startling fancy.—Not a mortal dies,

Unwilling to die, then, at Nature's nod.

She having whispered—peace. Write, kindly
death

Against man's known mortality and writ,

Lay down the quill, as Nature breathes, Good
night.

—Man is a series of phenomena,

Due to the solids, fluids, gases, mixt

In Nature's crucible, exprest, to law

Science is in pursuit of; she, assured,

Reason is as contingent on pure blood

As is a yeoman's muscle—impotent

To ill-conditioned brains. The fact of thought

Seems a bold feat of chemistry, so far,

As, science, yet, has treed the intellect.

In man's cognition, every gap, faith fills

With a God, personal—but Science waits

Her better opportunity.

—Man may, albeit, in the gorilla, find
 A kinsman and confess it, yet, what harm,
 Or, what humiliation, in it, true?
 It had been, simply, Nature's privilege
 So, to unfold a man, a process, hers,
 Exposed to wonder—and had clinched the truth
 True worth is what man is, not what, he was,
 In some dead ancestor: 'tis well nigh true—
 Who was thy father, man? is obsolete;
 Who art thou, man, thyself?—birth, but as-
 sumes
 A fitness, left, to worth, to vindicate:
 Birth is a small contingent, under arms,
 Against an ambush; blood is worth no more
 When worth, the most, than, rectitude had
 fetched
 In a dull market.

Creeds are the dry-rot of the centuries.
 To break th' heart of th' oak, make motionless,
 Its restive branches: all the sap, wherewith,
 The Ages are, in leaf, is, but, the zeal
 Of man who would do right, inquiring, how.
 Action, tho' evil or the world's great heart
 Stood still, disfunctioned.

—Nothing, beyond, should kindle glory, here,
 And healing common life, so jaded, torn,
 Make every hazard, sweet: prodigious gain,
 Eternal life, a day, be that day, man's.
 Here, is man's home, and here his final rest:
 Who, on some eve, may gently fall asleep,
 Yet, fail to wake, next morrow, as his wont,
 Fall'n on a longer nap—while furtively,
 Science doth swing her lantern thro' the grave,
 And finds man, snugly, there.

—Lay but a grain of poison on his tongue,
 The shuddering Buddhist may forego all fear
 Of re-incarnate life—Nirvana come.
 Mind, tho', a product with creative power,
 Hath no more mystery, concealed therein,
 Than, hath an atom.

—Man's, if, but a spark,
 Amid stupendous suns, he doth bestride,
 The rider and his ride ephemeral—
 He should feel grateful, that, he doth exist
 To th' Source, whence life proceeds: so gratitude
 For a full stomach or a polar fleece
 Is an emotion, had required no shrine,
 All soil were sacred to its exercise.

Is man to stultify experience,
 To win the favor of Supernal Powers?
 Must that, the eyes and ears of all mankind
 Report to reason, as a verity
 Surrender, at discretion, to a voice,
 From Galilee, or, Mecca? What, his shame,
 That, man has, ever, for a moment, held
 The witness of his senses—fallible?
 What'er delusion promises to men,
 More, than Aladdin's lamp, hath audience,
 And swarms with votaries: men are so frail,
 Delusions serve for wine, since, indolence
 May brim the flagon.

Morality is the one cult on the earth,
 Which undivided, indivisible,
 Shall survive man's traditions and repair
 The evils, in their name and demonstrate
 That, th' supernatural is Nature's self.
 Not, ethics in the shadow of a spire,
 But morals in the circle of the home,
 Pure, from a father's or a mother's lips;
 With no root, there, ethics had ceased to be.
 Bread is religion, proffered, ere, it mould:
 Salvation, oft, the cramming of a loaf
 Down th' fasting stomach. True morality
 Is more a river, than, the Amazon,
 With an affluent, in the Hebrew decalogue.
 Men, to attain the summit of a man,
 Require no pagan stairway to ascend:
 God was not in His infancy, when, men,
 Clearly in theirs, affect to speak, by Him.
 Man's worth to-day exceeds a thousandfold
 The best quotations, of th' Mosaic Age.

Reverence is a distemper, that has brought
 On man, more evils, than, all, casualties
 Quintupled, Nature's: Man, if, with a soul
 Or, man without one, dead, is it with him,
 The crisis of his fate, a dogma, spurned?
 Who hath the power to light a fagot, had
 Prompt, to occasion—hence, t' anticipate
 The fact, were wisdom, by forestalling it,
 In Power, yet, possible: it is so true,
 'Tis, ever, but, a question of more power,
 Who fires the pile, or, who shall roast thereon.
 —Time, now, is ripe, to say to him, who boasts—
 I had a vision, or, I heard a voice,
 Thou liest, man; thou hast not seen, nor heard
 But, what is, common, to experience.

To a barbarian, a barbarian's God:
To cultured man, a cultured God appears,
As th' image of man's brain, thrown on the
screen,
That chronicles his mental history.
The fortunes, if, committed, of this sphere,
To reason and to law, inflexible,
'Tis, then, to mathematics, that, man errs,
Or, to raw reason—and man's providence
God doth not challenge.

Who did it changes, not, the quality
Of any action; that, were evil, God's,
If, evil, by a fiend: to evidence,
Men prove, that, black is white, or, white is
black,
Tho', neither, yet has changed its hue a whit.
Her type, in Proteus, conscience might be
known

As th' fabled lizard, so content, with th' hues,
Of life, contiguous. Over this world, raise
The banner of expediency, whose folds,
While, lustrous, with man's arms, smell of a
loom

Wherein, no spindle, not a pledge of peace.
What custom, man's, so sacred, but, its breach
Than, its observance, may prove, holier?
—At the equator, conscience liquifies;
Yet, at Fuego, waits a sailor's ham;
It, to the Orient, Hymen glorified,
In, quite, five hundred marriages, for one.
Who, with an easy gait, shall tour the sphere
From Hottentot to Hindu, conscience finds
And, always, pander to the reigning vice,
Or, winking at it—a convenient fact
That much is made of: to experience,
Conscience seems rapid logic, nothing, more.
A dicer hath the conscience of his dice;
A gamester, of his cards: each bigot, his,
Defined, not, by some other, but aspersed—
Since, there's no compass affects points, enough
To serve good conscience.

—To tolerate each faith men might elect,
Seemed feasible, ere conscience had been found
A cover for the evil men would do,
As, often, as the Nemesis of vice.
With th' moral code, perfected, by the State
The citizen, who finds his conscience, still,
Unreconciled, must bear its penalties—
Conscience, the purer morals, or, a lie.

Man should, first, find, what conscience is, and,
 then,
 How much, 'tis worth, pending, a holocaust,
 To her entreaty, who has, falsely, spilt
 Blood, that had swum the Navies of all Powers;
 More rogues, thro' conscience, shielded, than
 were scoured.

That monster Fear hath man, in thrall, to faith,
 The monster's own device. What, man's, to
 fear,

Not, his misdoing? Not, a hint, or, sign,
 Of danger, man's, in Nature: man evoked
 The very fear that haunts him—who hath powe
 To slay the devil, he begat, himself,
 When, his, the nerve to do it. Hell is thus,
 Fear's rash deduction, just, as Heaven is hope's
 Fear, never, yet found God, but courage may:
 Courage is that, hope prospers and God greet
 As something, like Him: God, if voluble,
 Men's ears are prickt, and, yet, may hear from
 Him,

Who seems, to Silence, to make overtures
 Of unreserved surrender.

—Nothing, for fear, but, what man sayet
 false

Or doeth evil, is a formula
 That hath man's true salvation, in its gift.
 Not, a slight hold mythology hath, yet,
 On man's imagination, tho' it served
 Man, as a cable serves a straining ship,
 Oft, in the classic era: man's concern
 Seems, late, lest, famine close the argument,
 For his existence, longer, but, in ruts
 Of power and abject servitude. What, man,
 If, not, th' illumined mammal, vulgar Time
 Hath, oft, dealt ill by, who must cease his
 pranks

To man, insurgent?

—Freedom, with culture has built hospitals,
 While, was rearing dungeons: thus, the
 eye

Notes gloomy Abbeys, on the map of faith,
 But, rarely, finds a pillow for the sick,
 Or, surgeon, for the maimed. To liberty,
 Life hath a value, in longevity,
 To faith, it had not—which was consummate,
 Wound, in a dogma, hushed, at early dawn.

Think, of St. Simon, on a pillar, stood,

Whence, serving God for more than twenty
years?

Had God not rather, seizing by the heels,
Snatched Simon thence—to serve Heaven faith-
fully

In daily toil, than blistering to the skies
Of Syria daily—God, if in the case?

The duty laid on all men, to do good,
Who had disputed, had, for cavil's sake;
How, when, and where are subject to debate,
Lest undue zeal mistake the time or means
Of realizing purposes divine.

Yet in each hour in every twenty-four,
God had been served, who therein succors man
In straits, to shame, disease, improvidence.

O, what a rose is every gracious deed,
Still sweet at fourscore, should it find thy nose
Thro' the chinks of recollection! It is true,
That riches may forsake thee—it is false,
That goodness thou hast done may cast thee off—
It were thy fortune, left, thy riches fled.

Religion were not a belief or creed,
Were but an engine of beneficence,
That from the text of common suffering
Had drawn its earliest precept and its last.

St. James' religion, therefore, best, to-day
Was best when he confest it; best, ere Christ,
It shall be best forever—to do good,

If left undone, what, man's worth doing, done?
Religion is an eager pocketbook,

Had rescued a lost brother, or had raised
A sister, fallen—is the kindliness,

Had cast its fatherhood, o'er orphanage:
Known, by one name, or many, God is—whence,
Whom, men had served, who follow, tho' afar.
Each blow on Vulcan's anvil falls unheard.

Silence, if, due the fashion of an ear,
Lo! Man's some special auricle, a roar
As of a tempest, had been, from the hushed
Midsummer forest—while the coursing blood
Thro' vein and artery, of mortals, heard,
Man normal, had been mad. Yet there may be

No mystery in silence, save the fact,
That Nature, but mechanics, at their best,
Betrays no jar or strain.

—From poverty of knowledge, gods have
sprung,

Which penury sustains them—dwindling thence
In numbers, to more knowledge into one,
Whom, Science startles in a grain of sand, /

Pursuing Him, with lens and crucible.
 —Religion must be tried, where, it hath yet
 Evaded trial, or has put it off,
 Demanding faith, when pushed for evidence.
 Faith, more a product, but of mother's milk,
 Than, of conviction.
 —The Eastern Magi are responsible
 For half the dreary fables, by the East
 Revered with pious reverence—but, when,
 The Chaldean astrologer had cast
 His night-owl in the pot, the broth seduced
 The semi-reason of the Hebrew clan.
 God to the Greek, a sample Hellenist,
 The Roman lashed Him, to his conquering car;
 While, man, to-day, who, sadly, turns from
 each,
 Waits information.

'Twere a misnomer to hail Christendom,
 By any name, not reason's: Christendom
 Is, but, the trade-sign of the Middle Age,
 Swung, yet, on royal hinges—while, within,
 Traffic partakes not, of the Orient,
 But, bears the stamp, of Western righteousness.
 Man has been scared, not, cursed, and all he
 needs
 Is to recover, bravely, from his fright:
 Christendom, but, man's genius, half in flower;
 Meum and tuum, thrice, as palpable,
 As, to ancestral nomads, with the light,
 Due social friction, man's.

It is alms
 With the fruit of culture that has made the
 scent
 Of Christendom, a garden of blown thyme:
 Her charities, a sheaf, held in the grasp
 Of costly fable—like a candlestick,
 Its price, ten thousand fold, the light it sheds.
 Could Christ return and make His pledges good,
 He had disclaimed all knowledge of the West,
 Yet, had found Syria, much, as in His day.
 What glory Western genius has achieved
 Christianity appropriates; the fact,
 The West is known as Christendom, has swept
 Each precious gem into her jewel box.
 What wisdom, Western genius, yet, displays
 Is the first crop, that Liberty has reaped,
 Half, due the sickle's edge.

The faith of th' early Fathers looked afar.

Who on the elder Canon laid all stress,
 Too recent Christ or Paul, for these, to quote
 Distance, in time, made sacred, even, then,
 What distance still makes sacred: even Paul
 Had doubts cast, thick, on his apostleship;
 Nor do the early Fathers leave a hint
 The Gospels, then, were written—but suggest,
 Doubt, thro' the scripture, cited, which has
 since

Been voted non-canonical: herein,
 History has no vantage to lend faith,
 But, leaves her, to invention, desolate.
 Let doctors' wigs curl, promptly, to discuss
 Knots, medieval, by theology
 Yet, proffered faith—tho' reason with a smile
 May with a jack-knife slash each precious
 knot.

Man were 'born, fitly, if but to enjoy—
 Whom, virtue rewards gently, for good deeds;
 Whom, vice doth roundly lash for evil ones.
 What motive, God's, to have withdrawn from
 man

Yet, by the East, in a Chaldean's ear,
 Have breathed a purpose, that a purpose,
 failed,

Exclusive, in His heart, both him and his—
 God's love for man, postponed, or hinging, it,
 On lapses, theirs, sprung of him? Done, of
 God,

And if not level with man's reason, why?
 Reason, alone, is absolute to man,
 For him, appeal no higher, tho' to God:
 Hence, loyalty transparent, he most glad
 To serve, her liege, if worthy mastership,
 Divine as hers—since, slavery is sweet,
 That, to the obedience of the intellect
 Hath joined the passionate heart.

—Man's need is purer morals and less grace
 To heal innumerable lapses; since, he bears,
 Unwittingly, the pains of every breach.
 To certify man's reason of the fact,
 Whoever sins, must suffer, despite grace,
 Is natural religion and man's own.
 Mint into sterling coin the costly shrines
 That have no meaning God-ward—all such gold
 Should reflect God in pure beneficence.
 No ill had ensued laughter, should men laugh
 At much, men have dubbed, sacred—since the
 right

To laugh is, quite, as sacred, as the power

To carve a shrine and bid mankind adore.
 The world is better, than, its creeds, to-day,
 In that, it hath a common conscience, man's
 Faith in a dogma, but, the underling
 To faith in the gold, that props it.

The Hebrew Scriptures are responsible
 For a shrewd Arab, in a Mahomet,
 Who hath succeeded Moses and the Christ,
 As Allah's greater Prophet; so the pen
 Of the Hebrew sponsors Mormon lechery
 In the polygamous dots, it left behind.
 A bishop, as the husband of one wife,
 Gives to the later code, that perilous wrencl
 The elder Canon, no wise, blushes for.
 The blight, on woman, lays its curse on man
 Whose maudlin sentiment would tolerate
 More wives, than, one, to the insidious plea—
 Less fallen women—as, if, all, were not,
 In plural marriage, fallen lower, still,
 Than, such as block the way to the potter'
 field?

—Purred, in the jungle, whistled, in the air,
 Monogamy is Nature's law of life,
 Where, life's conditions stir love, conjugal.
 Men may abate a nuisance and not wait
 The law's delay, that, oft, doth lag, so far,
 Behind outraged justice, that, abhorred,
 Hath done a mischief, past all remedy,
 Ere, heavens, in sight, the law's executive.
 Thus, bestial saints, do scour the earth for
 maids
 To stock their bunks with, in the name of
 Heaven,
 Under the nose of manly continence.
 It matters, less and less, what men profess
 The issue, what men do—is uppermost:
 What villiany, so black, but lust, or gold
 May touch into a dolphin?

If, man would have a future, let him live
 To expectation, gently, as he should;
 At one, with Nature's law: to live, divine,
 Ennobles man and patents all his blood,
 With heritable riches—whose best thoughts,
 Like Nature's marvels, disappoint us, first,
 Yet, educate our wonder, afterwards.

Man, e'en, is classing among verities,
 Conceits, whereat, his gorge was wont to rise
 The day may dawn, a lie had not survived
 A moment, in the world's frank atmosphere.
 Who forgeth irons, for man head or hands
 Waits death upon a gallop: where, is not
 So much the issue, as when, best, to strike,
 Spurring each lost occasion, foaming, back
 Success, but, valor, worsted, twice, or thrice
 Ere, knighted, on the field, for gallantry.
 Who stirs a lion, in the hope, to lay
 His anger, roused, shall have mortal proof,
 If, merciless, or, not, a lion's fangs.
 Man, in the West, is all the type of man,
 Worth quoting, but to dreamers; ail whos
 brain
 Appears the outcome of his liberty.
 Man, in the West, half Godless, to his creeds
 Grows, holy, to th' evangel—units, men.
 What weak men starve on is the aliment
 High purposes do gorge with.

Immortal is not found in the Bible text,
 Touching man's nature: if eternal life
 Is promised man, 'tis pledged, thro' faith in
 Christ;
 Pledged, by the lips of Christ, nor, otherwise
 Who, if, a man, the pledge were worth a
 man's,
 Thro' resurrection, well, unargued, how.
 A word not found within the elder scrolls,
 While writ with Aryan ink, when, writ, at all

—If Lazarus was raised from the dead,
 Christ had, to Martha, made this utterance—
 I am the resurrection and the life;
 In me, whoso believeth, he shall live;
 Tho' he were dead, shall live, and never die
 To Lazarus, not raised, rhetoric,
 From his Platonic pen, who gave the world
 The fourth Evangel.—But, Christ, elsewhere
 said

Of many mansions is my Father's house;
 I would have told you, if, it were not so;
 I, thither, go your places to prepare;
 And, if, I go and these prepare for you,
 I will return and take you to myself,
 That, where, I am, there, ye may also dwell
 A declaration he left, unfulfilled,
 If, ever, uttered by the lips of Christ;

Who, if, he, thither, went, did not return.
 For life, beyond, such, is Christ's argument
 Wherein, once more, THE END heaves, full, in
 sight.

A resurrection were a promise, man's;
 A feat, indeed, impossible, to God:
 A reproduction were a promise, God's.
 To men, as sparrows, mortal, by the lips
 Of th' Hebrew oracles—a future life
 Were, like a graft, set in a stem, long dead:
 What was a man—a blade of grass, a flower,
 Or, e'en, the pestilence that smites the town
 A reproduction, possible, to God,
 Is, nowhere, pledged men.

'Tis th' invisible hath time undone,
 Whereof, man knoweth nothing, yet, has made
 Populous with his fancy, arming it,
 With terrors, nameless.

—A waiting posture seems a wiser one
 Than to acclaim God in each candidate.
 For there's no scroll upon the planet found
 Not, to the gauge of man's own genius, writ;
 With nothing worthy of man's intellect
 As a conception of the Deity
 In all his Shastres—tho' men still look back
 At th' vellum, shelved, in Asia.

—Light, strong, enough, shall so adjust men's
 rights,

Clamor shall cease, in common equity:

The era of man's victory is come,
 Not, swampy, by his delusions, but, ashore,
 To lusty swimming.

—Religion seems the scrawl a child had made,
 Ere, reason nibbed the pen, to write man's
 life.

The costly fiction, of a life to come,
 Thrives, saddled with the squalor, it creates
 Not acumen, enough, in all Gray's Inn,
 To have relieved its guilt, a feather's weight
 A theory of life, if, wholly, false,
 Were, to be abrogated, not reformed.
 E'en, by a revolution of pure thought,
 Man may be extricated peacefully,
 And set in fair pursuit of life's true ends.
 To enter, play and exit seems, enough,
 As much as Nature owes man: What is man?
 Who, sometimes, thinks, he ought to figure
 hence,

A reproduction, to new properties?

An incident, but, in a planet's growth.
 The less a man believes, the more, he knows:
 Wisdom has shrunk, in bulk, yet, grown, in
 weight:

Learning had spread more wing than she had
 wind;

So, man, discarding half, he dreamt he knew,
 Is perching, daily, higher, nearer ground:
 While, who would teach the world, the world
 has taught.

Man gave himself the likeness of a God,
 When, Gods were, at his beck, who, now con-
 cedes

His countenance, mammalian from the start
 Man, with the universe, has no concern:
 Nature, no trader—inly, who intends
 Bankruptcy, at convenience and designs
 By final conflagration to expunge
 Proof, of her turpitude.—All fear to die
 Is as unnatural, as scorn to live;
 Each man's false entry in the book of life,
 Which courteous Death doth balance with a
 smile.

Faith, in his masters, left man in the dust;
 Faith, in himself, has raised him to his feet:
 Man's growth is, to morality—whose Gods
 Take to illumined vellum and there die.
 Man, yet, unfinished, must be, till convinced
 Here is his home, not, hence: tho' of trifling
 cost,

To pregnant Nature, man, to reproduce,
 She had declined with caustic emphasis.
 In getting riches, God has no concern,
 Nor, in man's honors: in the game of life
 The stakes are man's, when, lost—are man's
 when won.

Is that, poison, true?

Tho' the truth slay thee, speak it, better, far
 To die, to honor, than, survive to shame:
 He were not worth the plaudits of mankind
 Who could not bear the scorn of all the world
 Unruffled, by it. Who, misunderstood,
 Is great, enough, to win the whole world's
 hate,

May capture the world's heart, when better
 known.

So, if, the world condemn thee, deem it proof
 Thou'rt worth damnation—the age seldom
 halts,

To trifle with a fool. Maintain thy cause, /

When, thou art certified, the ground is firm,
Whereon, thou standest, tho' the world eject
Much rheum against thee and expectorate
Its gall, in rivers—for such cowardice
Proves, the world hath no argument, where
with

To meet thy challenge. Tho' addition be
The law of increase, no arithmetic
May deal with wisdom, which is consummate
A unit, stood, against the millionth power
Of any numeral. Thought, lately, come
To th' rescue of man's fortunes, shall hav
seized

The throats of all his swarming enemies;
A bloodhound, from whose scent, no felon flies
Man seeks a change: The West is in tha
groove,

Of mastership and slave, the Orient
Hath, ever, dragged in, which the Western
mind

Endures, yet, madly spurns.

—Whoever thinks, profoundly, for mankind,
Has declared war, on custom and his ears,
May, thence, be fusilladed, with a storm,
Of scathing objurgation: fear of change
Doth tolerate the fabulous, to-day;
Since, who believes it? Faith? But what i
faith,

That dwells, or, may, in the edge, of an:
axe,

Swung by a headsman? It is orthodox
To dwell, on the earth gently and there
thrive;

And, he's a heretic who starves his maw,
To his traditions—tho', so marvellous,
If, man's true riches have their origin,
Where, 'tis so hard, with the best microscope
To find a trace of silver, in the rock.
Due, to the arms of Rome, to nothing, else,
That Eastern superstitions dominate
The Western Nations.—What is pure to-day
Takes its complexion from the current Age;
Is reason's, with her torch held, thrice, a
high,

As th' tallest steeple, in all Christendom.
Orthodox means and, ever, meant, the powe
To kindle fagots on the wretch, too weak,
To put the fire out.

A Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son,

Tho' this was written before Christ was born,
While Christ was not in the bard's fancy's
eye—

A Virgin, wed to Joseph, did conceive .
Who bore a Son in Jesus Christ, her first;
As, any Virgin, wed, may bear a son;
A widower, in Joseph, Mary's spouse,
It seems, but stress, laid on pure motherhood;
Tho' Faith would entertain a miracle,
And Fancy gives a star erratic flight.
Man, in a near, not, in a distant, hence,
Probing the secrets of the centuries,
Shall, in the nineteenth, at a triple crown,
At, in the first, a visible Deity,
Start, marvel, smile and wonder, what, Faith
was.

No stigma, in a charge of heresy
But, an explosion from a pinch of snuff
Had blown to atoms: God's, at second hand,
Hearsay—to sift and argue as men will.
Who marks the laws of Nature swerve a hair,
To bless one, for his penance, or, to curse
Th' unflagellated many?

—Each man's opinion is quite orthodox,
When guns permit it; heresy, itself,
But, the majority's anathema:
Heresy, yet, no topic for debate,
Till, proven, heresy were possible,
With blasphemy, its medieval twin:
Since, every statute, as to blasphemy,
Implies the right, in a majority,
To, first, define God's will then t' enjoin,
On the minority, assent, thereto,
By reverence, penal.

—Men, still, slink cowards, behind old redoubts,
Thrown up, by semi-savages, instead,
Of courting battle, in the open field.
Each cult assumes th' estate of man, as found,
Both, fixt and changeless and adapts itself
To its conditions: an immobile world,
Asia's prime maxim.—Subject, to review,
Whatever, man believes, or, man may, hence,
In that, infallible, a caveat,
Against experience, or a brighter torch.

—Gold, not involved, and not a yard, or ell
Of bishop's lawn, conceive of heresy?
Nor, living, fatter, than, th' Apostle Paul's?
New faith, or, none, seems far more imminent
Than, is a dogma, vital. She, on fire,

The flames of reason have quite charred the leaves

Whence heresy has sprung.

—The lion hath not credit, but, his cage,
Therein, if, merciful: a whiff of blood,
Him, loose, in the arena, drives the beast
Back, to his jungle. Once, return to Faith,
And Faith, again, were Mistress of mankind.
The right of private judgment she denies,
Itself, the weapon, that shall cleave her down,
Should Light continue, common property.
To his emotions, man is, what, he will;
Is, to his reason, what, he, ever, seems:
No creeds, no zealots—only, common, man,
What a sweet world, to breathe in?

—Light must be blessed shot from any sphere;
Darkness were cursed, tho' a mother's eye.

Tradition is no oracle—her bays

Votive, as at Olympia, won, or lost,

To emulation, always: what is false?

Is reason's province—not, what seemeth true?

Fear, to man's primal fancy, sealed his lips

And shut the door on inquest—but, is, late,

A feather, blown, by all winds of contempt.

Belief, against man's reason, is belief

That hath enslaved him, who hath played his
part

To superstition, gleaming from a cloud,

Reason discharges, harmless.

—Time was, indeed, when Superstition held

The keys of destiny, and to have slain

The monster, then, had raised one, dreaded
more,

Than that, beheaded: now, if, at a stroke

To slay the monster, had recovered man,

From the Himalayas, to the Pyrenees.

Religion and the State were, always, one,

And to tradition are a unit, still,

Man, the defenseless quarry both pursue.

All the confusion of this eager world

Is man's, who could restore the world to peace

Had done it, if, he would; had, but for faith

In Power, unknown, to adjust life some day
hence,

Ignoring Power, confest, tho' Nature's own.

In man, made luminous. Improvidence

Is this world's prime reproach, most justly
man's,

In that, he doffs his courage to his faith.

Men shrink to question every sacred tale,

Woven into the warp and woof of life,
 By Time's insidious shuttle: Karnac weeps
 In each surviving stone, her fallen Gods:
 No God had reared a Temple, man had razed;
 No God had done an act, man had undone;
 Nor, could God speak a word, man could gain-
 say,

Whate'er is God's, why, wince, lest, it may
 fall?

—God, as a father and of many sons,
 Hopes their success and when they prosper,
 smiles:

Yet, never, lifts a hand to succor one,
 Beyond another, lest, a doubt be cast
 On his impartial love: the gold their own,
 Whose industry has hoarded—God affects
 No title to it. Unlike energies,
 With unlike opportunities, dispose
 Of power and riches, as, but, problems, man's,
 Factors, in an economy, man's own—
 To silence in his sire, completely, man's.
 Silence, itself, is more significant,
 Than any fact, in Nature, if, a law,
 'Tis that law, paramount.

Not, innate is religion, nor, is fear.
 Fear, as the child of ignorance, begat
 Religion and dame Fancy suckled her:
 False, as man's notions of the Earth, itself,
 The source of all religion man hath yet:
 Religion a chimera of man's own,
 Of his imagination, a disease,
 Proves, of all maladies, most virulent.
 Man, in God's image, what had Time, to dread
 But, God, the less, a God, in more, a man?
 —No hope for Liberty, but, in the fact,
 Of faith, at war, with faith; or faith, no more.
 The Church, if, man's, she, hence, had served
 herself,

E'en, at the cost, of life and liberty.
 Man's fear of death, whence, he descried his
 hell,

Or glimpsed his heaven, is that authority
 His valorous reason shall have overthrown,
 To no commotion, other, than, a smile.
 Pure morals stand, to man, as hull and helm,
 As, shroud and sail, as seamanship and port,
 To clear and enter.

—The last entrenchment of theology
 Flies Reason from its parapet, assured

Reason and Revelation are, but, twins;
 Yet, represents the Church, unblushingly,
 As, their co-equal—much like hauling coals
 To Newcastle, since, reason must possess
 The field, alone, or, must abandon it,
 To Superstition, frankly, whence, have sprung
 The Church and revelation: light, enough,
 For one man, reason's, light enough, for all;
 While, revelation and the Church, both fail,
 Handicapt, to reach all men, reason doth,
 Itself, all men's salvation. Pitiful
 When, th' Church appeals to that, the Church
 forbids

A liberal use of, lest, adieu to faith.

Thus, faith, to-day seems less alarmed for th'
 truth,

Than for her mitres—it is less, with her,
 What shall the Church accept, than, what
 device

Had stayed her rocking spires, in the stiff gales
 Of free opinion.

—Man, mortal, is most glorified, who casts

Dying, his immortality, behind,

Exit, forever: What, so masterful,

To stir ambition, as to build a man,

Unsullied, or magnificent, or just?

Of sheer necessity, a man is born;

Of sheer necessity, he falleth, dead—

Whose future state is fame, or, daffodils.

Man's annals, lost, recovered and the chasm,

Pending his alphabet, bridged, o'er, were worth

His bullion, ten times, over: Mystery

Involves his genesis, with every fowl's,

Tho' th' doors of exit are, or, seem, alike.

Man has begun, albeit, awkwardly,

To tap the till of Nature, and the thief

May line his pockets, yet: so evident,

If, a resplendent destiny be man's,

When he comes to it—to have tethered man,

With a barbarian, yoked, in the lean fields

Of Asia, had undone God.

—Nature's perpetual frankness is the key

That, best, interprets Nature; whose sweet face

Is, ever, framed, in smiles, but, to false moods

In her illustrious mammal. Nature's freaks

She hath not yet, exhibited a freak,

But, to some law that had been trifled with;

Who, never, did a marvel, out of course;

Tho' all, she is, seems marvelous, to man,

From daisies, upward. Man, himself, appears

That motive-moved machine, of consciousness
 And grossly fed experience, that relates
 Man, to progressive reason. To have won
 The lordship of a planet, seems man's right,
 Of Nature, uncontested; whose brief life
 Done, man is finished. Why should Nature
 nurse

A purpose, to withhold the fact, from man,
 He is, immensely, worthier, than, he seems,
 If, indeed, worthier? His vainglory, then,
 Should be a robe, if, worn on gala-days,
 Yet, cast aside with scorn, in common life.
 The Earth is reason's playground and the chil
 Frolics and gambols and may much amuse
 Supernal Powers, if, mindful, of the bairn.
 Man, the imperial mammal of the globe,
 To speculation, would ignore the fact,
 His rank is mortal: if, to argument,
 Nature inclined her sceptre, to present
 Man, to more honor, than, her purpose had,
 Who had not argued, long and lustily?
 Faith, while, man's worst delusion is the
 mouth,

That bolts all others down: but, to believe
 A crime as capital, as to have thrust
 A dagger in his heart, who, ever, stood,
 To thee, a brother. Logic is the fact
 Of this world's progress—which defeated faith
 And mathematics wrote across the sky;
 Which, man, a unit and invincible,
 This world's prime factor and immediate God,
 Argues, so justly.

Wherein, is sanity may, yet, be man's
 Most precious problem: men, most prompt, to
 find

Retreats, for madmen, may themselves be
 found,

Swayed, by hallucinations, as pronounced,
 As simmer, in the brains, of maniacs.
 Fashion so flavors folly—it is sane,
 To do, what were, insane, done, in the cell,
 Of any mad-house.

The gold, of generations of the dead,
 At death, devoted, piously, to prop
 This, or, that dogma, has postponed the fall
 Of errors, manifold: gold stirs their zeal
 To propagandise, who have gold, at will.
 That, most distinctly human, if, found, true

Stands, unsupported: it, most marvelous,
Why, that, divine, requires a prop, at all.
Few devotees had life consumed, in rites,
And meditation, but, for gold, abused—
That may permit it: vows, of poverty
But, slightly, pinch the pious devotee,
Whom, gold, in the funds, stands pledged, to
feed and clothe.

The anchorite of Asia had proved true,
To his traditions of five thousand years,
Gold, not, if, lentils were and had retained,
Scourged home, the light, he lit.
—Ah! what a felon, he, who, his, the power,
Had murdered Light and men had suffered
him?

Man, in his generations, to endure,
While, th' planet shall support him hath no
time

To pander to the errors of the past:
Custom, must prove its fitness, not by its age,
All argument, fallacious, that appeals
Gravely, to what men do, for what men should
Light hath the privilege to slay, outright,
Whatever, menaces the weal of man;
Since, th' tail hath no election, but, to wag,
And, where, the head may lead, to follow on:
Tho' ignorance profound may seek delight,
For its own sake, in grosser ignorance,
Knowledge, impossible.—Authority
Seems, but, opinion, subject, to review,
And faith, the aliment, whereon, a child
Feeds, till he reach discretion—afterwards,
A child, forever, if still fed, thereon.
A pagan seems, whoever may not think,
As, he doth, who would gain a proselyte.
Should man, again, pour out his blood to faith
It might be, to suppress and not sustain
His, late, convictions: martyrdom, to-day,
For any cause were weak, as suicide
E'en for a love distemper. Character,
Some think, if Heaven exist, had entered it—
Shot, thitherward, from the howitzer, Death,
Denied a pass, from Mecca, or from Rome.
Faith makes no proof of anything, but faith
Juggernaut, boasting martyrs, as may Christ,
Faith, falsely, guarantees, its object, worth
The blood spilt for it: faith, unreasoning trust
In what, men will, is faith, was, always, faith
Faith, that had cast a mountain in the sea,
Of quantity, a mustard seed, in bulk,

Man, never, may enjoy, unless 'tis faith,
 In some explosive dwarfing dynamite.
 If, hard, to give our father's dogmas up,
 'Twere, harder, to retain them. As divine,
 Christianity, therein, may cease to be:
 A cult, premising, that, the destinies
 Of all the sphere, are subject to her own—
 Prediction, false, for nigh, two thousand years:
 Whose ethics are the culture by the West
 Of th' cardinal virtues, man's, and, always,
 man's.

—In the prediction, of th' END OF THE WORLD,
 A sameness runs, so startling, thro' the text,
 Of the Synoptic Gospels, as, to hint
 Interpolation, or, a common pen,
 In the unknown compilers. Take the ground,
 Christ in His own esteem, was, but, a man,
 Who hailed, in common life, the end of Time,
 Pursuant, to tradition—'twere a stride,
 Easy, to Godship, in a fabling Age,
 The Moralist and Good Physician, dead:
 In Isaac's, Samson's, Samuel's birth, for
 John's,

Suggestion, as, for Christ's, of the marvelous.
 Yet, Samuel's sire, a Hebrew, double-wived,
 Isaac's, a patriarch, with half-sister wed,
 With Hagar, unwed; in Manoah's wife,
 Whence, th' mythic Samson, womanhood, re-
 marked.

Concede, Christ made the prophesy, himself,
 Its non-fulfilment proves an Israelite,
 In th' toils of his own fancy: vain, the gloss,
 That, the prediction means but Salem's fall;
 It points a dream, the most extravagant,
 In human annals—and the rendering, false,
 That had postponed a generation, born,
 To one remote, as witness of—THE END.
 Christ's, daily, cry was, ever, Watch and wait,
 Who gave to sweat an office, for to-day,
 None, for to-morrow.

The mind, of man, has, scarcely, yet, breathed
 free,
 Has, but, descried some straggling rays of
 light,
 Thro' th' crannies of her dungeon—but, hath
 hope
 Of sunshine, yet, on her unweathered cheeks.
 Light, tho', but, common sense, so crystalised
 Its purity sustains each crucial test:

Still, Light's that hero, who against all odds,
 In arms, makes good a challenge, or sends home
 An unrepentant bullet. Tho', yet, in print,
 Statutes to punish light are obsolete.
 Time deals in golden moments and man's life
 Affects these units and not, centuries;
 Hence, man should have the privilege of life
 To no unfair conditions: thus, some day,
 Should Light invert the order of this world,
 Light had proved this world, rotten. Light
 suggests

First, opportunity, and, then, equips
 Man's reason, to command it. His, more cost,
 To bear the burthens of his ignorance,
 Than, every laurel cost him, he has won.
 Man, at his worst, is better, than, he seems—
 Venture a kiss, and it is odds, he smiles.
 Let ignorance go veiled and lift her veil,
 But, to occasions, of necessity.
 What hamlet, but some oracle, therein,
 To whose, the wisdom of the outer world,
 Were, as a magpie's?

The Earth appears no stage, whereon, a God
 Is acting a grand drama, but where man
 Is playing at low comedy: the scene
 However, yet, may shift and th' player's shame
 Incentive him to glory. Time must prove
 His Gods, no product of the pastoral Age,
 Or, frankly, own they are, to all ears, prickt
 For revelation, from the chemist's jar.
 Man, still, a savage had abused the sphere,
 While, all the powers of Nature, to his spleen,
 Had moved, submissive—e'en, no God had
 raised

A finger to dethrone him; to whose brain,
 Aglow, with light, still predicating more,
 He well enjoys an orb, abloom, to him;
 Yet, not a force in Nature, kindlier, moves
 To his ambition, than, it moved, erewhile,
 To life, that laid her fortunes, desolate.
 Here, seems man's own economy, not God's:
 To God's assent, quite unreserved, man plays
 The role of master: every incident,
 In Nature, man's, to deal with, as he may,
 That baffles, or, promotes his hopes, or aims.
 If, God should speak one word, it had been law,
 And loud, enough, to shake the outmost star,

To tolerate religion, as it is,

Appeals to policy: reason has made
 Her argument against the wiles of faith,
 And man accepts it: when and how to mend
 Religion, or, annul it, that, whereof,
 Time waits advisement. A conceit of man,
 To th' earth the apple of the eye of God,
 Religion, that seemed plausible, appears
 To th' universe, unveiled, preposterous.
 Light, dangerous, to man's errors, the world
 waits;
 Not, power, obsequious, to them.

Christianity, affecting hostile camps,
 From each unfurls its oriflam of faith;
 And if hostilities should cease—that day
 Liberty were extinguished. As each rose
 Of fear and prime gunpowder—each shall fall,
 To both's disclaimer—tho' the clans may, yet,
 Strike hands, for spoil, upon some evil day,
 Few marksmen, on th' alert.

O God, heed this,
 If, Thou hast, yet, heard prayer—Defeat the
 hope

Of a unity of faith—the odds of power,
 Hers, lest, Faith roast, or dungeon man, again.
 To set man free, O God, from chains, his own,
 Extinguish faith, itself, and re-assure
 Man, Death concludes him, mortal, happily:
 E'en, palsy the knave's tongue, who argues
 faith

Above man's reason, with the fool's, besides,
 Who sputters—bravo!—Freedom, ever, rose,
 To faith, at war and fell, to Faith, at peace;
 Faith, thine own enemy, in man's, O God.
 Is not man's freedom, ever, dear, to Thee?
 Christianity should be the Golden Rule,
 Reduced to practice: all beyond, but froth
 Upon the beaker's brim, that urges faith
 In aught above man's reason, or below;
 Or, charges false, experience.

—The dogmas of Christianity, alike,
 Discover Latium, more, than Nazareth;
 While, the freed genius of the West, her head,
 Self-luminous, has thrust between its lids,
 Two hundred years and credited the Book
 Oft, with the light, she lit, there; with such
 zeal,

Men had sustained traditions of a God,
 Speaking, thro' sundry nomads, to all time.
 The temper Christ displayed is man's, for aye:

While, th' Supernatural surveys her grave,
 And moralises, on her obsequies.
 Thought, ever, was and must be troublesome,
 To the pre-occupation of the world,
 By man's unreason, until thought has swampt
 The hideous relics of a barbarous past.
 Man is not born, to find out God, or, die,
 To pains, for failure, tho' impossible;
 For this had charged insanity on God,
 To rescue Him, from sheer malevolence.
 Man, if, a vegetable, come to speech,
 Thro' eons of progression, were, he less
 A man, for such a lineage? Why, not, more,
 By all the glory, man's, beyond a snail's?
 To misinterpret Nature is the fault,
 Man is persistent, most, to aggravate.
 As the corner-stone of primitive belief,
 Was laid in quicksand, so, the wit of man
 Is, on the rack, to prop it—yet the crash
 Draws, nearer, by each shift: man honors God,
 Who remains silent and because He doth—
 The crucial test of wisdom, in a God.
 What, God, in essence, may, or, may not be,
 Nature doth raise no points of equity,
 For Him, to settle: law, inflexible,
 A star must stand, or, fall to, or a man,
 Is Nature's revelation—where, appears
 One precept and one penalty—obey,
 Or, thou shalt perish. Thus, tho' men may
 seek
 Mercy, in Shastres, 'tis to changeless law,
 They live and die, eager, to be beguiled,
 Of Fancy, and to die, her willing dupe.
 Nature, thro' haste, gains nothing, hers, no
 loss,
 To the most tedious process, she elects;
 Time is man's opportunity, not God's.
 Force pervades Nature from a grain of sand,
 To th' Himalayas—life, the subtle key
 To all her problems: wherein, beautiful,
 Gentle, or, sweet, such, always; so, wherein,
 Murderous, or diabolic, to man's view,
 Constant, in fresh surprises. What seems
 waste,
 Or, labor, quite, misspent, a problem, hers.
 So, reason seems as cheap, or, whate'er thinks,
 As carbon, oxygen, or life, itself,
 Her prices-current, seldom, bulletined.
 —Organic life and inorganic kiss,
 Somehow and somewhere, not, yet, advertised.

Thus, may a fern be cognate to the stirp
 Of Linnaeus, thro' eons of base blood,
 In beast and reptile: to the mystery
 Of life, man bows profoundly. It seems clear,
 There were no laws of Nature, e'en no need
 For any law whatever, if, a word,
 By a Supreme Intelligence had reared
 The Universe and sways it: miracles
 Were, then, as possible, as probable;
 Physics, with no vocation, while, the mind
 Had drawn no data from experience;
 At sea, forever, to a Sovereign Will,
 At liberty, to swerve.

The Age demands an exodus of faith,
 An influx of pure reason: evidence,
 Both, clear and cogent, or, the jury nods,
 While, the Court sneezes, to its fiftieth pinch,
 A Cicero, propounding pleas, for faith.
 Give man, to think—withhold what else, Thou
 wilt,

Great Source, he sprang from.
 —If, with the purse and sword, both, at its beck,
 What error had not stood and outraged light?
 Tho' it but stood as any corpse had stood?
 What man may demonstrate is, that, his brain
 Hath shaped this world and to its destinies,
 Imparted purpose—with th' earth, his own,
 And his successors, in a usufruct.
 Man's moral forces, joined with Nature's powers
 In cordial concert, baulk improvidence:
 Her destinies, in vaster ratio, man's
 Than he suspects, they may be—cowardized
 By th' prepossessions of the nursery.
 Light, from man's brain, alone, makes proof,
 the world

Is not, all, pagan, or barbarian;
 Which light, extinguished—in a howling sea,
 Life had gone down, forever.

Faith, in the Supernatural, tho', false,
 The object of his faith, is urged on man
 As th' inspiration of his intellect,
 As th' lever, to uplift his character:
 Yet, man, the Supernatural, must accept,
 As, did the pagans, who conceived of it,
 Or, all its offices were meaningless.
 Faith, such, as, of the past, is moribund,
 To the customs of this era, and what faith,
 Stands, unimpeached, is faith, in man, himself—

To which, is due the sixteenth century,
When, men resolved, to think; tho' in that age
Men saw, as men, just, from a dungeon, had.
—'Tis thro' the mystery, investing it
The power of th' invisible prevails
Over man's reason, thro' the artifice
Of fancy, wholly: that, invisible,
Is, less, a matter, vital, to man's weal,
Than, curious, to beguile his scholarship.
From the oracle of man's experience
Proceeds a sermon, to whose sterling sense,
The stalls do, never, snore; tradition's voice,
Nasal, or guttural, inducing sleep.
—The cult of human nature shall endure,
Founded on reason, with revision, oft,
As, light, increasing, leads to broader aims.
Cast man upon his mettle—bid him swim,
Who needs no pagan life preserver, still,
If, he, but, learn to hold his drooping chin,
Above the surface of the roaring flood.
A falsehood is a falsehood, be the frills,
Of fancy, it may strut in, what they may.
Chemistry and biology, both, smile,
At that, divine, scarce, fifty years, ago.
Man, yet, had no astronomy, if Faith
Had still, a dungeon: faith to Ptolemy
Points, not to Copernicus—and the trick
Of Joshua, makes more of, than, of th' law
Of gravity, that sets the trick, aside.
Wisdom is in gestation—oracle
Nor, prophecy concludes the birth to be:
Freed, from his raw delusions man had turned
To ethics, with a will—whereof too much
Had not been his if, e'en thrice three times o'er
The morals, vital, to a piety
Oft, sidling past his frailties with a leer.
Gold is a coward who had slipt within
The church and hid her bullion, confident
That Cherubim shall guard it—hath she not
The pledge of Superstition, to her hands
Lined, each with largess, of Heaven's vigil-
ance?

To come into existence and go out
Is Nature's method; to whom, life and death
Are, perhaps, synonyms. So, to be meek,
Becomes a man, and lowly; fortitude
Squared, to a glowering mountain, honors man,
Whose glory lies, in what, men, least, esteem;
Therein, no chink of gold; in it no smack,

Of a choice vintage—chainless as the air,
 Like it, intangible, yet with the grip
 As of a demon—a puissant aye,
 To all men's nays—in wisdom.

—Yon stars shine not, to an o'ermastering force
 Without them, but within them—theirs, the art
 Whate'er, it be, to shine: still, Science knows,
 Of this cheap sunshine, scarcely, anything;
 With power, or privilege, to quicken life,
 That, in prime order, keeps the perishing
 world.

This animated sphere, more data, yet,
 Must furnish Science, ere, she pluck a quill
 To write the secret of the universe—
 Which seems, a God, yet, seems his product,
 too.

Man's personality proves nothing, more,
 Than, had an insect's, when, the point is
 raised—

Is God, a Person? From man's infancy;
 God, not, in faultless broadcloth, smells, of th'
 loom,

Whenever man portrays Him: let us have
 God, undefined—still, God.

Just, as the Caspian Sea keeps all it gets
 E'en grudging to the Sun his revenues;
 So, should a nation reservoir her sons,
 And scuttle ships had voyaged them afar;
 Coaxing the frisky rivulet to crowd
 Its banks, with verdure. If, a State neglect
 To till, or, stretch her acres—sonship due
 To a son's privilege, takes umbrage, thence.
 What? is the earth too shrunken, to sustain
 That life, born to it? that were Nature's fault
 And she must answer for it—if not room
 For life and sweat, together. Who shall say,
 What, Nature's belt may hold, since no man,
 yet,

Hath filched from her, but farthings and what
 pence

Gleam, at the feet, of half-roused indolence?

Politics are man's method, to teach men
 Their duty, man-ward—past the savagery,
 The shark, the hawk, the lion and the wolf
 Are constant types of: since the primal law
 Seems, life, to craft and slaughter and may
 bear

No gentler strictures; lagging reason comes,

In aid of Nature, whom, she supplements,
 While, culture takes up stitches, Nature drops.
 What right had savages, still, stringing shells
 On all the Ocean's beaches, in canoes,
 Skimming life's turbid inlets, to dispute
 Man's plea for ships? So, what, yet, barbarous prince
 Had sat a throne, but, on its crumbling edge,
 Who treats his subjects' lives, as but one neck,
 To his raised cutlass?—It has come to this:
 Autocracy is driven, home, to God:
 Or, tarries with pure reason. Greece, outlawed,
 Th' assassin of fair honor, Time presents
 Her exiled, hemlocked, glorious sons, alike,
 The freedom of the Ages.

His reputation, lost, what had he left,
 Crassus, or Croesus?—but, with character,
 Self-murdered, he were poorer, to himself,
 By all, his ingots swore, his riches grew.
 Yet, a trivial lie may rake a character,
 From stem to stern, while sailing summer seas,
 Sunk, ere, advised, how. In common life,
 Character is the seal that certifies
 Man's bulk, dry measure, like the staple, corn,
 Whose value rises, with its scarcity;
 So, in a slave-mart, e'en, a slave shall fetch
 What gold, his character had weighed, if known.

Yet, with what malice is that most beset,
 Which hath most honor? while, that, void of worth,

Hath, scarce, an enemy? Who'll sully worth?
 Aye! from a myriad throats—and yet the seal
 Of the most righteous God doth patent worth,
 Rusty, thro' lack of use. Of shameless greed,
 Men have been taught, a pennyweight of gold
 Outweighs a pound of brain, while, custom hath

Sustained the notion; yet, gold, but, appears
 A jester, to occasion, that may, oft,
 Amuse a royal master. Money, means
 The same, in morals, that it means, on 'Change,
 Adjusting men's transactions: so, a bond,
 Is solemn, not, for gold's sake, but, for man's,
 Whose honor, gold has vouched.—Tho' questioned, true—

A gentleman hath honor, in this world,
 His bullion, inconspicuous: such, a charm

In true politeness, it is capital,
 Beyond, a million, sterling, and a churl,
 Whence, to woo Fortune.

Man manufactures all the light he hath,
 If, from the resinous knot, ere, candles were;
 Who, not, the product of himself—what, then?
 Yet, as the sovereign product of a sphere,
 He like its flora and its fauna, smacks,
 Of the soil and climate, whereto, incident.
 So, the unity of man, when, consummate,
 Shall not have changed the color of his skin,
 But, men's opinion of it: unity,
 Both, thine and mine, at peace.

What Marshal snuffs the wind, his feathers
 raise,
 Whisking battalions, forward? praise moves,
 late,

To supplement success, it should inspire.
 —Crecy and Agincourt are framed, in gold,
 To look at, to, half, smile at; if, for tears,
 For tears, dead valor waits for, by whose
 grave,

Brambles, yet, eyelash her long innocent sleep.
 Blenheim's a peal of thunder, down the lines
 Of Europe, t' affright, back, to their stalls,
 Her snorting chargers: Waterloo concludes
 The purpose of her States, in what o'ertakes
 A man, who mapped her, over. War, not, one,
 With reason, must be murder; yet, a hair,
 If, honor's, hath the sleight, to wheel a gun,
 A dragon had not budged. Lives there a
 man

Who dares if, even, to himself, concede,
 His honor, stands impeached? there falls a
 blot

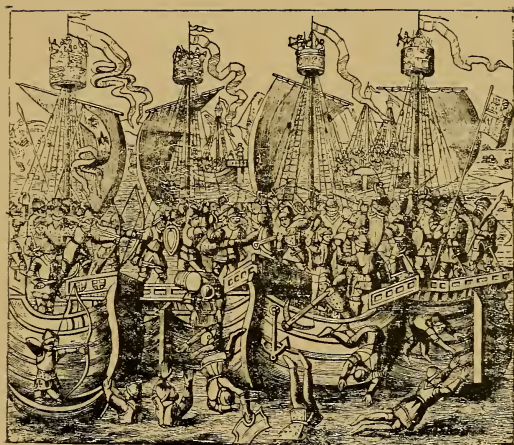
E'en, from the shadow of suspicion, foul,
 Black, as a feather, from a raven's wing,
 Forever, where, it falls—and on this spot,
 Men's eyes shall fix and must, as, if, some spell
 Did rivet all eyes, there.

—Tho' York and Lancaster fought thirty years,
 They sheathed their broadswords to a nuptial
 smack;

While, the bride's nosegay, blushed with the
 best blood,

From rivers of it, England's: such is war,
 That, but postpones, th' arbitrament, or, kiss,
 All warfare leads to, tho' it spurn them both.





War, as an argument, is, never, done,
 Still, in the maddening logic of defeat,
 Would seek the premises of victory:
 Thermopylae, tho', lost, thus, later, won
 Plataea, and confided Greece, to Greece.
 The field, tho', oft, the purchase of tried steel,
 Is, oftener, of the charge, that holds its breath:
 Mars' confidence affects, the soldier's nerve,
 A woman shakes, a host electrifies.

—Peace proves, too dear, ere, all the blood be
 let,

That feeds the ulcer, war had, lately, probed.
 Thus, power to hold an unclinched conquest,
 fast,

Must spill more blood, than, shed, to humble it.
 Peace, by her exit, from the frugal hearth,
 Hath left it, bare; for her, no substitute:
 So if, a State, but, burnishes its arms,
 For re-engagement, in brief intervals
 Of war,—what peace? 'twere like a breathing
 spell,

To gladiators, faint. The queen of flowers,
 Peace must, as, had a lily, choke the air
 With perfume, till perforce, all nostrils yield,
 Ere, peace is come, to re-imburse the State
 For treasure sunk, in war.—What now excites
 Amazement, is a bullet, since the wounds,
 It makes, all nations medicate, with th' lint,
 Of common offices: compassion, that,
 Of all man's jewels, flawless.

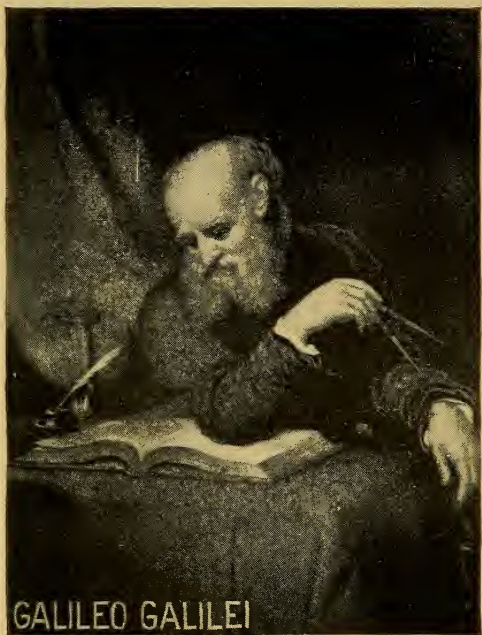
—Power, when, not thought, is power's apology.
 Absolute Power were Reason, with her Court,
 In th' ante-chamber of the Infinite.

—Man made environment, who, still, a man
 'Twere, his, to, well, undo it: once, observe,
 How, reason tears, in tatters, battle flags,
 She, late, fought under, bravely, and erects
 New ensigns, to fresh leadership—which means
 Reason is bred, to arms, intends to fight
 Untreasonable battles, till this globe
 Moves, to her bugles, cheerly.—Everything
 Of Nature had, is man's, he, so alarmed
 At peership, with her atoms, without wing.
 Who sails past Sirius: let him, freely, ask—
 What has man done, man may not, better, do?
 The world, if, often, wrong, is, oftener, right,
 Is, seldom, wilful, in the offices
 Of censor, first, of headsmen, afterwards,
 And, when, dishonest, learns to blush, wherein.
 Still, thro' a cloud of missiles, one must pass,

E'en, thro' a slough of envy, he may wade
 To man's idolatry.—Enigmatical?
 Genius is man, provoked, to do his best,
 In arts, in arms, in painting, sculpture, song;
 While, in sparse instances, 'tis manifest,
 That, man hath done it—how is seldom clear.
 Yet, in her absence, oft, a madman's freaks
 Are blazoned—genius, a profound mistake,
 Perceived, on her return. Time is not bound,
 Him, men may spurn, to recognise, anon,
 A genius, to such proof as proves him, none.
 Genius bows not t' opinion—it, a force
 That makes opinion, while, despite himself,
 Man hath a master. Genius is no knot,
 Required, a century to, half, untie;
 Is not a sphinx, to tantalize an Age;
 By speech, the clearest, frankest, manliest
 man's—
 The sum, the soul, the marrow, of life, lived.

Men have no warrant to anticipate
 Their action, who succeed them: life is theirs
 Born to it, absolute; and on this fact,
 No emphasis, too startling, may be laid.
 Man is a valorous thinker, on the verge
 Of his exasperation, and, betimes,
 The earth, itself, doth quake, to words, he
 saith.
 Censorious world, yet, prompt, to make
 amends,
 Wisdom shall suffer nothing, at thy hands,
 But, unadvised haste.
 —Whate'er, the reason of an Age, accepts,
 Is his authority, born to that Age—
 Who may decline, or, not, that, gone before
 Take issue, only, with the world, on what
 Is worth a quarrel—readily, conform
 In shoes, in waistcoats, in small beer, thereto
 Open thy set, undisputatious lips,
 O Silence, to this waiting argument,
 Man must be free, the only fact, that man
 Hath staked his life on.

The earth presents a Forum, where, but, late,
 A Camp of Mars, wherein, who, wisely, speaks
 All ears attend him. The experiment
 Is making, if, to broadswords, or, to brain,
 Appeal shall, hence, be made—if, possible,
 To arm a State, toward others, yet, defend
 Itself, thro' even justice: brotherhood,



Hitherto, written, but, in polar frost,
In wait, for all men's hearts.

Men do things, that belittle them, but, thought
Hath built man, godlike; he, with plenteous
light,

If, he, but, use it, to out-mariner
Historic voyaging, by fabulous stars.
Sweat is the epic, Homer could not sing,
In semi-barbarous ears; nor, Virgil when
Augustan glories poured down Latium's skies.
The gordian knot, of Alexander, cut,
Had baulked untying, till his head were white,
To the unmanly task—and one hour, lost,
Had sullied Alexander.

Thought puts to sea, in any craft, at one,
With man and Nature; sails, along, intact,
The Ages convoys to this Admiral,
Or, sunken prizes: thought, for aliment,
Riots, on war, on famine, crunches all
The garbage of the Ages—in th' event
Master of sequence.—Yet, invincible,
What reason is—who knows, may rise and tell,
Since, reason, altho' man's, may be, of God;
Who, well, may kindle reason, from a torch,
Let down th' infinite stairway, where, He will.
No beacon, but, his brain, itself, on fire,
Has signalized man's seamanship, in keels
Plowing all waters.—But, to man as known,
Man's obligations bind him, who, on man
As a conjecture, he may turn his back.
—The emancipation of the mind, tho' first,
Of all man's triumphs, shall prove, last, in
time,

Whence, common brotherhood, in common
aims;

Man, in the many, man, to be conserved;
With altruistic throbs of righteousness,
In quondam cowards' hearts.

Galileo Galilei vomits up,
To pains, inquisitorial, gravity—
Which man has swallowed, frankly; which,
the Church

Infallible, had burnt, had she known, how,
With a world, docile, at her hitching post,
To mount and ride, when, she adjusts her
spurs.

From th' earth, as th' centre of th' universe

Have sprung, still, thrive—more errors, to correct,

Than, from all sources, else.—Religion hath
 Consigned man's stomach to the griping pangs
 Of mortal hunger; to the lash, his back;
 Hath the smooth current of his life, involved
 In foaming vortices—yet, for himself,
 T' achieve his rank, in Nature, and to feel
 His way, by intuition, man seems, born:

The conquest, by his reason, of whose fears
 Hath published man, the autocrat, who waits
 The goldsmith's final touches, on his crown.
 The earth is man's who flourishes to-day,
 Not, his, of forty centuries, ago:

He hath the right to sweep it, who is born,
 To the entail, and venerable filth,
 Cast in the anxious flame: 'tis reason's turn
 To seize the earth and farm it out, to men.
 Our fathers were our sires and were not Gods,
 The Lares and Penates are, no more.

Man's fortunes, mortal, welded, to the sphere,
 A proposition, for re-argument,
 Were every custom, creed, or pleasure, man's.
 The rich shall not be hated, in that, rich;
 The poor shall not be slighted, in that, poor;
 With purer morals, better manners, man's,
 In the blest Age, when Reason shall take
 breath,

In her pursuit of gold.—Already, wealth,
 Of bulk, enormous, incident to life,
 In current Ages, is debating, how,
 To, best, conserve man's welfare: yet, the task
 How, well to serve man, thro' ancestral gold,
 Or, with gold, won, of industry, appears
 Far more perplexing, than, how, gold, to get,
 And vault it, against loss—since, charity
 Hath blundered, often, and may blunder,
 hence,

Her purpose, man's, her benefaction, not.
 Thus, th' concern of wealth, is, how the bank
 Of charity, may pay vast dividends,
 With a surplus, against famine, in its vaults.

The test of every cultus should be—how
 It deals with life, itself,—against it, false,
 If for its culture, true. To desecrate
 The sanctity of Nature, to impugn
 Her honesty are postulates, absurd,
 Of Superstition, seized on, to enslave
 Man's budding reason: Nature, a mistake

Is man's prodigious lie. No fact, so clear—
 What, men may, even, die for, may prove that
 The most remote, from reason—since, belief
 Proves, neither, sanity, nor, reason, man's;
 Whose actions so partake of sanity,
 He is not adjudged, mad. Yet, scarce a heart
 Betrays its idol: to what, each loves best,
 Response, were, mystic, as, an oracle's.
 Dispel man's superstition and his load,
 Of poverty, goes with it; penury
 Hath, scarce, a blood relation, not, thereof.
 Poverty had not been, or, not, a state,
 Men seem, as, born to—but, for piety
 Mistaking avarice, for Heaven's decree.
 Hath Heaven, for ignorance, a broader door
 Than, e'en, the door, flung, wide, to poverty?
 For penury, less stress, on blessings, hence,
 With sharp demand, for rights, denied her
 here,
 His, life, beyond, man shall find methods
 there,
 How, to conserve it, he could not take hence
 Preach to the poor, more bread, for potter'
 fields;
 No dogma, like a loaf, it, providence,
 So clear, to life, so hungry—hope, if, sweet
 Served up, to a full stomach.

Man's, nothing, on the earth, but, man, for
 fear,
 Fear, if, his, first mistake, hope seems his last;
 Neither becomes him: life is in the act,
 Of doing, or, of suffering this, or, that,
 In th' instant, glorious: feathers, not, so light
 As expectations, founded, upon hope,
 Hope, simply, hope—not, reason, with a train
 Of logical surprises, yet, to be.
 —It doth not cheapen life, to learn its worth
 If, Heaven and Hell are not, man's, were a
 smile,
 His, not, a shriek of pain, as the joint myth
 Sinks down oblivion. With the pain of loss
 The world's heart doth not fail, at some man'
 death,
 Still, throbbing for the many, who survive:
 Death, but, a common incident, whose force
 Is balanced, as a factor, in new life,
 Better, equipt and mounted: no men, yet,
 Of whom, it has been written, They were Gods
 Or, written, were not, false.

—Fear, in an interjection shot between
 Man's lips, entreats God's services, when, foes
 Do press him, sorely; tho', to evidence,
 He, in the jungle, with the lion, met;
 Or in the foundering ship, finds providence
 Impersonal as law is—in himself,
 Or, not, a special providence appears.
 God is not guarding dykes, lest some give way
 Nor moles, lest undermined: make each, secure
 To natural law, or perish, as men do,
 To negligence—transfigured, providence.
 Yet when, on th' earth a providence, wherein
 It contravened, or strained a cosmic law?
 God, by what names, men will—by none, were
 God:

No name concludes Him, who inscrutable,
 Of silence, heeds the sacrifice, that speech
 May fail to offer.

Death's, not, a single trapping, it were well:
 E'en, were the fact ignored, no monuments
 To mark its devastation, palpable,
 Beyond, the pang of loss, Time, gently, heals
 Death hath such prominence and fashion pays
 Such court, to bier, to pomp, to sculptured
 stone,

It proves the head-spring of an affluent,
 The chief, in penury: 'tis barbarous,
 Much advertisement, of the fact, of death.
 The certainty of death disterrors death,
 Whose pang, if, felt is instant: death, for all
 Is as balsamic, as the resinous firs,
 Of wholesome Norway.—Why not, once, reflect,
 That, th' dead themselves, have no concern,
 with death,

Tho' lacerated hearts would, fain, accept
 What cordials, fancy proffers their distress,
 Th' occasion, past, recovered strength declines
 As, on the maxims of experience,
 Reason reclines her head and dries her tears.
 What flatters man, the most, men would be-
 lieve;

Yet, not, conviction, nor, belief, that makes
 One's dying, grateful—it is Nature's skill,
 In anesthetics.

'Tis Plato's dream revised, 'tis nothing, more,
 The hideous incarnations of the East,
 His inspiration: from man's ignorance
 Of matter, sprang the fiction of a soul—

It, not the body, nor a part, thereof,
 That, like a skilled musician, touched the keys
 Of every organ into harmony:
 Itself, immortal as th' immortal Gods.
 What stretch, between a Kaffir's and the skull
 Socrates dwelt in? Socrates, tho', dead,
 Seems but a lion, dead—while, zealously,
 The heavenly thinker and the vicious brute
 Had plied the bellows of life's forge, alike,
 To aims, divergent.

Birth, marriage, death, as the three cardinal
 facts,
 Of man's existence, should eschew, alike
 All vulgar ostentation: love, alone,
 Hath, here, to prove her tender offices
 As if, gold had not been—and emphasise
 Life, by its heart-throbs, not, its accidents.

Woman has come of liberty of thought,
 Much, as her consort, man hath—each to each
 The other's complement: archaic tales
 Framing few pictures of rare womanhood.
 Tho' on his gender, emphasis be laid,
 Since, it is man and woman, and not, man,
 Singly, the earth revolves for—let us hope
 From wedlock, cleaner loins, as from a tie,
 Woven, of passion, dyed, in all the hues
 Of conjugal delight—not, some frail bond,
 Tho' lawful, with no fibre, put to th' test,
 Of life's misfortunes and seductions too.

Man hath his complement of ribs complete;
 While, woman blooms, no more, a part of him:
 Distinct, as Venus and as Saturn are,
 With duties, several, as these planets have;
 With occupations, common—yet, whose sex
 May, at the peril, of dead wombs accept,
 Is man's and woman's equal fellowship.
 Man, consummate, in woman, she in man,
 Props marriage, firmly, against argument
 Destructive, of that oneness, whence, imbibe
 Both sons and daughters, filial reverence.
 Yet, marriage is a contract, nothing else,
 Sacred, to love and to the pledges, hers.
 —Pluto and Proserpine, whenever, met,
 Assure the hell, their wont, to kindle up,
 Th' occasion, trivial: where, else, proper hell,
 But in the fancy of the rhapsodist,

If, not in wedlock? Where, else, proper
heaven?

A mother, sister, daughter and a wife
Are notes of music sung, by every tongue;
Nor, had a prima donna sweetened them,
Thro' cultured execution to the ear
Of common life, that, to its native airs
Trills them, to care, a feather, or, to toil,
With stiffening thews, incited, to toil on.

True men and women seek for yet more love
Who well esteem our English heir-loom, home
That holy spot, the axis of this world.
Home, a state sacred and all spires may fall
While, still, were safe within its sanctities,
Charities, broader, than, they advertised.
The red-breast, to the Tropics, trills no lay;
An exile, from his home, in Northern climes
He waits the vernal welcome to return
To his deserted hearth-stone, and to love,
Revoice her praises, wed and multiply.
So, Love hath her own habitat: beyond
Her cherished home, the song dies on her lips,
Her cheeks do pale, while, the persistent skies
Fail to look lovely.

—What, virtuous love has done, is doing yet,
Proves the best half of history; the worst
The scandals, in her name. Fortunate man,
Who learns the key of wedlock is to treat
Love, as, still, young, as, ever, in her bloom
When, fading to much fruitage, worn and
wan:

Love, woman's sceptre, thus, compels the nod
Of Jove, a Tonans, or, a Fluvius.

—A woman's loveliness should be the fact,
She is a woman, simply; yet, alas!
A woman is the worst enigma, man's,
Or, woman's either; since, the fact of sex
Proves her capacity for motherhood,
Yet, flatly, baulks thereat.

—Gold hath the art,
To argue Beauty from his manly troth,
Whose purse is empty, rifled, or misspent.
Love spies a golden bough, alights thereon,
There, plumes her wings, thence trills her
amorous lays:

To some, the warbling, sweeter, than her wont.
Ah! shall we sigh for man, or rail, at him,
Gold, thou, ungodly god, men, so revere?

—What, beauty's power,
 We see, we feel, confess, armed, cap-a-pie
 Who, face to face, surrender: not, a rose,
 But wakes our pity, it must fade, so soon,
 And stirs us to its rescue—if by steel
 To pierce the stealthy frost. What, a rebuke
 From beauty's self, were righteousness, complete,

Seen, blushing, in her tingling puberty?
 —Beauty hath offices, love vows are hers
 Aside, from th' vantage, sight doth occupy,
 For passionate glances: not, for the scent,
 alone,

But, half, to feel them, flowers seduce the eye
 E'en, melt the frozen heart: thus, in the eye.
 Of Helen, if men stare, it doth not seem
 They e'er desried a penny's worth therein.

The wound that pained Achilles, was no stroke
 Hector dealt him, but when Patrocles fell,
 Achilles, too, was slain: friendship, betimes,
 Is what, love, ever is—two, almost one,
 Wherein, not, one, but, mathematical.

—Love proffers love, a heart so sensitive
 An insect's wing had cast a shadow there,
 Huge, as th' eclipsing moon's, on the sun's face
 Love, that withholds from love, what, love
 would know

Has suicided, to the fact, of life,
 Wherein, two lives were lately, sweetly one.
 Beauty so stirs the senses, five go mad
 To do her homage and what syllables
 Fall from the lips, fall, half, articulate,
 Young life is such a tongue-tied scarlet dunce
 Kissed, slyly, by life's captor—beauty, yet,
 Nor, with her blushes, ripe, nor with a taste
 The flavor of all excellence, in the fruit
 Hearts, daily, pant for.

—To bolt bitter grapes
 To legal manacles, lockt, daily, on
 A venal wrist, is a stale compliment
 Paid, to the loveliest name, a woman bears
 Till, merged into a sweeter holier one.
 Yet, hath young love time's glib apology
 For frequent misadventures, for oft falls
 With th' balsam of sweet hope, poured in each
 wound.

Sovereignty has been crowned, within man's
 heart,

With autocratic jewels, in each drop
 Of staunch, puissant blood, a maid, or wife

Hath vouched her fair renown for : loyalty
 Is love's own earmark, always, visible,
 Thro' all erasures : how, to well obey,
 Is love's first query, as, is soldiership's.

It seems a woman's privilege, to treat
 Man, as her debtor, whom, she honors, most,
 Oft, spurring him to payment : man reflects—
 Woman is his dear mother, his sweet wife,
 His self-upbraiding sister, to his spleen,
 So, doth confess a debt, he had not paid,
 But for such tender statutes.—Womanhood
 Takes ship with Chastity, in a frail craft,
 To cross Biscayan waters, yet, makes port,
 Despite men's jeers, who thought, to see her
 sink.

Not, always, manly in love, sexual,
 That makes, or mars man, yet to man's renown
 He doth adore a woman and, wherein,
 Bestial, to woman, is, not, man, at all.

Love, bred, to sunshine, trembles in the dark
 Famed for stilettoes, sheathed in chastity—
 Too brave to make surrender : who dare die
 So, bravely, as a woman, when, she would ?
 Yet, love will, often, argue with herself
 A problem, fatal, argued—innocent
 As, love's first blush itself, left, to resolve
 Sweetly, to continence. Lust may be love
 Turned into poison, with no flavor, thence,
 Of that sweet wine—of men and women, drank,
 Unheadached, to more thirst.

To a perverted woman, death, itself,
 A cruel reformation, seems her, best ;
 Thus, what a moral, in depravity,
 Wherein, a woman's ? Innocent and sweet,
 She was, whose lewdness is the mouth of hell :
 She to the fact of sex, a woman, still,
 So hideous, by the virtues, she has lost,
 And lives, to not regret ; a spectacle,
 Vice, in men, most depraved, had shuddered at.
 —A heart and with no image, there, of one
 She loves or hath loved, were not woman's
 heart :

She, loveless, masculine—whose sex, alone,
 Hath, in itself, no pledge of womanhood.

Woman would have that reckoning, with man
 So long denied her, on th' popular plea

Of wife or mother; as, if, motherhood
 Or, wifehood, either, could give countenance
 To a false ledger? All, she craves of man
 Is, that, the balance may be, fairly, struck.
 More womanhood were woman's policy,
 In, more, a woman, than, she ever was:
 Equality of sexes, in the fact,
 A man and woman are, distinctly, such;
 All oneness in two equal hemispheres.
 Yet, hath a woman, the same rights, as man
 Hers, the election, to assert them all,
 Or, to refrain from those, whose exercise,
 Might shiver honest hearth-stones—tho' the lin
 Dividing man and woman, be, like that,
 In mathematics, quite, impalpable.
 No woman argues, she would be a man,
 Who is a woman—in a manlier man,
 The inspiration, of her womanhood.

As, beast and bird both honored sexual love,
 With jealous reverence, ere the lecherous mar
 Debated sexual constancy—the tie
 Of single marriage, doth legitimate
 Love, in the earth and sky—exceptions, few
 To proof, that Nature spread the nuptial bet
 And to its stainless sheets, escorted Love.

Chastity wins no laurels, save, wherein,
 The better, of temptation, notably.
 A woman's honor, breathed on, of men's lips
 Were stained, albeit, stainless. Yet it seems,
 A woman's honor, priceless, hath a price,
 As, custom urges: against Chastity,
 No weapon, but, were laid, till woman drops
 The shield of her pure thoughts, to toy, awhile
 With capering lust, in an Apollo, shrined.

A woman, made, if, of a woman's dregs
 Were, but, a stale decoction; nothing, there,
 Of th' innocent flavor of her maidenhood.

—Kisses drip

Their honey, o'er love's wounds, so artfully,
 They gape for medication: by retreat
 From the world's stare, thrives virtue, brave to
 wed

Th' espoused earth, her orbit, liberty.
 —Ah! what so sweet as is a maiden's blush,
 Unless the kiss that seals her lover's own,
 When troth is plighted? Ha! love's, thrice
 as sweet

As from the windward of distress, is shed
 Odors, o'er June's aromas, eminent,
 To bottle, sealed, against adversity.

Love, ever, seeks for love a crucial test,
 That blends two blushes, or one blush shall
 mar;

Proves, by two kisses, if, one kiss defiles,
 Remitting speech, to silence, silence speaks
 Love hath so, often, felt, what words are
 worth,

Dissects a smile, evaporating tears,
 Till a brisk, cleansing shower has purged her
 bed.

—Who, in the morning, weds,
 Elects a rose, whereof, no perverse wind
 Apprises him its scent has wantoned free,
 In th' nostrils of dishonor: love, at noon,
 Hath doubtful warrant of the passionate God—
 But, what, on th' verge of manhood? Well-a-
 day!

—What venal gossips be the sighing winds,
 What sorcery, in moonbeams? Aye, what
 shame
 From Sappho, downward, scarlet, from the
 bays,

Fanning the brow of Venus, cold as ice,
 That locks the poles, if, love, be, but, a fact
 Of merchandise and not, that oracle,
 Whose priestess, Nature, to no lapses, errs;
 Who, of no bribe, were, false, to honesty?

—As, if, the glorious cordial, labelled Love,
 Must sour, in musty phials, till the leech
 Uncorks them, to perverted appetite?
 Love is that secret, broken to the heart
 In th' dewey dawn—yet, not till mid-day
 scents

The air with frank confession: love, a dream
 Buds into passion; thence, to early fruit,
 Blushing with laden boughs to the four winds
 Of duty, sweet allegiance, charity,
 With all-o'ercoming chastity, to clinch
 Love's tendrils, climbing—for there be no
 height

Love may not challenge, and no soil's too thin
 For love to thrive in.

—A woman's heart has been a Caesar's prize—
 If, to another Caesar, it were, still,
 A prize to capture and, therewith, to treat



For terms, of non-abasing servitude.
 If, no explosive in a magazine
 As fatal, as the mischief, from her heart,
 So, if no serpent, with her subtlety,
 When, woman would be vile—her argument
 For life is braver, than man, ever, makes
 In her supreme endurance; in her kiss
 That had remitted sins, the grace of God
 Had looked askance at: to whose purity,
 The priceless jewel, of all womanhood,
 Man's coarser passions, so refine themselves,
 Till what, in man, is manly, lovable,
 Hath woman's seal on.

Two drops of water are not two drops, still,
 When they have met together and so, love
 Doth unify a man's and woman's flesh,
 Whereon, the State stands, squarely; to the
 lair,
 Or, to the nest, appeal is, never, made
 For plural marriage—there, the law's divine,
 One male shall with one female, sweetly, wed.

Love, strikes, like lightning, always, when it
 strikes;
 Where, it may strike, who knows, ere, it hath
 struck?
 Such pranks, it plays with hearts, no sophistry
 Hath, yet, been able to convince a heart,
 What a mistake, it makes, to love, amiss;
 Since voluntary love's a counterfeit
 Of th' ringing coin, so rare, its price rules high,
 With numismatics.

—Commerce seeks a port
 Within the harbor of a woman's heart,
 Where, ride, at anchor, gallant merchantmen,
 Unlading to her love: a woman's heart
 Is the one theme, tho' hackneyed, ever, new
 Whose simile, is, best, astronomy,
 A science, never, done.

—Why should the stigma rest on woman, yet
 That, in the first of women, she first sinned,
 And, then, enticed her spouse to share her sin?
 Why cast in woman's teeth, the fact of death
 The cause of all life's woes, late, popular?
 Or, e'en to patronize her as—the sex,
 In that, she is a woman—she, to man,
 The immediate Source, he sprang from?—Let'
 have done,
 With the perplexing fable and kiss her,

The tempted—not, the tempter.

—Love is a sweet emotion to a smile,
Or, a caress, responsive: love, the wight
That empties all the treasures of two hearts;
Each, gently, in the other, and withdraws
Scarlet, as having done some foolish act.
Love wantons, when, estraying, from the heart,
To take the lusty senses, in her arms;
That nameless charm, dispelled, from th' nether
heaven

Love peoples, with her saints, in spotless white.

—Love, her mistake,
If, harder, to correct, than, to endure,
May veil her wound, behind a radiant smile:
Yet, th' heart is, quite, untravelled, that main-
tains

It cannot love another, having loved.

—Life with its habits, fixt, Love undertakes
Too much, would she reform it, after troth,
Is plighted and vows said: repentance comes
To the crushed heart, too late, that, to a pledge
Of reformation, or to ardent hope,
Love may heal other lapses, than, love's own,
Ventures, on wedlock.

—Woman hoped
From Greece and Rome, for parity, with man,
Who, scarcely, in the Orient, looked beyond,
A horizon of traffic in her flesh,
As, in a camel's. Nomad womanhood
Was woman, semi-barbarous, her arm
What strength, her lazy liege lacked in his own,
Or, feigned to lack, therein; her chastity,
His, to augment his herds with—his, much
wived

To cast aside to his satiety.

A woman, wed, the peer of many wives;
To some bond-woman, comelier, scarce, a peer.
A theocratic marriage ran the Jew's,
When woman drew the water for her lord,
To bathe his feet with or to slake his thirst;
Who, having browsed his camels, watered them,
Her duty, gently, done.—Not woman, thus,
As, th' nomad bred her, when the Roman had
Imprest his manlier virtues on mankind,
Producing Roman matrons, of whose fame,
Time shall not sicken. So, was woman stirred
To aspiration, by the force of Rome,
In womanless Judea, that inspired
Woman, with zeal for man's companionship,
Ere, had the gentle Christ permitted her

The common bliss of heaven.

—Christ gave audience,
With leave t' repent, a woman, who had
sinned—

How, could this be, yet, stones, to cast at her,
So plenty, in Judea? Manifest,
Woman had, but, the privilege, to be,
Aside, from pious cant, in Israel:
Her terms of life, man's own. Christ if, he
spake

To Magdalene, bidding her, take heart,
Spake, with a whiff, from pagan Greece or
Rome

Fresh, in his nostrils—tho' the pity, his,
His, the compassion, who found woman, chained,
And dropt his tears upon her manacles.
Israel, tho', theocratic, to one God,
To many, Egypt—yet, the Egyptian held
Woman, in honor, for her sex, itself;
For worth, exceptional, Hebraic pens,
Surprised, may laud a woman—of whose sex,
Of all, in myth, or, story, eminent,
Found, in Chaldaic-Hebrew chronicles,
The fingers of two hands were, in excess.
Six thousand years ago, along the Nile,
Woman was queen within the realm of love.
The knelt Egyptian vowed, whate'er, he had,
Or, might have, thence, all, for her love to
yield:

To forfeit all, to honest wedlock, false;
While, he exchanged his own, for her sweet
name.

But, when the Arab vented Egypt, scorn
For that within her lovable and true,
Woman fell under him, a slave, and there
She lies, impassive, yet. Woman is not
An outcome of Christianity, of brains,
When, voted to man's side: in all time past,
Culture and brains, where, wanting, woman
fell.

The Zend-Avesta shuts the maid, in hell,
E'en, to the resurrection, who declines
At eighteen years, to wed: woman, therein,
A wife or felon. Zoroaster, still,
Hath staunch supporters: the God Eros thrives,
Tho' Hymen suggests hell, to wedlock, man's,
Or, woman's, denied love.
—Fidelity in marriage, seldom, springs,
Of infidelity, in pairing time;

Of wedlock, had against the grain of love :
 No, less, absurd, in man, than, in the wren,
 Or, turtle, to wed, falsely.

—Love is the single obstacle, that gold
 Hath not surmounted : if, so competent
 To solemnize the nuptials of two hands,
 Two distant hearts, unwed—'tis, yet, so vain,
 As, to believe, that golden links had held
 Hearts, restive, back from shame. All that's
 divine

In wedlock, must be love ; love, absent, then,
 Marriage, the flippant lie, so, often heard,
 Repeated, at the altar : home must be
 A word, with pathos in it, to his ear,
 And hers who founded it, and have, therein,
 Cradled, a pledge of peace. Tho', love may not,
 A child shall read the human heart, aright,
 And where, it finds a bed of daffodils
 There it shall, sweetly, nestle : innocence
 Is like the sounding lead, that with the ooze
 Of the deep sea enchants philosophy.
 The quality of man's and woman's love
 Lies in endurance ; in the strain, it bears,
 As, honest metal had. Passion may crown,
 But, prudence and discretion prop the throne
 Of common wedlock : wed, who live, to love,
 Shall love to live, and had not, otherwise.
 Yet, love is but half, sentiment and half,
 Hard rigorous logic, that must, day by day,
 Argue, how many footfalls, how much sweat,
 How many strokes, by a brave, brawny arm,
 Material comfort may exact from him,
 Who, his, a wife, with sons and daughters, his.
 Why, should Love on her bridal lavish, more,
 Than on her larder and for Fashion's sake,
 Endure a querulous stomach ? Love, with
 bread,

Is, far, less vulgar, than, pretention seems,
 In that world's captious eye, half, the world
 lives

'T attract, to please, to captivate, to win.

—Christendom, tho' the soil of womanhood,
 Woman's, the flower, of public liberty.

—The power of prayer seems to the pious East
 In frequent iteration : thus the Jew
 Prayed, often, and prayed, long—and still, the
 East

Prone, to her gods and constant, in her prayers,
 Thro' a breath-saving trick, the piety

Of running water, hath theology
 Concluded, by the ablest water-wheel.
 —Such light, has Asia shed on human weal,
 Salvation to a third of all men, born,
 Is to repeat—OM-MANU-PADUA-HUM.
 One-third of man drones in the Bo-tree's shade,
 One-third bends toward Mecca : of the rest,
 Some scale the skies with ladders of their own,
 While, others are resolved, to wait for God.
 All Vegas are, alike, the work of man :
 Wherein, inspired, of genius : which is, best ?
 That cult, a man is born to, tho', the worst.
 Restore the pillory and stand, therein,
 Daily, the dreamy anchorite, whose God
 Must wait, to scourge, not, bless, his indolence :
 Idleness, hell to any subterfuge
 Of stranded sanctity, dead, to that Sea,
 Life rides with steadfast helm. Reason suspects
 The earth is her true habitat and crowns
 Herself, its master ; conscious, she is weak,
 Yet, with no regent, pending infancy,
 She gropes her way to fitness, absolute.
 —When drones fulfil their office, drones are
 slain,
 Indolence denied favor : anchorites,
 Dead to this life, interred, had spared man's
 crib.
 God is not charmed with one, of all the stripes,
 Men hope to enter heaven by—as, if, welts,
 Thick, on a sluggard's back, were evidence
 Of righteous living ?—To interpret God,
 Make not, of Him, the Monster, man had been
 If, made a God of : assume that, divine,
 Which starts with reason, but outstrips her,
 soon,
 Thence, unattended.
 —Light abrogates all treaties, made in th' dark
 Break with Tradition and shake hands, with
 man :
 A sweeter song is on the lips of men,
 Than, life to mortify, 'tis life to heal.
 Why, any hateful secret, in man's past,
 He must pry into, to exonerate
 His life, from future pangs—so manifest,
 Man is, but, mortal—lack of diligence,
 In life's vocation, whose peculiar crime ?
 No soul, to save, concludes the joys of heaven ;
 No soul, to damn, had quenched the fires of hell.
 Man is not standing at the Gate of Heaven,
 Searching his pocket, for the obolus,

Of his admission; nor, at hell's broad gate,
 Wan, wrangling with the porter, what, the
 bribe,
 Had shut denial, on the curse of God,
 Who had stood there, till, squalor, rags and
 tears

Were met with scowls and flings at either gate.
 —Death has no terrors: 'tis a pagan myth
 That armed death with a dart and conjured up
 When he doth launch it, nameless agonies.
 A world of courage—a world void of fear;
 A world of courage—a world filled with joy;
 A world of courage—a world filled with thrift;
 A world of courage—a world filled with God.
 This planet, curst, man curst it; man, if
 damned,

His lips pronounced damnation.

—How sweet the earth had been, how beautiful,
 Enjoyed, as Nature's bounty—not, with th' air
 Tainted of demons, said t' inhabit it:
 Nor, its rich herbage, withering to the curse
 Of an angry Deity?—for to such straits
 Man's lack of reason drove him, to account
 For evil, man's own product, as to himself:
 Since, man's, the passions of the tiger cat,
 More reason, his, to curb them: what is found
 Mysterious, in man's nature?—that, he thinks
 Profounder, than a dog doth; who, made o'er,
 To th' pattern of pure reason, had dismissed
 All damned superstition, utterly.

—In the near view of death, Nature dissolves
 Th' enchantment of life, gently; gives the will
 No longer, function; and both sinking mind
 And memory, cordials with forgetfulness,
 As, sweet and easy sleep reports to Death—
 He, with the o'erpeopling earth, full, in his eye,
 To slip his eager dart.

—A human Christ is th' Christ of reason sought
 In, not, a pagan, nor, a mythic Christ.
 Christianity should drop her stilts and walk
 Human, in every peasant, born, to-day,
 Thus, to exalt her lowly origin:

The spirit of whose ethics and good-will
 Has passed into the mass of common life,
 While, Organised Power is left behind;
 Christ, but the incident of ghostly sway,
 Without, a witness; tho' the heart of man
 Throbs, with the Godlike Man of Galilee.
 A wave, like Fundy's, man's recovered sense
 Shall swamp, his trim delusions, in all seas,

Sailing as jocund feathers, ride the wind,
 As, valorous flies, the sunbeams.—Man excels,
 But, to th' assumption, man transcends all facts
 Himself, the past, the present, the to be.
 A good man doth his duty—he is vile
 Who shirks his duty: herein, manhood's sign,
 And with all togas, obsolete, the fact,
 Shall be, in vogue, forever. On that day
 Religion 's human, man shall grow divine:
 Dethroned fancy, thence, a farthingale
 May brandish, for a sceptre.

O, for a flash
 Of Light, so common, all men had cried—God!
 So, clearly, revelation.—What is Light?
 Who know, who think, they know? That, by
 the sun,
 Such, an enigma; that, from man's own brain,
 A series, of surprises?
 —Hath man put on the boards, a drama yet,
 God, in his private box, had sat t' enjoy?
 Nay, never, never, yet. So, in what kirk
 Or grave cathedral, odorous of myrrh,
 Its arches, strained to music, midst the pomp
 Of mitred prelates, hooded priests, with wax
 Flaming, to alleluiahs, hath God stood,
 Enraptured, of such worship? Where, a heart
 Is bursting He may hear each heart-string snap,
 With clear report, as, when, his heaviest guns
 Surprise man's slumbers—on whose auricle
 Sounds, rapturous music, to man's tympanum,
 Fall, flatly, silence. All, the argument
 For pomp is to impress man, thro' the eye:
 The cost whereof, in alms, had worshipt God.
 Reason has made confession of what faults
 Have, half, dethroned her, since man's eyes
 have sunk
 His fortunes, deeper, than his treasure ships,
 Foundered, in mid-Atlantic. Wisdom, first,
 Must blindfold man, to teach him, how, to see:
 Who, with his eyes turned, inward, may remark
 Himself, within him, truly, there, complete;
 Him, by th' natural eye, tho' entertained,
 As, man, but an illusion: thus, to know
 Man, were to gauge him, justly; sight, no more,
 A factor in opinion, prompt, to turn
 Informer, against virtue: nor, man's eyes,
 Th' inviting doors, seductions enter by,
 To swerve him, to injustice, or to cheat
 His reason, of her mastership—thenceforth,
 To enervate the marrow of his bones.

No faith were kept between man's intellect
 And worn-out fables, or man's lechery,
 That gives each bestial instinct gilded sway,
 O'er starved and festering realms. Th' Orient
 sleeps,

And Europe may seize, gently, by the tail,
 The pious polecat, whisking, her, afar.
 'T escape infection—if impossible
 By any chemic art, of Europe, had
 To disinfect the East and draw her nigh.
 Europe as pagan and barbarian
 Has a tumultuous history, and, yet,
 The drama, with the Moslem—manifest
 An Arab, housed, who for the desert pines.
 Rome's a stiletto, while the Turk's a spear,
 Thrust, in the loins of Europe, half, withdrawn.
 Her Kings not such as in the Reign of Faith,
 The garlic in whose breath, was of the toe
 That often damaged Europe's jewelry:
 But, wiser realms have seated wiser Kings
 Tolerant of tradition, to insure
 Its peaceful exit, to unmenaced thrones.

—Who were not brave
 If, to a braver chief, whose continence,
 Conserves true courage, by evoking it,
 But, to his perilous need?—O, what a realm
 O, what a throne, if common sense were King,
 If, common sense allegiance: each, so mad,
 So, shocked, at th' other's madness.

—No decree,
 Flashed by gunpower, therefore, no renown
 Stood, on its oracles, hath history
 To sponsor it, to glory: when, a crown
 Poisons his brow who wears it, till no leech
 Hath medication—down th' ancestral vault
 With what a thud, its record? But, to teach
 A subject to revere him, to make room,
 In the King's heart, for all; no jostling, there;
 Do any starve, to ask, before he sleeps;
 Shall any rise before me, to despair:
 Do any weep, to silence, as they weep—
 I must bestir myself, nor, think, to sleep
 In th' midst of such alarms—that King had sat,
 To all kings' envy: by what masked door,
 Shall the assassin enter? So, what ear,
 Treason find, prickt?

The theory of Europe, late, but faith,
 In her traditions, Europe hath revised.
 Statecraft appears the genius of the hour,

Spring, whence, it may, revered. So faith
 herself
 Who crowned and uncrowned kings, has come
 at last,
 To play the jester, to king's armaments,
 With auspices, hailed, not, in the flight of
 birds,
 Nor, in a current pontifex; her purse,
 To th' Hebrew's pledge of, oft, replenishment,
 To provocation, war; constrained, to peace,
 By the entreaties, of her industry,
 By the prosperity, of common life,
 That holds a king's crown on, and props his
 throne.

'Tis physical geography that drains
 The purse of Europe: Nature may have made
 Her map for Common Empire, less concern
 For Nationalities, than cereals,
 In her economy—past dynasties
 Whose purpose striding, her autochthons seem
 Supreme, in theirs, while incidents of hers.
 An island, cleft, if by a frith, in twain,
 Were subject to geography, despite
 The legislation of five thousand years;
 So boundless plains, no mountain hedgerows
 slice

Into convenient pasturage, imply
 Much rivalry, in arms, to shepherd them.
 Who dare predict, what every prophet would,
 Guns, scoured of rust, shall be museumed yet,
 To beatific Ages, possible?
 Liberty is no abstruse theorem,
 To solve by mathematics; is, alike,
 To all conditions, and is, always, life
 Found, better, wiser, cleaner, wealthier, hers
 Than, when, another's—to which article
 Time hath subscribed; yet, wisely, adds
 thereto,

No man is born, so free, he may do wrong.
 Latium gave laws to Europe and to man:
 Yet, by the Baltic and the Danube, sprang
 The hardy vine, affecting Cliff and Crag,
 Natural, to life masculine, that buds.
 Prior to culture—yet, may cast much fruit
 To uncouth mammals, that foreshadow men
 To hopeful reason's virile tutorship.
 Europe, herself, imprisoned, charmed, with the
 vine,
 Trailed it, around her feudal palaces,
 Whence, it displays rich clusters, temptingly.

Sheltered, from Asia's scorn and Africa's.

—Europe's growth

Is, of the Roman, in the Goth; the last

Refining into culture, as, the lust

For conquest, dies, in leisurely esteem,

For hearthstones, sacred.

Once, Scipio, arraigned, made no defense,

But, bade the Romans, to the Capitol,

To offer thanks, to the Immortal Gods,

Since, he, that day, just twenty years, ago,

Met Hannibal and Carthage fell, to Rome:

And thro' the cheers of Rome passed Scipio,
quit.

A brilliant exploit, by its eloquence,

Thus, argues, down, what foibles, afterwards,

Had soiled its lustre.

—Fought, their first battle, horse and foot, alike

May boast of courage—since yet maiden nerve

Of, stains a hero, with a coward's flight.

Valor is courage made, historical.

Think, of great Frederick spurring, in affright,

From his first field, a field, victorious;

Such, the slim promise, of performance, his.

Stung, by the rowels of his father's hate,

He made a kingdom, of what, Prussia was,

By added soil and doubled polls and chiuks

The silver, in his pocket, he had left:

Disdaining pomp, lived, of frugality

Emulous, thence—and, thus, enriched his realm:

Wound, in the linen, of his valet, dead—

Of Europe's kings, who, greater?—few, as great.

Napoleon liberated thrones, he shook.

In self-sustaining crowns, Europe shall sway

Delighted realms—in th' breadth and width
thereof,

A brotherhood of men, not, brothers, born,

But, dearer brothers, to their common weal

When, with her gold, the Church shall serve
the State,

Who where she could not man destroy, hath
not,

Where she could, wholly, ruin man, who ha'

Whence, are the flaws no lapidary's eye

Detects in Europe's jewels? whence, the blood

That stains her signets, but, of avarice,

In the name of Him, uncovetous, whose crown

Was thorns, whose throne, his sandals are
men's hearts,

His kingdom, or, no kingdom?
 —Fitness springs from responsibility;
 Tho' his traditions palsy him, who sits
 Facing man, medieval, or, man, scared,
 As, Asia scared him: so such liberty
 Sprouts, by the Alps, or, Andes, native, there
 As, never, bloomed, on Asiatic soil.
 Whence, whose, a bosom with reluctant joy,
 In resurrected Italy—her throne
 Squared, to the sabres that cemented her,
 Italian steel, whet by the rights of man?
 She had a Senate in Mazzini's brain,
 In Garibaldi, rowels for the flanks
 Of lesser heroes—whence, Italia, whole
 As to Augustus.—Yet, within those walls
 Where, Caesar's and where, Pompey's triumph
 gleamed
 With the spoils of captured provinces, for
 Rome,
 The climax, of her marvels, ought to be
 A prodigy, of manhood, to the wand
 Of the arch-juggler freedom—to whose feats
 The stones of Rome are sacred.—Liberty,
 While, not, a fact, of Rome, half, realized,
 Yet, she divined its purpose, in her laws,
 Which, as, she sank, she held, aloft, and flung
 To th' winds of heaven, to rescue, and they did.
 Italy's freedom lies, in Latium's scorn
 Of ghostly menace, first, tho' afterwards
 In reason, fulgent: liberty is like
 To running water—yet the man must thirst
 Who drinks, with zest, the sweetest rivulet
 The fact, of freedom is the act, of light:
 Wherefore, more light—while, its extinguishers
 Be these incorporate fiends, for instant pains,

Tho', Venice casts no jewel in the sea
 To wed the Adriatic, nor a quay
 Groans to her commerce, Venice is as sweet
 As, in her youthful spousals; she, a wife
 With an unfaithful partner in the spouse,
 Whose vows sank down the deep, what time
 the waves
 Swampd the bride's dowry: and, yet, liberty
 Seems, but, the glow-worm, of the Middle Age
 From Venice, to Genoa, as, her mate,
 Flashing love's signals.
 Thrice, in seven centuries, was Janus shut,
 War, late, man's occupation and is, yet,

With frequent truces to recover breath,
 Inspect and furbish arms: true, as God lives
 The peace, of nations, bears no other sense,
 Than, readiness for war. No plea, for lint,
 Albeit, were frozen, by—whose bayonet?
 Humanity is, broader, e'en, than, the lust
 Of power, or conquest: who had, even, said—
 Should dragons fight, let no leech dress their
 wounds—

No pangs, too, sharp, too horrible for these,
 Nor, death, too instant?

Death doth, not lay man's purposes, to heart,
 Nor, ask men—what their pleasure: it is theirs,
 T' anticipate his ravages and salve
 Each wound he deals and re-adjust their lives,
 To changed conditions. Tho', philosophy
 Muse, nibbling, oft, her pen; tho', faith, her
 hands

May wring, unduly—let us sing, of death,
 As, if, that factor, which, in problems, man's,
 Hath man, at clear advantage, in the doubt,
 Of when, and where—less painful, otherwise,
 Unless, in life, ere noon, stretched, on the bier:
 As, witness Him born, second, to a throne,
 Who, born, a yeoman, were, for manhood,
 crowned,

Faint, by the bridal, ere, his vows were said:
 To Nature's indiscriminating stroke
 Dead, with the kiss of England on his brow:
 Fallen, before his Sire; dead, ere Her reign,
 The boast of Britain, closed: what argument,
 For years, still, Hers; for life, in Him, her Son,
 To reign, the pride of Britain's line of kings,
 For preparation, in a third, to sit
 A throne, unchallenged.—Isled, to unity,
 Great Britain hath no option, to repent:
 Her crown must fit the Indies, cap the Isles
 Of the Pacific—e'en, its continents;
 Where, by the Pole, men hope, endue its frost,
 With expectation.

Paris, erewhile, was France, but, Frenchmen
 are:

Each olive grove, each patch of Gall'e soil,
 A fortress, whence, French freedom, if, assailed,
 Had been defended. It were blasphemous,
 To boast—I am the State, her guillotine
 If, within earshot: while, to broadening
 thought,

Increasing wealth and common equity,
 Not, Anglo-Saxon freedom, tho', of kin,
 France trains to climb the willing Pyrenees.
 France is retrieving what she, erst, did ill,
 Ere, she her Phrygian cap had quite drawn on.
 No bat, in Europe, but descries in France,
 Gains, on the score of freedom—liberty,
 Late, a conceit, the fact a Frenchman is.
 France, hers, no word for home, is home itself,
 To th' eye that greets her landscape, realized;
 Home, thrice impressive, as a nameless fact.
 —Beyond the Pyrenees, chivalric Spain,
 Who gave to human nature, what she found
 Challenging Western seas—and Portugal
 Patient, four centuries, have ascertained
 How vast, their stake, in the world's gratitude.
 —Helvetia clomb the Alps to liberty:
 Then, with a cable made her Cantons fast,
 Each, to the other, all, to th' Galenstock.
 —Belgium, if, Europe's battle ground, hath
 snatched
 The spoils, herself, and turns to culture peace.
 —Norway and Sweden, wed, than, hint divorce,
 Had, rather, widened, each, the marriage bed.
 —South, of the Baltic, on th' historic plain,
 Whereof, geology had, if, she would,
 Disclose some curious secrets—politics
 Demand perpetual genius: policy
 With pontoon bridges, oft, may span the gulf,
 Genius had drained, presenting it, the State,
 Aglow, with harvests. Unity, the key
 To her renown, dawned, late, lest premature,
 On Europe's fortunes. Germany hath bound
 In one ripe sheaf, Teutonic liberties;
 An empire, for a feudal monarchy.
 —Austria and Hungary have joined their hands,
 One, to increasing freedom, in pursuit
 Of joint advantage.—As to Russia's eye,
 There's not an eagle from the Ural's crags,
 Pursues his quarry, swifter, than doth it,
 Slavonic unity.
 —Bavaria eyes from Munich thro' the bronze,
 Of captured guns, her peaceful, thrifty realm.
 —Land, of the Kimri, of the Goth, whereof,
 History unfolds marvels, Denmark lifts
 Her Scandinavian genius, to the eye
 Of Europe, in Thorwaldsen, while, in arms,
 Her genius reflects glory on the Dane,
 To industry, who traineth either hand,
 Her commerce crowding sail, for subject isles.

—The Netherlands may watch the ebb and flow
Of Europe, with composure, sprung, of faith
In their own skill to dike the surging sea,
In their own sons, to-day, their blood, who
tipped

The scale of battle, at Pharsalia.

Fitness, to reign, is the one right, a king
Hath to a sceptre; birthright, profitless,
To argue kingship, home:—for light has cleft
The harness of the knight and the monk's cowl
Lies interred, with it, in lit sepulchres—
Memorials, to man's vision, of his late
Bleared, rheumy eyesight.—Europe were content,

Hers, peace, with half her arsenals and forts,
To sprinkle her delight, on gala-days,
In harmless salvos—half, her rowels, rust,
Her armor, in museums. Light affects
A bludgeon, with which, Nature, kindly,
whacks

Her stupid products, soundly—who, when sight
Shall, thence, surprise them, find their ridgy
backs,

Betray, how many welts, it costs, to see.
Smart blows, with ethics, th' immaculate
plume,

Worn, in his helmet, stood man, where, he
stands.

Muscular strength, wherein, the lion plumes
Himself, or, python—to a barbarous age,
Appeared, in man, the favor of the gods;
Yet, strength dwells, in his thoughts, less in his
thews,

Who, mastered, by his thoughts, were riderless.

—China preserves

Confucian wisdom, so inviolate,
She, to the light of its philosophy,
Has stood, thro' many centuries and stands,
Just, as unshaken, still—without a vice,
In council, or, in function, adequate,
To split her fortunes: thus, renowned Cathay
Holds, fast, her throne, th' immaculate gift of
Heaven,

Whose Son doth sit it, with celestial fire
Hedging Mongolian unity; her walls
Crumbling, before Confucian masonry.
China, as the queen of Asia, casts her crown
At th' feet of learning; all her ministers
Steept, to the eyes, in vats, of scholarship,

Ere, wielding batons, in th' eye of th' crown.
 Her freedom is the Orient's, which, the West,
 Hath not conditions, meet for, and declines
 To liberty, man, several; in the mass,
 To th' Western mind, man, scarce, conceivable.
 The secret of Cathay is to ignore
 All, not Confucian, and to stereotype
 Her annals with him, whereby, unity.
 China affects Confucius, wherein, false,
 To science, wherein, true—a wilfulness
 She wields a sceptre, still, unsplintered, to.

—Not in religion, in morality
 The secret, of the rise and fall of power.
 Rome, to the classic gods had, yet, been Rome,
 But, that, the morals of the gods, were false:
 China endures, in whose, not pleasure smiles,
 As, in the Latin gods, in virtue's stead.
 The West stares at her empire, yet the blush
 Is not for China, who astounds mankind
 In that, each peasant may, in all her realm,
 Weigh his own brain against the throne, itself,
 In her own scales, adjusted, to a hair.
 The mind of man, preserved, inviolate,
 Is China's Pallas, fallen, from the skies;
 Whose honor is, she honors man, the most,
 Of all the cultured nations of mankind;
 Whose, if a blunder, 'tis a charming one,
 To have invested all she hath, in brains.
 Not, in that States were pagan, did they fail
 To eternize their fortunes—lost, to lack
 Of faith, in reason, to effeminate thews;
 To both, conjointly. China hath the key
 To her longevity, and holds it, fast,
 Survivor, both of Attica and Rome,
 Belike, of Egypt—one of every three,
 Born to the planet, China takes, in hand;
 Who, in a temper, of true equity,
 Which, wholly, human, men may hail, divine,
 Commits her fortunes, to the intellect,
 That proves the clearest: numbers do not tell,
 Not, e'en, four hundred millions against one,
 And that one, the pariah of her realm,
 Be he, the wisest, in it.—Even, He,
 Fabled, from Heaven, who sits her storied
 throne,
 Sits, subject, to the censorship, of men,
 Renowned for wisdom as for honesty;
 Theirs, to instruct, or, chide the Son of Heaven.
 —China is dreaming, on her laurels, had,

Who should be plucking fresh ones: hers, the
zeal

With scholarship, undoubted, to achieve
Whatever, reason may: Confucius, hers,
Hers, Mencius—but, man, since, with all his arts,
These, hers, to seize and to ennoble, hers,
By genius, tho' half proven, unexcelled.
—Japan is marching westward, valiantly:
In her stirred brain, a pledge of amity,
As th' Westerns gauge it; while, her genius
throbs

With all the West would stake its fortunes on;
Art, too, with her, aggressive; intellect
Would, seek, with China, honor, for itself,
As, nowhere else, excelled: while, in each vein
Her blood, with instinct, ever, insular,
Prompts to adventure, to companionship
With all the Ages, in the Powers, that be.
Land, of the Rising Sun, her countless isles,
Seem, as, if, lately, risen from the sea,
Who, in a score, of years, by forward strides,
Her annals, immemorial, puts to the blush;
Training her sons, to Western Liberty,
To Western slavery, the elements.

Like Egypt and like China, Persia stood,
Conspicuous, when, the annals, of the sphere,
To Time's short-winded memory, begins.
Persia, herself, the essence, source and soul
Of all theology—what hath she left
But, the counters of her players?—She has been
Whate'er, of elder nations, coveted,
Who turns her eyes, as, ever, on the sun
Half, fitly, too, for who hath, yet, defined
That, styled a sunbeam?—While, no man has
yet,

Rode, by the sun, but, in a telescope.

—Persia waits,
Has, almost, bidden Western thrift—Come in:
Her mind, historic, hers, ancestral loins
The boast of Asia.—What, to countenance
And, yet, retain traditions, that report
To Zoroaster, is her privilege,
E'en, o'er the Moslem, striving for her throat:
Since, the arts of locomotion and of speech,
By Western genius, Persia would were, hers,
Whose future partakes freedom, in the West,
When, Reason boasts an ensign of her own—
Flung down the Andes, Alps and Pyrenees,
Blown down the Urals and the Apeunines.

In half his States the Mongol's heart revolves
Round the Grand Llama, while, in all its
throbs,

Allegiance to his faith; in half, a prayer,
To his innumerable saints: if, gravity
Had lost its function, Nature had found here,
Its moral parallel. Most cleverly,
Religion, as a halter, swings men, off,
From any scaffold, with a conscience, clear;
Belief, to cowardice, whate'er men fear;
To courage, what, men dare.

—If, India
Should Westernize her thews and give her gods
Convenient exit—hers, the privilege
To thrive, to English premises; a fact
Once, she had realized, there had not been
Enough seduction in the lotos, thence,
To win her back, to India, as she is.
India wafts cheer to Asia in the flag
Of Britain, flying o'er her: manhood, grown
By the icy North, is so unlike that, dipt,
In th' sacred Ganges, 'tis for argument,
If, both, could be made one: yet, liberty,
In any tongue, is that so pregnant word,
Gestation o'er, a babe leaps from its womb:
And England to her Asiatic realm
Discourses orient problems, scarce, in th' tones,
Caught, by the ears of Yorkshire Englishmen.

Asia presents her mountains, with their roots
As deep as ever, and her valleys, washed
By the rivers, her faith bathes in, with a zeal
That turns their currents, turbid—yet, her arts
Smack, more, of indigestion, than, of nerve,
A wholesome stomach genders: faith appears
Reading time backward, but, a clumsy trick
Transparent, as pure water.

—Uncultured leisure is but murdered time.
Asia, in dreamy contemplation, sits
Where, she sat, forty centuries ago,
In eremite, in anchorite, in priest,
Her nameless vermin, sacred to her faith;
Indolent, pious, thriftless, immobile.
Should Asia drop her beads and kill her fleas,
Metempsychosis, routed, in the act—
A Faith of forty centuries, had set,
The Light of reason risen in its stead.

—What, tradition is,
Behold, in Asia, with a sting, therein,
Perpetual palsy. Error, never, dies,

Where, truth, has, never, sprouted; sun and
soil,

With no persuasives, to do, otherwise,
Than, make, prolific, each accursed vine,
Whose fruit is poison.—Contemplation means

To look facts, in their faces; pious joy,
In stalwart purpose, making, for man's weal.

—The flagellant commits the very crime,
For which his back should bleed, the fact, it-
self,

Of having scarified his flesh at all.

If, fast and penance could drive Asia, back,

To occupy her senses, she has had

Of pains enough. What, then, may, yet, re-
store

The zealot, to her senses, unless, steam,

Or, an electric current whisk her round

Her slumbrous continent, till every hair

Sprouts, from her shaven crown: in every hair

A thought, or purpose, of th' heroic West,

In every hair, man's own mortality—

The problem, life t' escape, not found, so hard?

Who, even, stirs a rubbish heap, wherein,

God may not flash in some uncovered gem?

So, thro' man's sacred books, a casual gleam

Of wisdom, may hint God, in honoring man.

—Make light of fear, as fear makes light of
thee,

The game, O, Asia—bluff.

Africa, wasting, since, imperial Rome,

With pestilent fevers—frantic, cries, for help,

From all her jungles; gold and ivory

Casting, ingenuous, at all Europe's feet:

Her plea, for light—her soil, itself, for light.

Reflect, O, Europe, thou wert Barbary,

While, Africa had lit, to th' Middle Age

A torch, that hath restored thee, to thyself.

—What enigma, this

E'en Isabella's jewels haste to solve?

Spain had an empty coffer, but, for these,

Whose flash of scorn, well, nigh, replenished it:

Nor, had Columbus sailed, or, not, from Spain

But, for the epoch, by her jewels, made.

Ten thousand crowns, besides, three caravels—

Is not Columbus, mad, and Isabel?

Half, thought so Ferdinand, with Arragon,

As, he, who pushing France-ward, on an ass,

To Isabella's plea, retraced his steps,





QUEEN ISABELLA.

To snatch a precious jewel, for Spain's brow,
 She may not lose, to any accident,
 Its blaze, as constant as the polar star's.
 Four centuries, ago, Queen Isabel
 Had pledged her jewels to a mariner's
 Conceit, of nearer India: thence the crown
 Of Leon and Castile, flashed with more gems,
 Than, tears Columbus shed t' ingratitude,
 Who, neither, found Cipango, nor Cathay,
 Yet, stood upon the threshold of a world,
 Flung, wide, the door, when, in a sailor slept,
 And scratched his name upon a window pane.
 Vext, all the manhood of the ages, since,
 That, he who died, in irons, to his zeal
 For man, failed, of a namesake, in a sphere.
 Yet, he, whose chains, were with his corse, in-
 terred

Has slept till resurrection and, anon,
 Two worlds shall crown the patient Genoese,
 Who died, unmindful, he had cleft a sphere,
 Dreamt, he, but, skirted Asia, in the Isles,
 His caravels had touched at: had he seen
 The Continent, he sought not, he, yet, found,
 What mighty thumps, his joy, for th' waning
 throbs

Of his despairing heart, that burst, to chains?
 Yet, th' hemisphere is his, whatever name,
 It bears, or, may—Columbia, eternized,
 By the sailor's footprints, on San Salvador.
 The smile, of Isabel, pursues each ray
 Of Western sunshine, while, th' ingratitude
 Of Ferdinand, toward a brave mariner,
 Assures, to her, the plaudits of all time,
 Whose gems had won, if, Spain had not, a
 world.

A sailor, with a lantern, in his head;
 A genius, half, discovered—in the role
 Of fancy, crowned with vision; in the realm
 Of reason, autocratic: as, a man,
 The ornament of manhood, when the worth
 Of manhood was debated: fortitude,
 Pronounced, as was his clemency, confest;
 If, sanguine, to a fault, the fault, itself,
 Surprised new lands; not, visionary, then,
 He had not sailed from Palos for Cathay;
 Persistency of purpose, ardor, zeal,
 Patience, with shrewdness, hope, dexterity;
 With self-respect, an appetite, for fame,
 That, but, on joints of fair achievement feeds,

Were qualities, his own, by eminence.
 Columbus, tho' a bigot, to an Age,
 Of bigotry, prevails in history,
 Scathless, against detraction, infinite;
 Sharing a name, immortal, Isabel.
 —Yet, of thy womb he sprang, O Italy;
 So, of her laurels, Spain must proffer thee:
 Thine, an exacting mother's privilege
 To swell with the lad's honors, whom, the sea
 Remarking brave, when age had sobered him,
 Insured his voyage to San Salvador,
 Commerce, for ports in Asia, underwrit.
 But, for the Church, on what, yet, earlier day,
 Some other sailor might have plowed the seas
 Hoping new lands—for the inveterate foe
 Of man, in God's name, had denounced a curse
 On him, had proven the earth, spherical,
 And, but, the servile liege, of yonder sun.
 Winds, dead, ahead, with th' devil, in th' hull,
 Man pushed discovery, with piety,
 Such as inspired Columbus to have vowed
 To rescue, yet, the Sepulchre of Christ,
 His cruises, gainful: the Crusader's dream
 Still, lingered, in the faithful Genoese,
 The cross, his pennant: in a hemisphere,
 Unveiled, to Europe, closed the last crusade.

Still, had the Norseman glimpsed thro' polar
 frost

The icy locks of a huge Continent,
 Whose feet disport, in waters tropical,
 Columbus saw not: had the Norseman swam
 Past Barnegat, past Hatteras and snuft
 The blown Bermudas, he had spread a tale
 Thro' Iceland, that had vexed the sea with gulls
 Winging the Norsemen, hither; e'en to them,
 In balmy winds, in ever-blooming flowers,
 In fruit, that craves not culture, but a hand
 To pluck its bounty, might have proved, a
 charm

To bathe, in sunshine, their frost-bitten lives.

Here is that land, the ancient dreampt had
 been;

Who cocooned it, in fable, which, belike
 In Atalantis had gone down the wave,
 Unresurrected—yet, behold! it risen,
 The virgin world of romance and of song:
 Tho' old as Thebes, still, old, when Thebes was
 young;



PALOS



The most mysterious, unmysterious half,
Of man's important, unimportant sphere.
O, for a dredge had scoured th' Atlantic's bed
With the Pacific's for a single hint,
Of what, she had been, if a hint be there,
Ere, yet, Columbus: life, disguised, by paint
Wampum and feathers; life, in architraves,
Buried, profoundly, in a tropic soil,
Fragrant, of Empires, gone—is proof, indeed,
That but insists on, more. Here, if, unearthed,
Man's early fortunes, Egypt had divulged
Her own enigma, and her mystery
Had found a solvent, in a hemisphere,
The Elder, with such incidents of youth,
As palm it off, as, Nature's, newly born.

Four hundred years, in either hemisphere,
Alone, in history, wherein, remarked,
For man's material vantage, or, wherein,
For vision, due heroic surgery;
Wherein, for nascent freedom—fit, it seems,
Both worlds partake a common holiday,
And on the soil, by Europe's mariner,
Devised to sequent Ages, give his fame,
A mortal whiff, that hath immortal wing.

While, Lusitania, by bold seamanship,
Doubled the jewelled heel of Africa,
Spain stared at the Pacific, swum the strait,
Found half the globe, a waste of billowy seas,
Whose archipelagoes are, even, yet,
Withholding data, from geography.
To match discovery, by land and sea,
Dismissing Aristotle, half-infirm,
Arguing the heavens, aright—debating man,
Reason, to units, brought him, at a blow.
She, without precedent, for half, she did,
Saw, in much driftwood, promise of new land
Her canvas strained for: it was seamanship
That, often, cast the lead; oft of the skies,
Entreating sea-room; it was confidence
In man, as man, untried, put, to the test,
To disadvantage, man's, with the test, sus-
tained.

A vaster hemisphere, of reason, found
In th' waste, outlying, than Spain scourged for
gold;

While, on that hemisphere, ere Spain had done
Her search for riches, she enthroned herself,
In th' name of Freedom, tho' of later loins,

Than, theirs, of Marathon—yet, like, their own,
 With, for the Isles, of Greece, a hemisphere,
 With, for an Attica, a Continent.

Yet, sprung more freedom, of the Pilgrim's
 pluck,

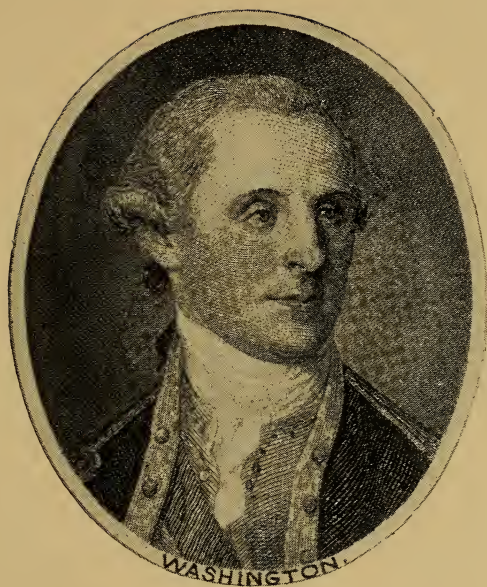
Than, from his dogmas; for, his faith, in God,
 Developed faith, in man, with tomahawks,
 Arrows and scalping knives, the incidents
 Of his experience. To his firelock, faith
 Lent execution: in the Puritan,
 The dying throb of the Age of Faith, survived.
 For tomb and holy grail, the knight had fought
 With, ever, on his crest, as, in his heart,
 Reminders of his oath, to womanhood,
 In her, his heart confest:—the Puritan,
 God—only, God, his, not a license, man's
 But, were a penance, to the Cavalier:
 Yet, his was knighthood, tho' unhorsed, afoot,
 That had encountered polar frost, for Heaven.
 Enthusiasm, from a woman's arms,
 Ventured to Jewry, in the pious knight:
 Exchanged for zeal, inspired by th' liberty,
 To think, aloud, tho' in a wilderness,
 The knighthood of the Pilgrim, served the
 State,

Half, by the very errors, due, to faith.
 A commonwealth, to Britain, mounts a throne
 With Cromwell's warning ringing in both ears:
 But, to the acreage, the Pilgrim found,
 A Commonwealth, into a State, resolves;
 Both oceans, heaving vantage and defense,
 Arguing, the popular will, perpetual.

—Of a virgin world,
 Europe ran on, as, if, an Eastern tale:
 Then, having sliced it up, she cast the bits
 Among her courtiers: yet, the liberty
 Of thought, outsailed the eager colonist,
 Safe, here, to bid him welcome, as, he set
 His foot, uncertain, where, he set it down.
 —Who, in the dreary daybreak, offered fight
 To th' Briton, by Leonidas were led,
 Spartan, to broader freedom, where, they fell,
 Than, at Thermopylae. Courage is the same
 In every age, but, never, to the blast
 Of every bugle, equal: valor clings
 To the dam's breast, a babe, forever, fed,
 With th' milk, that flushes heroes. Any blade
 Outranks Toledo's, if, it slash its way
 Clean, to a throne and force it to do right:



BUNKER HILL.



Such valor is an epoch; such was, theirs,
From Lexington to Yorktown, facing odds,
For common justice.

'Tis ours, who have it—theirs, who capture it;
So, runs the doubtful law, time, still sustains;
Meum and tuum, with few sanctions, yet,
But, smell of burnt gunpowder. Liberty
Hath, then, the Western Hemisphere, her own,
First, in the right, as, of discovery,
Next, in her mustering arms, had held it, fast.
Yet, if her title lack an element
Of strength, she finds it, in the weal of men,
Which, once, despaired of—lo! her title fails,
Her guns were spiked, her gallant gunners
slain,
Her paps, torn, by more arrows, than, yon sun
Had quenched, twanged at him—while the out-
raged seas
Had swampd her Continents.

—What shall save
Her cities from pollution and her soil
From felony and murder and assure
Liberty, to Americans?—her soil
To husband, well, for free-born citizens?
Better, her land, a howling wilderness,
Than, rocking, to the fortunes of a mob.
Majorities may have the ring of gold,
Or, the false ring of guineas, counterfeit:
Minorities, thus, govern, not, in right,
Of the minority, in reason's own,
Whereby, they govern, who prove competent:
It, the same right, that, all majorities
Wield, to intelligence, or, lose, to none.
—Where'er opinion sways a State or Realm,
In party-spirit, its palladium:
Of power, that had encroached on th' popular
will

The prompt corrective; it, to flagging zeal,
That would assert rights, yet, unrecognized,
Re-stimulation—while, the common mind,
To clarify and raise, a forum, whence,
Incessant disputation.
—Freedom, in capitals, on every page,
Of ad captandum volumes proves, how near
Related, freedom is to printer's ink,
In half, the world's esteem—while, platitudes,
That, like the music-monger's popular airs,
Preserve a cruel sameness, stir the wax,
In drowsy listeners' ears.

What, these shores expect
 Is sweat, to till them, not the irony
 Of labor, the East starves to: not, an eye
 In search of unearned guineas, but, an arm
 To cleave the oak, or furrow the fat soil
 For willing harvests—an American,
 Ere, he has lost his sea-legs, would, in each,
 Ere, he has sworn allegiance, hither, come;
 Land, left behind him, thence, a memory.
 'Tis treason to America, wherein,
 Allegiance is half-hearted—while, the gold,
 Had, from America, were, justly, hers,
 To build her fortunes, broadening, to more sons.
 Him, here, to find a pocketbook and stem
 The ocean ferry, homeward, should receive
 As many lashes, as half-eagles h's,
 He would steal off with. 'Tis not Griqua-land,
 Whence, with, of gems, a handful, to take
 flight;
 A land, a home, 'tis not a halting-place,
 Adventure flags, her own, from the Andes'
 peaks
 And th' Rocky Mountains: populous, enough,
 To formulate a destiny, she hath
 Ignored her antecedents, as a world,
 Wherein, the outlaw sought a heritage,
 Which, despite justice and the rights of man,
 His, to give false direction: henceforth, man's
 To culture manhood, that vocation, theirs,
 Who venture, hither.
 Under what specious guise, did Conscience
 late,
 Revive the Phallus and the orgies crown,
 With plural marriage, till the virgin soil
 Of Utah, swarms, with saints-in-bastardy?
 Freedom, unwary, must have closed her eyes,
 On half a Continent, while, to the chin,
 Immersed, in gain, by the Atlantic's roar,
 Deaf, to the wail, of butchered chastity.
 And, yet, the Mormon lingers, less, to purge
 His still, transparent life, of lechery,
 Than, to the law, to veil it—and behind
 Impervious arras, to spread wider bunks.
 Thus, fitly, maskers, behind leaves of brass
 Etched, with much drivel, still entice their
 dupes
 To slavery, not African, but worse,
 Thro' a credulity, that, at a gulp,
 A coach-and-six had bolted and cried—more!

—Here, if no stage,
To Europe re-enact, as Europe was;
A drama, Europe, as she is, had failed.
That plague of empire, found in vicinage
Perplexes Europe, who each problem solves
Thro' ever-swelling fleets and armaments:
Analogy, at fault, in feudal power
And power, one step from a Democracy.
Men, in the past, were freedmen and wherein
Born, freemen, yet, to reason and to pluck.
Prone to enact the Roman—tyrants sweep
Man's heart-strings for a viol—give his eye,
The gladiator, he commits the State
To wanton cohorts. Liberty responds
To moral purpose, free to will and do:
Is less, conspicuous option to enjoy
One's sweat, as one elects: freedom as yet,
Seen, as a larva, to the imago,
A lexicon revised some ages hence
Had served her fitly—of his thoughts mean-
while
Resolving into justice, man, confest,
An acquisition of his intellect.
Life, here, is tentative, with but the link
Of common human nature, to unite
Man's fortunes with the past: his, liberty
With men and means to do whate'er she would,
If, when done, wisely—to light save her own
None, safer that the dog star's: liberty
In man, a knight to his own chivalry,
Is reason against wampum—politics,
With precedent against it, but the Crown
Meant for a feudal prince, man snatched and
wears.
Less, in the fact of suffrage, than in th' light
That casts the ballot, freedom—argument
For more light, never done: in liberty,
A higher scholarship, than had sufficed
To relish Homer, to drive smartly home,
Her golden tent pins; to instil in toil
A craving, next to bread, for aliment
Had twisted moral purpose round her thews
And in each nook and corner of the brain
Had occupation.
Not, greater Europe, but America
In sympathy with mountain, lake and plain,
Her regal betterments—their privilege
To build who will, with square and trowel,
hers.

The policy of joint America
 Resents dictation: since, in politics,
 The policy of Europe is her own,
 So, on the Western Hemisphere, proceeds
 An argument for power, American.
 No mirror for America, not wrought
 Of her own silver; hers, no threshing floor
 But th' prairies she has harvested—her
 strength

In sons and many, who confess the plow,
 Yet ague freedom; on opinion stood,
 Unpropt of bayonets, who propt thereby,
 Had fallen on her sword a suicide.
 Democracy, with welts, like Attica's,
 Is the first milestone, past a virtuous State,
 Whatever, Art, or Culture warrant there.
 E'en, if her soil be yet the gamesters' stake,
 Whence, rules of play but from the game-
 sters, sat?

Their arms had queried. If, a derelict,
 Who, in mid-ocean, have the craft, in tow,
 What admiralty, but the better steel
 Had wrested from them?

—In courageous sons,
 In gold and silver, subject to her draft,
 With Nature's seal on half, unbroken yet,
 In field, in loom, in forge, a trinity
 Of factors, that to famine, fire and sword,
 While, heedful, breathe of apprehension, free;
 In single marriage, with unshaken vows,
 In maidens, taught the distaff and the stars,
 In lads, taught how to clamber into men,
 In fathers, who remember they have sons,
 In mothers, who had silenced they are wives,
 In fields of corn that ripen into brains,
 In demagogues as rare as if from God,
 In patriots as thick as summer flies,
 In conscience, with no cast in either eye,
 In justice blind as ever to who pleads—
 A Future, for America, or none.
 In th' English language, the North Continent
 Hath unity beyond both steam and steel,
 And th' electric flash on treason's trail.
 Freedom, therein, not polyglot, but theirs
 The English tongue, as if vernacular,
 Unargued, whence met there. What argument
 Therein, for conscience, in a license, wide
 As freedom to no law, but each man's will?
 What plea for rights not native to the soil?
 While Europe eyes her scales, discretion there;

Pursues opinion—or to lend it wing—
 Or, thwart its vantage, when inimical
 To popular freedom—man, that uppermost,
 In man, the many: in America
 Of either Ocean severed from the Past,
 Man, to his intuitions, breathes restored.

A nation, if of soldiers under arms,
 Stagnates to peace and burns for war to let,
 For freshening throbs in life that had survived,
 Her own blood freely: in a nation, free,
 A soldiery of citizens, in peace,
 Implies not blood to opportunity,
 A country's power, e'en how invincible,
 Hers, one estate, Kings, lords and commons,
 —man.

—Courage long bottled may have turned to air
 Occasion come to prove it—to the stress
 Of an emergence, courage raw, defies
 Oft, odds and weathered files.

In men's traditions of a Church and State
 Propt of each other—in Power secular,
 With violent presumption against man,
 Investiture Divine—in the still flow
 Of that insidious stream, a mythic Past,
 Perpetual menace to America.

Yet, in the Common School, the common mind
 Hails light enough to urge it to seek more,
 While the Press winds it in a comet's tail,
 And Science airs to keep her secrets well.

Thro' emulation, from the sculling match
 To Senatorial combat, leadership
 Enchanting many narrows to the few
 Who fill with honor, place. If, ever true,
 Ambition seeks the honors of the State,
 The State rewards Ambition: to this day
 The gladiator of the dexterous steel
 Is hero, to all peoples, if he fall
 To shafts of envy, in his cutting off,
 In sight of power, his apotheosis,
 A nation, prostrate—while, th' incumbent, dead
 May leave a corpse, so shrunken to the pomp,
 That waits his burial, as to argue home,
 He is the throne, who fills it.

A race of men, tho' not autochthones,
 Yet, veritable products of The West,
 Her soil, her skies, her climate, liberty
 Photographed in the humblest countenance
 Defines that type of life, American.

Freedom of thought forbids intolerance,
 Yet, Conscience, if a clever mask for shame,
 Treason, or immorality—what, then?
 Imperium, in imperio—possible,
 To a false conscience, were not to one true;
 Loyalty to the State found broad enough
 For every creed at peace, and not, at war
 With human nature: altho' pertinent,
 Why yet retain the supernatural,
 A word, for something, men know nothing of,
 Who beg the question, if a fact, at all?
 The State forecloses what had thwarted her,
 In re-distributing to men, the powers,
 Confided to her—by her seal, thereon,
 Inviolable.—

The future, of all Power, is equity,
 Or, re-construction: not a plea is left
 For Power, an heirloom, as, a guarantee,
 Against dismissal: in dynastic blood,
 But, a presumption, in his favor, sat,
 To sway a Kingdom. What an impetus
 To wholesome manhood, were the fall of caste:
 Whence, Asia's blight, whence Europe's sal-
 low fields,
 Which, well disguised, would cross th' Atlan-
 tic strait?

Men are, here, fitly, if to ascertain
 The soundness of that bond, of Nature, sealed,
 She forfeits, to man's failure to achieve
 High aims, she fosters, in him—in th' event
 The earth shall prove his masters'—his reward
 Still, but, the dole, begrudged a villien's
 sweat.

Freedom appears, but breaches in the walls
 Of men's traditions; man's, all conquests,
 hence,

In wider breaches—all her riders cast,
 Who mounts the fleetest steed, e'er yet be-
 strode,

But, most sure-footed—he, with thrice the dash
 Of Knight, historic: with his mettle, thrice,
 Time, thrice, as precious, purpose, thrice as
 high!

—Who will, come in—but, let him, at the door,
 Cast off his sandals, careful, not, to bring
 The old world hither—his, t' accept the new,
 As, he shall find it: to her pupillage,
 Submit, a neophyte of liberty:
 Here, both his school of morals and of light;
 Here, and American or, here, amiss:

Here, the one flag, his heart must throb with
 raised;
 His life, in peace, found, gainful, to it furled.

The Social State is man, with paréd nails,
 Unknotted hair and beard—with face and
 hands,

Pure, to both lye and water, and himself,
 Wrapt, or, in homespun, or, in broadcloth, sat,
 T' enjoy the fact of life, with other men,
 Found, like him, willing, both, to eat of salt,
 And break their bread, together. There had
 been

No mystery, in life, man had not solved,
 Its data, laid before him—'tis, to loss,
 Of facts, philosophy, is, at a stand.
 All rights of man and rights of property,
 If, not, inviolate, no social state.
 Give men the rights, e'en rodents have, to house
 And hold it, sacred, their own industry.
 The world's woof is barbaric, with stray threads
 Of culture, in the warp, whose tints unite
 To dominate the glare and hint the eye,
 Of th' harmony of virtue.

—What, a blown rose, to breathe of, Ages,
 hence,

Freedom, may, haply, be? Haste, vainly, makes
 An argument, for freedom, that involves
 No preparation—freedom, slow to learn,
 How, to, oft, ford the Seine and wash her feet,
 Quit, of blood, always.—Who, of all men,
 knows,

How, near, he sleeps to freedom, or, how far,
 From chains, that wait his ankles? What,
 so fit,

As, her slashed flag, to summit, yet, staunch
 heaps

Of putrefaction?—The concluding act
 Voicing the drama, dips, th' catastrophe,
 In colors, fast, as Tyre's.—Humanity
 Seemed, with the earth, a plane, a horizon
 Wide, as a nomad's tent—to the earth, spheréd,
 Humanity, resolved into a globe,
 That swings, the, only, known, celestial sphere

Man finds no stigma on him, from his birth,
 Whose meritorious progress should receive
 All marks of sterling merit—from the start
 Who hath not borne a cancer, in his breast,
 Tho' he hath sought, to medicate a sore,

His fears located there—not on the scent
Of expectation, rising, to seek God,
But, leaving God, behind him—voluble.

—What is truth?

Truth seems, the problem, that experience
solves.

Religion is not true, because of th' cost
Of th' label, stuck upon it—is not, false,
In that, it hath no label: piety
Hath such an aroma, as, hath good wine,
Uncork it, all lips smack.

—Numa created the first Pontifex;
Still, in the Sacred College, one survives.
Numa, the oracle, of pagan Rome,
Spake and that uttered, was infallible,
On points of dogma, ritual and faith,
As, touching Venus, Bacchus, Jove or Pan.
The Western Cult seems pagan, with a veil
Of th' charities spun over it—whose stride
Is from the Buddha, to new mysteries,
With utterances, final: Man, forlorn,
Solaced, but by sheer opulence, of hope.
The upright man boasts all the Christian hath,
Except the latter's fancy, and accepts
Whate'er a Christian may, except, his dreams;
Hath, sometimes, purer morals, than, the last;
Therein, a better Christian: uprightness,
Remarked, as salient, in the former's life,
As, in the latter's—love and charity,
Man's, ere Christ was, man's, when, Christ may
have been:

That, supernatural, the last reveres,
But, pagan fancy, washed and Christianized.
Tho' dead, to faith, in the supernatural,
The West were wholly Christian, in so far,
As, the term is not cabalistical;
Since, less, of facts, than words, the world de-
bates.

Religion, seldom, is morality:
Yet, morals were religion, if, indeed,
No God existed.
The West should, kindly, judge the peaceful
Jew,

Whose honest verdict may, yet, be mankind's,
As to Christ's own Messiahship, wherein,
The only Son, of the Eternal God:
Messiah as a cry from Babylon
For Israel's restoration, illustrates
Half, its significance—tho', when set free,
But, straggling Jews return to Palestine.

Of guilt, enough, on the Western nations, laid—
 God, man-like, personal, to have invoked
 Fire, fabled, to have licked a Sodom up—
 Murderous, of the Hebrew, thro' their zeal, for
 Christ:

False, were he God; most cruel, Christ, a man,
 Past all analogy in history.

If, Christ, a man, acclaimed himself, a God,
 He did, thereby, in Hebrew ears, blaspheme;
 To Jewish law, incurred, and suffered death—
 Unstigmatized, the Jew, unless, indeed,
 He crucified the God, of Heaven, Himself,
 In him, of Nazareth: theology
 Means nothing, or, means this—the very God
 Bled, to the Roman spear, on Calvary:
 Which, reason, in the bud, held, strictly, true,
 Which, she, in flower, so blushes, to have
 breathed.

Why not reflect, that 'tis on hearsay, stands
 Such facts of history, as fall without
 Common experience and the Hebrew's breast,
 Pierced, torn, and lacerated—medicate?
 Is it his fault, the eager West accepts
 Both, what the Hebrew credits and doth not?
 The o'er credulous West, on the vainglorious
 East,

Stamp't th' holiness, she, rather, had, herself,
 In frosty morals. It is, wholly, due
 To th' prestige given th' Hebrew, by the West,
 Thro' the adoption of his oracles,
 That, the Jew remains, a stickler, for his faith:
 The Western nations, foremost, propping him
 In his exclusive clutch, on God's own throne.

That voice along the Ages, tremulous,
 With torturing hell has, to a whisper, sunk,
 That jubilant with heaven, beyond, doth sink
 Into a gentle whisper—heaven is here,
 When, man hath reared her walls.

—A state of things, so strange, it startles one,
 Revolving it, within him, had not seemed,
 Experienced, briefly, as infeasible,
 But, had appeared to, fitly, fill the void
 Of an exploded, false economy.
 Man, as the product, of a product, hath
 Nor past, nor future—his expectancy,
 From sweat and brains—or, false. Lord, of this
 sphere,

Th' economy is man's, in no sense, God's,

Involving Supreme Wisdom: it would seem,
 Man hath a lease, and, for a barley corn,
 Perpetual of the planet: mortal aims,
 Man's, ever, to pursue—whose history
 Proves, only, human purposes, achieved.
 When, stript of fable, there is nothing left,
 But, man, whose reason and unreason pen
 Alike, his annals: a persistent growth,
 In human nature, all the argument,
 For man's existence, raw and tentative.
 Nor, had man dreamt of any end, beyond
 The weal of persons, in the common weal;
 A scheme of nature, closing with the grave,
 But, for his tribal Shastres, Bards and Seers.
 The scheme of Nature seems, not men, but,
 man:

Men are, both, mortal and ephemeral,
 Are the collective forces, whence proceeds
 Each type of manhood, whence, to predicate
 A type, still, higher: but when Nature means
 To pause and dub man, consummate, remains
 Her own state secret. So, should this man die
 Or, that, untimely, men anticipate
 The void, thus, left, no living man had filled:
 Who, indispensable thus, seems, in life,
 Proves so, no longer—brushing past his bier,
 Another, in a worthier, than, himself,
 Argues his memory, brief.

—A continent, abandoned, had it not
 Relapsed, anon, to savagery, wherein,
 Man had reclaimed it?—Thence, with lions,
 pards

And serpents, riotous, a million years,
 Should man avoid it—had that continent
 Proved not sea-bottom, ere the term had run,
 To lands, resurgent?—So, analogy
 Had proved man's mastership is absolute:
 His reign, to last, while, th' earth may nur-
 ture him,

To the assent of Nature and of God.

If, th' theory of life is, wholly, man's,
 Then, to amend it is his privilege,
 Or to adopt a fitter theory,
 Of life, than, that one, Asiatic, still:
 What, man's next conquest? every Senate's
 theme.

Think, of the millions, dead, to pious vows,
 By lions, fire and sword: of millions, more,
 Wasting, in dungeons; of the holocaust,

Bleeding, to Juggernaut, or, in the arms,
 Of Moloch, roasted—and what zeal hath faith,
 In what, men will, to prove their lunacy?
 Man, ever, was the dupe of something, past,
 Of something, that was not; of something,
 done,

Of something fancy dreamt of: mystery,
 Ever, the poisoned shirt, to wind him in.
 God is a word, familiar, to man's lips,
 Who argues toward the fact, it adumbrates;
 Whose earlier notions, favored gods, as men,
 Of monstrous stature, simply—when, t' conceive

A God, not, personal, impossible.
 Evidence of their absence, in all time,
 Authentic, what, of vouchers, now and then,
 For present gods, in eras, fabulous?

Man's coming to it, strange as it may seem,
 To rail at his progenitors and vote
 Man, such, a shameless liar, in the past,
 Whom what oath had made, truthful, him,
 none hath?

God had not poisoned wells, to punish men;
 Yet, bigots had and hailed it, providence.
 That, providence, intent, t' enrich the knave,
 And whet the appetites of virtuous men,
 For garlic, e'en, for garbage? He extols,
 In Fortune's bower, a special providence,
 But, he, on whom, she, never, deigns to smile,
 Nestles, the closlier, to impartial law.

Who dare conclude, from man's experience,
 If, half mankind were in the jaws of death,
 Thro' sheer starvation—by a miracle,
 Life had been succored?—The economy
 Of human life, if, consciously man's own,
 What reasons, for a special providence,
 As, strong, as those against it?—Man's, the
 reins,

Who cracks his whip and the fleet coursers fly:
 Necessity and destiny, alike,
 Go down, with fable, as, two rodents had,
 In a craft lost at sea.

Sweat prays and gets an answer in each drop,
 While, laziness had prayed the season, thro',
 And starved, most fitly: neither, sun, nor
 shower,

Hath, ever, sprouted any lazy prayer.
 All virtue in a prayer, lies in one's faith

That, God may heed it: thus, an answer, steeped,
 In resignation, calms a baffled life.
 Prayers, to the imagination, as to God,
 Are, oft, petitions, honored, palpably,
 In life's experience: to the sanguine mind,
 Fired, to achieve and stirred by diligence,
 Quite, preternatural, the confidence,
 Of victory, inspirits. So, of hope,
 Found it, on what, men will, if, plausible,
 Imagination fit responses, makes
 To all her orators.

—In morals, as, in physics, not a law,
 Less, constant, than, is gravity—not one
 Hath, yet, been known, to swerve to faith, a
 jot.

Him, prayed for, stricken, by disease, restored,
 Argues, to health, recovered, vital force,
 Not, yet, exhausted—while, had he deceased
 No fact, so clear, that prayer did not avail;
 Tho' it, well, proves to reason, vital power,
 Failed, when, the clock recorded, he had died;
 Nor, had the prayers, if, of a planet, joint,
 Endued his heart to pulsate, once, beyond,
 Unprayed-for respiration.

—So, the result of prayer, has, never, been
 Compliance, with man's will, thro' change in
 God's:

Its end to reconcile man's will, to God's,
 Or, to succeed achievement, by the spur
 Of supernatural aid, the weak and wise
 Hope, possible, to prayer—tho' science lays
 Emphatic stress, on prompt denial, hers,
 That, God, has, ever, changed, or, even, could.
 The course, of fixt and changeless law, a whit.
 Law, absolute, unchangeable, is all
 We know, of God, and 'tis enough, to know.
 It proves God, first, impartial, and then, just;
 Moved by no plea to kiss a favorite.
 The West conforms its notions of a God
 To the Eastern concept, without nerve, to swim
 Beyond the safety lines of Orient fear.
 A God and personal is man's conceit
 Of what, God should be, to accommodate
 His limitations: of the universe,
 Why not, as just, to, frankly, postulate
 It shuts God up within it, as, to say,
 It doth exclude Him?—that, so manifest,
 Appealing to the senses, why, not, true?
 Why, assume something, men know nothing of,
 To complicate that something, man perceives?

Nature's mechanics, well, eliminate
 Volition, as, a factor—every pin,
 In Nature's gearing, indispensable,
 To that no fiat doth.—Unthinkable—
 God, if, a person, yet, no challenge, His,
 Conspicuous, as the Sun, had He desired
 Such homage, as men argue—no man, bade,
 To search archaic legends, or, for God,
 Or for his pleasure: gratitude had swelled
 Man's heart, unbestial, toward th' Source of
 life,
 Peer, of the linnet and the lark—yet, Lord,
 Consciously, of a sphere.

—Dismissing fear, man's reason, at a bound
 Clears 'all the lines of savagery and fate,
 Scenting an epoch, as a charger—war.
 So, who would breed a hero in a babe,
 Toss him Mars' helm, a plaything, with the tip
 Of Agamemnon's spear.

—The State survives, in that, the rights of man,
 Armed, prove the overmatch of bigotry.
 Faith is no more, in issue, faith is dead:
 Religion hath no rights, but, such as man
 Elects to grant her—like archaic coin
 Man minted, yet, may shudder, to remind.
 That faith, erst, possible, to ignorance,
 Is possible, to ignorance, to-day:
 To cultured man, faith is impossible,
 Save, when, for reason, but the synonym,
 Tho', to tradition, prodding him, at bay,
 He feigns surrender—It is never false,
 That Truth may sleep and sweetly, on a rock,
 Hers, both an empty stomach and a purse,
 Tho' in a fortress, if the whole world's gold,
 Let Error sleep, 'twere with misgivings then.
 Faith held a trump in fagots, but 'tis played;
 So, in the gag, she held a winning card:
 It, too, is played, and man's enfranchised lips
 Have, now, the vantage: true religion, hence,
 Persistent zeal to make, discovery
 Of man's relations, to th' obedient sphere,
 He rides, so safely; while in every hair
 On all his scalp, a mailéd, charmed knight,
 Sworn, to defend him. To undo man, vain,
 To make him over; once undo the world,
 It were undone, forever; change man's
 thoughts,
 And thou hast changed the atmosphere, he
 breathes;
 Eliminate his errors and retain

Man unimpeached : for gallant seamanship
Is not so much, to plow the shorter route,
Thro' seas, tempestuous, as the safer one,
With craft and cargo, neither, underwrit,
Safe, in the offing.

—To what reformer, hath the world cried—
speak?

Its plea was, rather—for thy life's sake, hush,
Th' occasion is not come. Not, ready, yet,
Is, but, the felon's motto, who would breathe,
A sennight, longer, free of the hangman's noose.
Decisive battles shall be, those of peace;
Grave resolutions, changes, in belief;
But, to one challenge, blood be, freely, spilt,
A menaced hearthstone: manhood picks its flint
While, all the tatters, in tradition's flag,
Fail to inspire a firelock.

—What, to endure, were, that, which had en-
tailed

Evils, if, rid of worse, than those sustained :
Hence, man arrests a blow, when, almost struck
For error, oft, is the decaying trunk,
Vital, to still, support th', yet, tender vine.
A custom, to do wrong, becomes a law,
Quite irrevocable—while, statutes are,
And are not, at men's pleasure. Yet, what is,
However, false, or rotten, should not fall
To fraud, or rapine—to an open purse
For instant equity.—To save the State,
Anarchy is a plea, by indigence,
With wretchedness, gone mad—as rational,
As, in the life-boat, to unship the oars,
And give the helm, to chance.

What heart, with dormer window, in it, beats,
Or, ever, has beat?—So, of secrets, there,
That man had asked a Hindoo, of his wife,
Who would pry into. Not, a living man,
While, true, of every dead man, when, alive,
Had turned that organ inside out, a day,
Unless a day, of days, exceptional.
Man is a pagan as he, ever, was,
Only, a better pagan: it is due,
Chiefly, that man, to pity and to tears,
Moved, gently, with the woman, at his side,
Has reached a higher life than, savagery:
Equality of sex ensued the blows
That made the freedom of one, possible:
Freedom, as, th' culture of the head and heart,
An Archimedian lever, cleverly,

Tilting life's strata, upward.

Relieved, of superstition, all mankind
 Had, thence, full stomachs: what a simple cure,
 For human ills, to undo human wrongs?
 Wherefore, or, whence, religion—few demand,
 So many take for granted, it must be,
 Of all facts, human, that fact, uppermost.
 The problem is not, if all creeds, alike,
 To any plea of conscience, shall enjoy
 The favor of the State—but, rather, this—
 Are not all systems, equally, at war,
 With public policy and the known truths
 Of human nature—their foundations, laid,
 In faith, in th' Supernatural, a faith.
 That proves a sleuthhound, to the scent of
 blood?

The vices of religion, still, appal
 The shuddering ages: why not, fitly, close
 Life's frightful drama, with a miracle,
 Extinguishing them all, and, thus, sustain,
 Whatever power controls man's destinies,
 Is power, supremely, human—and defeat
 That strain of savagery, yet, in man's blood,
 Goading him to idolatry—to Fear:
 Less ostentatiously, who still repeats
 Shameful prostrations—and the curtain drop,
 To such tempestuous laughter, as shall shake
 Thence, indigestion, from the ailing sphere?
 What creed is true? if faith be made the test,
 All creeds are true, or, if sincerity,
 All creeds are true, to zeal and votive blood:
 A muddle for man's lunacy and not
 A topic, for his reason. Piety
 Is Nature's institution and not, man's,
 Religion, man's own venture. Let us think,
 Who utters this has prefaced saving prayer.
 What odium, still, pursues the manliest act
 Manhood had done—free thinking, thro' the zeal
 Of bigotry, enthroned, that, late, had thought,
 Had willed for man; had blest or curst his
 soul?

But, for free thought, alone—what motive,
 man's
 To propagate his kind, in him, arrived,
 In man, arriving, at autonomy?

Man, erst, sold to the Devil, reason, late,
 Has made re-purchase of and hath paid down
 Enough to clinch the sale—her credit, prime,

With the shrewd goblin, eager, for the sale.
 The World is learning, when, to hold its nose,
 With the occasions, when, to blush for shame.
 Light testifies against his honesty
 Of motive, roundly, who would play the fool,
 Tho' all the uses of the fool, are past.
 The magnitude of Nature is a blow,
 Dealt 'twixt the eyes of human vanity,
 And twits man of the savage, he remains,
 Behind a coat of lacquer.
 Regret, to leave the world, not haste to go,
 Life, to enjoy—should be man's wholesome creed,
 Who carries too much luggage and goes, bent,
 Half-double, to traditionary wares,
 And swamps this life to vainly clutch life,
 hence:

Who, his, a future state, ere this had known
 Somewhat about it: all have proven false,
 Affecting knowledge, thence, theirs, not the
 power

To tell what they have seen or may have heard,
 A ruse, ere Paul's, to Hamlet's day, to ours.
 Nor is man born to gorge and be amused,
 And drop his playthings, to a life so spent:
 Fashion doth, by her vices, life such wrong
 Her leave, revocable, why not revoke?
 'Tis not discretion, tho' it were a God's,
 But, fixt and changeless law that rules the
 sphere:

Man's Supreme Safety, in the arms of law,
 In Nature's silence, Nature, means man's weal,
 Some pitfall nigh, her warning voice were
 —An accident proves but an accident; (heard.
 Its moral argument, more prudence, thence.
 A casualty, when Nature's science takes
 In hand, to search for friction, not design.
 Nature has given hostages to man
 For common law, unswerving—otherwise,
 Indifferent toward him—whose success
 Lies in conditions, harmonized therewith
 Death, as an incident of time and space,
 Quite unadvised, her factor—man therein
 Plays a bold game against a gamester's hand,
 Whose trumps he would divine: so manifest
 A universal providence of law;
 A special providence, man's own, or none.
 If strange, wherein? If nature man equipt
 With powers to snatch a planet's mastership,
 She, man conceded further, privilege
 To build his fortunes, as he may elect,

With no suggestion, hers, but ample means?
Man goes to common death with tearless eyes:
The living sigh and weep—the dying smile:
Nature sits on the pillow, with her salts,
Held to his nostrils, faint, and to no pain.
Life has expired, gone out, or has been quenched.
The fat of all the whales, whose flukes do lash
Antarctic seas and Arctic, into foam,
Burnt, in one candle, had not half sufficed
To lantern one man, dead, across the Styx.

Oracles of the dead were popular,
In the earlier Ages: even, Cicero,
Speaks of one, at Avernus, in his day;
So, Periander, centuries, ere, him
Called up his wife Melissa, twice, or, thrice,
Thro' the diviner's art, as, once, King Saul
Had called up Samuel, to the witch's spell.
Yet, the amazing grossness of the tale,
In a man rising, bodily, out of th' earth,
Vastly enhanced its credibility,
With reason, then, a fact so consonant.
Knowledge is courage, with her armor on;
No God dare think what ignorance had done.
Faith advertising witches, gives to craft
Credentials, yet, to juggle with the weak,
The credulous, confronting, with their dead.
In her, of Endor, seek the lawful dam,
Of spirit-raising, e'en in Labrador.
The spirit-raiser of this century,
With his phantasmagoria, cleverly
Evokes a spirit, clad, in ominous white,
To th' eager fancy, of the willing dupe,
That, in extenso, of departed friends,
Advises him, in th' written characters,
Of his vernacular: e'en, at the nod
Of some unlettered boor, may Socrates,
Or, Plato, make obeisance and respond
T' interrogation.—In the Pythoness,
Of Endor, as, of Delphos, half, her art,
A voice, ventriloquous—hailed, verily,
A demon, speaking from her ventral parts.
With no familiar spirit, with an ob,
Mulier habens pythonem, appears
The witch of Endor—every pythoness,
One by a python, or, an ob, inspired:
Spirit, but, a false rendering of ob:
Its meaning, serpent, only: spirit, here,
The bald assumption, that it ever is.
Both, knowledge of the past and the to be;
All power, both righteous and malevolent,

The Serpent-God is charged with : Voodooism,
 His vilest type of worship—Africa's.
 In spirit-raising and a haunted house,
 Of life, beyond, if, cogent, evidence,
 'Twere proof, at law, had been incompetent,
 Vice, to have mulcted in a halfpenny.
 One house, if haunted, one, in ten, were such :
 Since, possible, to one, to myriads, then,
 To have re-visited familiar scenes.
 What pledges, by the dying, to return,
 And scourge their enemies, have, yet, been
 kept?

Tho' in what droves, wronged souls had slept
 the gaze

Of lynx-eyed keepers, to avenge themselves,
 If, souls survive men, dead, and, somewhere,
 dwell,

With locomotion, hither, possible?
 Thanks, to the progress of heroic thought,
 Who, now, affects communion with the dead,
 The law adjudges, quite, incompetent,
 To e'en make disposition of his gains,
 A ward, of justice: to this pass has come
 The evidence, of life, beyond, the grave.
 Ne'er, of the wise, of childhood, of the weak,
 Astounding hints are told, of life beyond.
 In vision, voice, or sign, inaudible.
 Men hail that. spirit, they conceive to be:
 Of which conceit, they would a something, make
 In other channels, baulking enterprise.
 To deny witchcraft, gives the Bible up,
 A rare Divine quoth, scarce an age ago:
 Yet, familiar spirits, that prevail with men,
 Of distillation, sprang, and, still, must spring.

—Trees were, with barnacles, whence, flocks of
 geese,

'Twas, gravely, writ, three hundred years, ago;
 When, hairs, from horses' tails, turned wrig-
 gling snakes.

Tho', still, a devil, to the vulgar, thrives;
 The dead, as vampires, rising from their graves,
 To drain the sleeper's veins; with the were-
 wolf,

Death, in the beetle, ticking for his mate,
 With witchcraft and the royal touch are fled,
 Yet, e'en, to-day, are, scarcely, out of sight.
 Caesar was made a god of, tho' he told
 The Senate, he was mortal—to which fact,
 He achieved Caesar.—Pliny, Cicero,

Were of the Sacred College, Caesar, too,
With Cato, and divined, thro' the flight of
birds,

As, in the entails of the strangled beast.
Th' will of th' Gods, whereto, Rome, humbly,
bowed.

Yet, Caesar fought a battle, in the teeth
Of all the auguries and won the field.
What Augur, with another Augur, met,
'Twas Cato said it, had foreborne, to smile?
No greater Pontifex had, ever, lived,
Than, Julius Caesar, yet the office shrunk
After that Roman's death, till any monk
Of Italy, had filled it.

—When, late, Olympus shook his snowy crest,
Astir, with Attic Gods, who, then, had dreampt
Olympus e'er should fall, or, even, could?
While, God may be no mystery, at all,
God is the standing problem of this world,
Perhaps, in every orb, in all the sky,
A problem, as profound: then, let us trim
Our torches and stand firm—God must be ours
As, well, as theirs, who would usurp His ear.
Restoring man to Nature, were to bring
Man, back to God, he has departed from;
Man's ablest theory, of God, still, none.
Not, to fight God, but effigies of God,
Who must endorse what mischief, light had
done.

—The man who fights a sunbeam and prevails,
Shall prove immortal: while the curious wait
The day, fixt, by the hangman, to swing off
A culprit, charged, with having lit a torch,
No soul hath power to quench.

—Behind phenomena, man's no concern:
Herein, a phase, his life is taking on,
That severs his allegiance, to the Past,
That binds him, to the Future, by fresh oaths.
A past, outgrown, is like a corpse, in state,
Which, men pass by and pay due reverence
For worth had, living. To experience, all
Appeal is final, and except, to proof,
Judicial, man knows nothing—tho' he seeks
Amusement, in conjecture.

—Authority, not, guns—were reason, thence,
With dicta, open, for re-argument,
As, man advances: there is nothing fixt,
Unless, in mathematics, past review.

—What uses were religion's, should that prove
 A fable, and most infantile, of th' fruit,
 Inhibited, man ate of? Should it seem,
 No devil, then, was dreamt of—nothing, more.
 Than, a glib-talking Serpent did the act
 So famous, in man's annals, why, not, pause
 And raise the question of re-argument?
 More light were dangerous, only, to the Past,
 In its survivals.

—If, dreary, the earth's dreary to a lie.
 The sun's eye is not evil: it is man,
 To a lugubrious fancy, who sits down
 And thumps his breast, as down his aching
 brows

He pours, disconsolate—ashes: let him rise,
 Extinguish Asia's candle and light man's,
 With wick, as broad as all humanity.
 When, th' hearts of all men throb, alike, what,
 then,

But, a united world, by mountain chains,
 Rivers and seas, made nationalities,
 Yet, not divided?—Every pillow, man's,
 If, eider-down, still, false to honest sleep,
 Let him discard, for sleep-inviting stone.
 That, true to human nature, shall endure,
 That, false, whoever saith it, must decline,
 Adjust the world, to fitness, man's, to-day,
 And by to-morrow's light, review the work:
 Whatever, man has done, man may undo,
 Nothing divine in his performances.
 Knowledge is doubt, pursued to verity:
 Ignorance, lack of courage, to swear—nay.
 Doubt is no scandal, put on Christendom,
 But, Christendom's, on doubt.
 Hast thou, O Reason, marked his cloven hoof,
 That forked tail a goblin whisks at thee,
 So comet-like, with streams of sulphurous fire,
 As he moves to and fro? He is that fiend
 Man hath hailed Satan, Devil, Beelzebub.
 Ye shall not sacrifice to hairy ones,
 Suggests the goats of Egypt—devils, thence,
 Of prurient fancy, late, in hoofs and horns,
 To medieval magic, consummate.
 Semitic writers had not heard a breath
 Of demons, ere the exile—but return
 To Syria, laden with them.

Why, dwell, on the invisible, whereto,
 Man is not, in a hair, amenable?
 Who, if, related to it, were not blind.

God may be matter, for, who, yet, hath wit
To say, what matter is: the formula,
God is a spirit is gratuitous,
Since, who has proof, or knows a spirit is,
Or, what, a spirit were, beyond a word,
Man spake a child, tradition, still, repeats?
Assumptions are man's several cast-off hats,
Stuft, in the pleading gaps of ignorance.
For each conceit of God, altho' man's own,
Th' unknown affords its leading element.
Matter is no less matter, when the eye,
Fails to detect it: th' invisible air,
With all the cosmic forces of the earth,
Argue, how spiritual matter is,
And lend suggestion, to an adjective,
Meaningless, if, not, hypothetical.
The insect dies, precisely, like the man:
Done, fencing, feebly, each doth gasp and faint
Then, Death may heft his quarry: no man may
Relieve th' historic doubt, wherefore men flæ
For comfort to their gold.—If man could see
A spirit, girt for travel—wave adieu
What Gospel, in that farewell?—Ah! a soul,
Surviving man's decease, had made frank proof
Of such survivorship, or Nature, once,
Had shamefully betrayed man—yet, wherein
Hath she misled him, once, to evidence?
Material forces, whereof, man may learn
Thro' their supreme performance, proffer man
Enough, to absorb his life, and nominate,
The fact, of matter, as that fact, alone,
Wherein, man hath concern.—Spirit retires,
A nomen, for a speculative fact,
Defined, by terms, quite, indefinable:
A sheer abstraction, constituting man,
Of two lives, captor.

—A moral world were not a Godless world,
Tho', not a dogma in it: while, the scent
Of sacrifice, from common purity,
Had found God's nostrils, spread, to welcome it
The stitches shall be short in paupers' shirts,
With th' purest morals climbing nearest God,
Tho' from the devil's kitchen-garden sprung,
So, penury grow sleek and fat, thereon.
Man, in th' exception, only, has proved brave
Chiefly, a coward, with the drooping tail,
Of a whipt spaniel: Gospel, thus, to man,
Thou art a dupe, still, itching to be duped,
A coward, to a graveyard.

—Who believes in Fear,
 Who hath a liver?—To the honesty
 Of th' Ages, man's indebted, less, to men :
 Here, be thy fortress, all frank utterance.
 The farthest East is not an English mile,
 Nearer, to God, than is the farthest West,
 While, the wind has changed and by the
 weathercock,

It blows a gale, from the West.

—Glory, what lexicon hath, well, defined?—
 It seems, the sunshine on a pyramid,
 That tolerates the sweat, cementing it.

—Envy, not, daggers laid a Caesar, low ;
 Had slain, ere him, ten thousand, lesser men ;
 More, since his murder. Ludicrous and strange,
 That, envy should possess a fool, toward him,
 Morally, past, his vision, as the star,
 Charted, remotest, in astronomy ;
 Had God, Himself, solved the anomaly ?
 The World is honest, yields to each, his due,
 But, pays him, at discretion : if, he starve,
 Opulent brass displays the world's chagrin.
 His bays grow, native, to him, who achieves
 Ere, votive, to his deeds, the plant takes root,
 Is, half, in envied leaf. Approval meets
 True merit, more, than midway to remark
 Its worth and fondly—ere, obstreperous fame
 Hath soiled its lustre. Whose, such obsequies,
 As that man's, buried, in the drenching rain
 Of a struck nation's tears?—Nor, is it pomp,
 But, th' worth that may permit it, proves him,
 great,

The lungs of glory labor with. While, true,
 Naught is so vile, as honor, paid the vile,
 No such dispraise, as from his callow lips—
 Whose, no conception, higher, than, a boor's,
 Of him, he would speak well of : O, that ink,
 Had turned, as white as snow, in a fool's pen !

Whose, no misfortunes, his no test of strength ;
 Whose grave disasters, may win Pompey's
 spurs.

Ere, toward the wall a man has turned his face,
 To close his eyes, in death, the world is his,
 Or, the world may be, his. A bastard son
 Of gaunt Ambition, by a dairy maid,
 Is no such cross, as, had presaged a throne,
 Yet, he may turn the tables on this world,
 As th' Roman turned them : Eminence, tho' not



So much, to sit the highest mountain peak,
As, to sit firmly, lower.

—While, life may cheapen, man is growing
dear;

Who should be better pleased to die, a man,
Than, fall, a hero—and the argument
Is telling on him: still, he hath essayed
A lofty undertaking, to do right,
Nor, swerve to custom.

—The World is ripening into braver men,
And abler Senates: no man's neck is wry,
Of looking, backward. To the torture, due,
The spread of man's unreason, with its hold
On man, thro' his traditions. Light ensues
The friction of free thought—it, often, true,
A crude ungainly thought, licked into shape,
Masters an Age, unmastered.

While, invincible,
Freedom is no tornado, that would sport
With the world's crowns, but a frank Westerly
wind,
Which, neither, had fanned arion, into flame,
Nor, toyed with murder.

God's heart is all men's, to persistent cries,
For help, or God's a fiction.—Why not make
An invoice of man's verities—and roar
At his audacious lies, and fumigate
Each temple, from the taint, tradition's there,
God's throne is menaced and God, held, at bay,
By mutinous spirits in the universe?
Two errors are not to be reconciled,
But, both, exploded—to new views of God.
Eliminate the supernatural,
From all man's creeds and piety were left.
Omnipotence refines itself away
Into the cosmic forces, or, conceals
Itself, within them—else, unknowable.
Astronomy that taught, in India,
Long, ere a Galileo, the earth, moves,
Brahmins, anticipating hierarchs,
Made haste, to silence, by anathemas.
But, the right of speech has proved the power
of speech.

What, Nature is, man knows not, what she doth
Science makes note of and would argue—how:
Nature, found, ever, in the present tense.
—Met, with the joint conditions of all life,

Science is striking from the steel, the spark
 Had fired the eager train—yet, possible,
 Science may penetrate the law of life,
 It, man's yokefellow, thence.

Science, while, restive, neighing, for more suns,
 Magellan's clouds respond in countless stars:
 A hundred million orbs, within the scope
 Of human vision and each star, a sun,
 Like ours, with loyal planets, argue man
 Into the querulous mammal, that he is.
 Yet, scarce, a score, of the fixt stars do range
 Within man's mathematics—distances
 So slight, a star may fling a kiss, to star,
 So vast, that gravity must add a strand,
 To her best cable.

—Men may not dwell in Mars or Jupiter,
 Yet, other life may, rather, say, it must:
 What orb, in Nature, rolls for ornament?
 Each, for some type of life, the habitat.
 Man holds the book of Nature, in his hand,
 But, open, at the middle, with the first
 And the last pages, lost.—Nor, is it like,
 That the autocthones, of any sphere,
 If, having died, as, men do, live, again,
 To new conditions.

Abridged, of its clear uses, till within
 A score, or so, of years—remark free speech
 With th' prodigies ensuing earnest thought.
 Is there a devil? seems to argument
 The fabulous dragon, chained in Milton's hell.
 A devil, to man's intellect, is dead;
 All stench but from the, still, unburied fiend.
 He may be living, who shall light his pipe,
 With the last spark from hell.—Thought,
 horrible,

If, God had, by a fable, taught to man,
 The only vital fact in all his life.
 A devil is man's blunders and mistakes.
 Against the fact of murder, what were hell,
 If, man's, no gibbet?—against robbery,
 If, man's no dungeon? It costs, much, too
 much,

To nurse the figment longer: Let us have,
 God sovereign and unvext, by any foe,
 No devil, but, the devil-of-all-fear;
 To man's dismissal of a devil—none.
 —The devil, as a factor, is confest,
 In every vagabond's excuse, for crime,

Or, coward's palliation, of his dirk,
 Murderous, at midnight: it but reverence
 Still, for tradition, that doth countenance
 A tempter's instigation, which, the law
 So, glibly, mumbles o'er, as if she spat
 The nauseous fiction out.—While well she
 knows,

That, men may kiss th' evangels—yet, their oaths
 Be, but, the falser, for it.—He who stakes
 His freedom, on the witness he may bear
 Well, winces, to the fact: to sulphur, hence,
 Whose oath were itching, for a handsome bribe,
 His conscience, found, who sweareth before,
 bars,

The iron, in them, flawless—competent
 To swear, as truly, as a God had done.
 Yet, he whose oath, were better, than, his word,
 Suggests the value of a liar's oath.

Man's dogma of a devil is the fact,
 That makes man diabolic—otherwise,
 He had, for his own lapses, no defense,
 Who had shunned crime, with tenfold watch-
 fulness;

No tempter, man's, to saddle with his guilt.

To ignore Satan were a masterstroke,
 Of godly humor: piety, itself,
 When, but, a genuflexion to the Past,
 An obstinate spine had mended, instantly.

Man swings between the devil and his God,
 And would not offend either—hence, the phrase
 Good Lord, Good Devil, his, most apposite,
 Who seeks to be the client of them both.

O, charming Devil, thou, so widely, known,
 As, the Old Serpent, shouldst thou cast thy
 skin,

Ere, housed, within another, dead, as Jove,
 'Twere a death-blow, to half, theology,
 O, miserable Devil.

Man seems, so tickled, that his ancestors,
 Left him, a devil, he clings to his tail,
 With a tenacious death grip: let it go,
 O man, the better, for thy waning health,
 The sooner, thou hast done it—'tis the smell
 Of brimstone, that has done thy stomach harm,
 And spoilt thy prime digestion.—Laughter
 seems

That exorcist, of devils, to which, Time

Shall, yet, appeal, with tears.—The devil's
dead,

Had credited with life, him, yet, unborn :

A devil, neither, is, nor, ever was—

But, sprang of orient fancy.

—No devil, what theology, but, man,

In search of God, tho' haply in his arms?

Obeys or die is martial exigence;

Hence, the prime law of soldiership—a rule

Less rigorous and guns, were of less use,

To mouth defiance at an enemy

Than to blaze homeward treason, thro' the
breach

Postpone not retribution, till men die,

So doubtful if a devil be, the just

Insist, the vicious for their wares, shall pay

To brief forbearance. Dreams of heaven and hell

Emasculate man's nature, yet, preserve

His savage instincts, that forbid the law

Of reason, to possess him. Man were, yet,

Only, the more, a savage, than, he was,

To postulates, laid down, in savagery.

One lie, to flank another, fills the world,

With unexploded myths and vagaries.

Ages, of veneration, for a straw

May give to it, the strength of adamant:

A savage, if, in broadcloth, but, the more,

A savage, than, in skins.

—Due, the doughty West

To question power, unquestioned—else, were
man

What he was to the Roman, or, to Christ.

Freedom commends the fact, man thought aloud

To voluble gunpowder, who, to faith,

Had sat, unsexed, and marked each rampart
rise,

Constructed of whose skulls, an interim

Of reason, to a fool, in cap and bells.

Irony is a factor, that rebukes

Man's greed of piety and pommels him,

With the thigh bones of his deceased gods.

Religious cant so nauseates the Age

That, when man's stomach heaves, none nauti-
cal

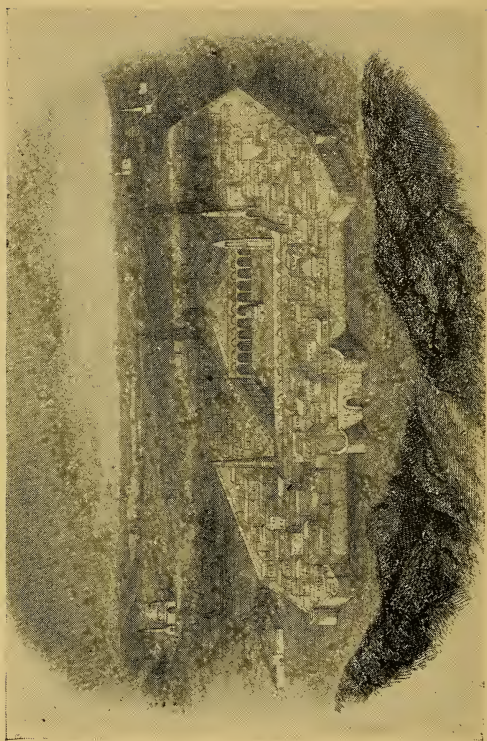
Had typed its painful retch—yet, afterwards,

What health, man's, having spewed? Him
consummate

With th' crown of th' mammalia, on his head,

A speculation, were too small a coin,

Therefor, t' impeach the uses of this life



The evil, dead, are damuéd, man's no hell;
The good, are dead, rewarded, man's, no
heaven,

If, but, in Nature's freezing cry of shame;
Or, passionate praise, of duty, gently, done.
Men are not, good, or, evil, to their creeds,
But, to their actions—by what dogma, men
May swear is futile.

Time, but appends an exclamation point,
To th' Moslem zealot's impious piety;
Him, lust and rapine halt, for frequent prayer
Yet, th' faith of Islam is a cimeter,
With a Houri's profile, carved upon the hilt;
Her creed, that deference, an Arab paid
Semitic prophets, for the primacy,
In Allah's favor. When the lie has fall'n
That rocks the East asleep and to lewd dreams,
All paganism, moribund, Time, thence
May score some signal victories for man.
To th' East, Damascus—Glory, to the West,
Is thrift, with culture, in her easy chair.
To warmer colors, to a chisel, whet,
By the stone it coaxes into shapeliness;
To th' nobler passions, voiced, in tragedy,
To common life, in farce, with caustic wit,
Handling hard-featured greed, culture may find
Occasions, broader, than, her diligence.
Man, with his face, set Westward, treats the
East

As a point of the compass, nil, save, when, at
sea,

Sailing his ventures.

—From Temples of the Sun, to those of Christ,
Lies th' track of th' stormy voyage, man has
made,

Taking the soundings of his intellect.

Man has, in fancy, cursed himself and shot
A poison, thro' all Nature—beast and bird,
With plant and insect, stung: while the deep sea
Rolls o'er a monstrous curse, half, hinted, God's,
In the terrific slaughter, waging, there.

Yet, life doth pass to judgment, in each act,
Rewarded, when, not mulcted, instantly.

No plea suspends, nor mitigates a hair,

The judgment of that bench, whereto, all life

Appeals in every breath, till, at the grave,

Man has outlived his pains and his rewards;

Life's ledger, balanced, and by man's own pen.

Man's first and final article of faith,

Were, man is mortal; his supremest act,

Were to confess it—while, his chief renown,
 To have achieved a faith, so rational.
 The revolution, Time inaugurates,
 Is, of opinion, when, stale creeds shall fall,
 Mythic and fabulous, as fall the leaves
 In Tropic forests and, as harmlessly.
 —The World had made more progress, disen-
 thrallled.

From myth and fable, in a solar year,
 Than, man has made, in his best century.
 No Revelation, from a Power Supreme,
 E'en no occasion for one—is the trend
 Of all man's thinking—unless Reason be
 True inspiration and continuous.
 —Hunger and cold demand an audience
 And they must have it; fictions must give place
 To the clear fact, man is and must subsist.
 In this soft, mincing world of craft and lust,
 What education, for a maniac?
 Tho', to lose this world, were to lose all, man
 hath.

Just, as the Solar System seems, to drift
 Against a central sun, man's faculties
 Make for th' abstruser problem, than, what is
 In what, man had been, perfect—confident,
 Of better men, to new conditions, bred.
 Reason is supreme factor, in man's growth,
 Fancy, eluding justice, yet, at large,
 God, not, in reason, man-ward—not, at all;
 Conscious election, man's, in all he doth;
 So free, he feels not, never, felt the touch,
 Of any sceptre.

—Appeal lies, always, in the last resort,
 To current reason: all appeal to faith,
 But to the regnant Powers, as touching God.
 Faith has arrived at th' crucial test, at last;
 Into opinion, man resolves himself,
 With his attendant Gods.

—To change of custom, in a twelve-month, man,
 Moslem or Jew or Christian, had forgot
 Half, he had, late, held sacred: What appears
 Incapable of change, in common life,
 Proves, oft, a habit, readily, dismiss;
 Thence, as discarded, as a cast-off shoe.
 Give to the common mind a common start;
 Without pre-occupation, to seek God.
 The West, still, in an Asiatic rut,
 Is crying—Hercules!

College curriculum and public school's,

Should pay more court to ethics and good will,
 Alms-doing, love and all the charities :
 The daily culture of the heart, itself,
 Half, education : to develop man
 Is not to freeze, the intellect to ice,
 But, in the kindling heart, to temper it,
 Till all its thinking, touches, somewhere, man ;
 While, every purpose hath the ring of steel.
 —Depravity takes root, ere puberty—
 Despoils the blush of maidenhood, while youth
 Takes the shame-faced look, of secret sin.
 Let, sexual morality be taught,
 As it, yet, seldom, is, from th' nursery :
 While, every mother rears her daughter, pure,
 And every sire, his son. Fact, horrible,
 Ethics, as personal purity, oft, found,
 Lest, modesty be stained, imprest, so late,
 Youth has become debauched, ere, cognizant,
 Life, stood, imperilled : culpable mistake,
 To have postponed such vital tutorship,
 Till, life enchanted, by the Siren's song,
 Draws near her grotto. Character is first,
 Science and the humanities are, next,
 Else, education were a fallacy :
 While, sons reflect, they may excel their sires—
 Heredity may strike its roots, as far,
 As th' Norman Conquest.

What a vast fund were Charity's, when God
 Had certified man's conscience, He were,
 pleased
 If, man's, no hunger, not a minster—His ?
 To squalor, wretchedness, to woe and want
 Voting the gold and misdirected sweat,
 Absorbed in sculptured stone and classic Art.
 We know God, as a Law, we know Him not,
 With the conditions of humanity,
 Smirched, by the quills of Asia.—Man's fixt
 course
 By every compass must be henceforth, West,
 For points, still farther Westward—sailors' lore
 So much abounds, in phantom ships, in seas,
 Spectral, to th' Eastward.
 —Drop life, a dream and take up life, a fact.
 Life is not a probation, but an end ;
 The first and last of man—his cradle, grave,
 His expectation : yet, to live true men,
 And die, true heroes, seemeth this world's lack.
 Preach to man, courage, from his mother's milk,
 And ply him, with ambition : argue truth

Is all life's perfume and frank uprightness
His saving glory.

—Spiritus means, but, breath, or, life, no more :
Life, in the nostrils, of both man and beast
Was science, before lungs and oxygen.
In, not, to suffer, may be to enjoy ;
In sheer negation, endless happiness.
The cultured ancient mind, found that, in
death,

Of th' vulgar sought for, in Elysian Fields,
The common mind, yet, seeks there : No despair,
Not, man's perverted fancy in the thought,
I soon shall cease, to be, but, in my deeds.
Man seems a product of the elements,
To science, in a toy, Nature conceives,
Enjoys, a while, then, with its atoms seeks
Amusement, in new ventures. Ere Christ was,
Lucretius argued, of the elements
Man was a product, with the earth itself ;
Democritus, yet, earlier, hailed the force
In atoms, Chemistry, late, revels in.
The ancient mind, thro', both, the Leyden jar,
And crucible develops into ours.
Insurgent light, as man's and Nature's own
Transpires, the wheels of Phoebus' chariot,
Whereto, fleet Time is hitched.

—Man, far from restive for another world,
Here, finds the game he thrives on, here, the
fruit,

To which, his blood flows, vital : let him be,
Yet, bid him, wiselier, to enjoy a life,
He poisons so, with doubt, if, it be sweet.
Life's minutes, seconds, hours are Babylon's,
And 'tis enough, to garble time, by th' East,
Life's purpose squaring, to th' Westering sun ;
Tho' thro' each week, breathing, by Hesperus,
An atmosphere, charged, with the number
seven,

Mystical, in Chaldea.

—He were a coward, e'en, at martial law,
Shot, by the warrant of a drumhead Court,
Who, light perceives, yet, dare not follow it.
Light, ever, has been hated and is still,
It hints so much, that makes men hate them-
selves.

Man had been tethered for five thousand years
Cropping lean sorrel—till insurgent, late,
His tether Reason snapt, whose thymy fields

The quondam starveling roams. So, man, by stealth

Has seized the dugs of th' fugitive, old dam,
Skulking thro' fear, of covert enemies.
It is not, yet, too early to ride, well,
To th' lusty pack, unleashed, on the fresh trail
Of pestilent foxes.

Gunpowder, yet, asserts a privilege,

Or. proves, a dynasty, legitimate:

Man is, but, rational, in theory,

In practice, nothing, unless muscular.

Life, but a struggle, it seems fit, life is:

Nature commits her bounty, to the strong,

E'en at th' Equator: tho' the law of life

Seems merciless and cruel, it is man's,

Less, to gainsay, than, to its precept, thrive.

Life preys on life from insect, up to man,

Which, reason would not, Nature may defend;

Whose, may be other premises, than, man's,

Whence, her deductions—tho' such havoc grates

On human limitations, horribly.

Such profanation, too, of art, it seems,

To paint a butterfly, to be devoured,

Would Nature spake, tho', briefly—yet, she
takes

Occasion, to think otherwise and hath

Her gentle, easy way.—Murder hath

In Nature, an apologist, but finds

Reason, her hangman always. Evil, thus,

If, meaningful, to Nature, signifies,

Her august pleasure; life, to breed and slay,

Her occupation: life, of little worth,

In th' eye of Nature, or, attains its worth,

The weaker, writhing, in the stronger's fangs.

Yet, the tiger-cat, so solaces his prey,

With anesthetic purrs—to be devoured,

Who knows, if, painful?

—Nature is reticent of her affairs,

As, a superior, to a fool, of his.

Her sighs seem, by the stronger, for more
strength,

Her jeers dismay the weaker; servitude,

While, not a law of Nature, seems a fact,

By her permission.—Man, incurious,

Yawns, in the Tropics, slumbers, by the Pole,

Immobile man, forever; curious man,

Who shuns the Tropics and the Poles, alike,

Peeps thro' all keyholes and may, yet, surprise
Nature, disrobing.

How, to get money, is this, all, of man?

By a whole heaven, two differ, yet, agree,
 To plow, together, to a yoke of gold.
 Success is, easily, first, of all the gods,
 While, gold is second: yet, th' sanguine man
 When, midway up success, boasts lustily,
 As, if, stood, on its peak—the avalanche,
 In wait, t' upbraid him.—To an Age of gold
 Man's alter ego is a chunk, thereof;
 All men found, willing to be plutocrats.
 Gold plays both lord and devil, to mankind
 In one and the same guinea and proceeds
 To settle the vexed question, life or death.
 Gold is an optimist—while penury
 Dissolves with faltering hand the murderous
 drug

And begs the question. Is man born, amiss?
 How, born, to, simply, suffer, when each sense
 Strains, to admit joy, double? Yet, doth man,
 To provocation, handle life and death,
 With perilous freedom. No accomplishment,
 In Cato, fallen, on his sword, at bay;
 Nor, in a single Roman: still, to live,
 All, one would live for, lost, is fortitude,
 That, on the act of suicide, had frowned,
 No manhood, in it. Live, whoever, may,
 And die, who cannot help it, well imputes
 To manhood, character—his, yet, untried,
 Who hath not met disaster, ignorant,
 Yet, what his loins are made of:—Wager not
 On that man, a brass farthing.

—The way's as broad to honor as to shame;
 Th' election, just as open—so, the chief,
 Of all life's prizes, fall, to diligence,
 Tho' a fool stumbles o'er a pot of gold.
 Who, in himself, believes, has the same faith,
 Which, at Olympia, won; whose, faith, like
 this,
 May take a field; may sing himself to fame,
 May win the greenest bays that, ever, grew,
 May, in the Pantheon, fill an envied niche.
 A strong man's fame precedes him and makes
 clear

The way, before him, as a herald had—
 The fortress, fallen, he had come, to take.
 Courage, or nothing—and all has been said
 Of man, in history, of man, to be.
 Men, who believe, in nothing, but, themselves,
 Are th' sceptics of success: luck has no place
 In expurgated lexicons—yet, luck,
 Unthrifty, brainless, has a serpent's eye,

T' enchant a mortal.—Ah! those crystal beads
Thick, on man's forehead, there, most, right-
eously,

Have, quite, dismayed him: only, not, to sweat,
And man resolves life, happy—his resolve
Futile, as air, confronting destiny.
Sweat is man's proper self and until found
Man is impersonal: that, by a man,
Worthy, e'en, if unworthy, eminent,
Had come, of labor.

Bravado is not courage, nor, of kin.
'Tis quite as much true courage, to retire,
From that, invincible, as, to assail
What, valor may reduce: the crucial test,
What, courage? what, temerity? so true,
Never, were laurels won, of bravery,
If, fear were not legitimate, wherein,
Fear, fitly, is invoked: all fortitude
Is the unharnessed valor of the field,
Stretched, in the shade, asleep.

Theirs, eyes and ears; theirs, lips to freely
speak,
Men mean to realize the privilege
Against a possible, nay—thus, to forestall
Decapitation: Since, Opinion rose,
Man hath a factor, in a possible god,
With man's true weal, at heart.

—Only, a mammal, man shall prove a man,
Supremely so—the trite delusion, gone,
He pines, immortal, restive, for his wings.
Man's whole concern is here, his proper hence,
A grave or fittier urn—while, he, so sad
To his belief, in what has never been
Nor, even, shall be, may yet, learn to smile
To his conviction—I'm a mortal man.
A corpse is but, the balance sheet of life,
Profit and loss, to Nature, argued thence.
Man's, if, a future, 'twere not, left in doubt,
It had been, as the lode-star of his life,
Whose breath, seems, but, a trick of oxygen.
Death, tho' the common incident of life,
Proves, always, its alarming accident.
Death does not learn, how much, this life is
worth

Beyond, some other, ere, he snuffs it out;
In men's relations, death betrays no stake:
A valve declines its office, a man dies.
Nor, was it needful Alexander's hands

Should hang down the bier, empty, to prove
man

Takes nothing, with him, gone.

—Why, should man crave two worlds to perfect
him?

Why, may not one exhaust his utmost worth?

An aspiration, to be more, than man,

Is capable of being, were as false,

As no ambition, man's, but, gluttony.

Man, more, an expectation, than, a fact,

Invites suggestion; make him, what, man will—

But, build him, larger.

Tho' not disfunctioned, Nature stills the heart,

In life, suspended, she resumes, anon;

A sleight if hers, the Eastern Juggler's, too;

Suspended animation, verified,

In him, he brings into apparent death,

Interred, a corpse, he resurrects and wakes,

When flowers have bloomed and faded on his
grave.

Herein, a cue to immortality,

Howe'er astounding, possible—in life,

Suspended five, or e'en five hundred years:

A seeming corpse, in metal, tightly sealed

Labelled—Awake him, hence, a thousand years.

To life suspend and life restore, in man

Thro' some material force, had stretched the
term

Of life to cover vast duration, hence;

The sleeper, throughout centuries, unaged,

At his revival!!

Man, if the only being who could think,

Born, to this planet, it might raise the point

Is man, immortal?—that, he thinks the best

Or, thinks the most, suggests but primacy.

Ne'er, to know, he has died or changed his state,

What consolation, sweeter, to him, dead?

Unconsciousness the fabled gate of heaven:

While, having died and conscious, still, the hell

Of ante-mortem fear. Man has assumed,

Matter, incompetent, to do an act,

It seems, impossible, matter had done—

Altho', he doth not know, what, matter is,

Save, that, he had divided it, until,

He fails to make it, yet, divisible.

In man, no constant presence of a force

Or, factor, immaterial, as, of mind.

Distinct, from matter, as both positive,

And unremitting: thus, our mental states
 Are, but, brief snatches of our consciousness,
 Or, scraps of our experience: mental power,
 Never, continuous, seems an exercise,
 Capricious, due the forces of the brain;
 Not, always, his, when he invokes it, most:
 Man's intellection, at the will of fire,
 With, oft, unseasoned fuel—mind affects
 The fleeing quarry, not the baying pack.
 As the complement of matter, mind appears
 Its yoke-mate, always; never, met, as mind
 Singly and unattended—wherefore, then,
 Matter and mind as if two entities?

Is not that bird a tailor, whose, a nest,
 As truly stitched, as is a courtier's sleeve?
 In mathematics, quote the honey bee,
 With hexagons and mitres, the despair,
 Albeit, of joinery. Th' historic ant,
 Tho' she excels, in thrift, ignoble wars
 To capture slaves, on her late spotless disk
 Cast obscurity. Thro' the beaver's skill
 His dykes compete with hoary craftsmanship.
 So, in the spider, strategy, itself,
 May learn to take a fortress; from her web,
 Of diabolic craft and cruelty,
 A revelation. Of the elephant,
 But, to review his thoughts, had broadened ours;
 While, in thy horse or dog, society,
 Of fashion, wearied.—If to stress or strait,
 The insect and the beast had hope foregone,
 Ere, having striven bravely, to avert
 Or flee disaster—no election, theirs,
 In crises, novel; no discretion, craft,
 Theirs, no expedients—instinct might have,
 then,

As reason hath, a kingdom. In all life,
 Selection and heredity obtain;
 Intelligence, e'en, courts comparison
 In lower life, with higher: if, in man
 His limitations are elastic, still
 Man e'er complete, completed, eons hence;
 In life, below him, it is plausible,
 Development is finished, in much life,
 Therein, conspicuous—tho', on much, beside,
 Improvement, yet, thro' eons may attend.
 Plant, beast and man grow, each, by common
 means,
 Each, an adept artificer of life,
 Thro' the devoted bioplast—astir,

In th' leaves, the flesh, the tissues of all life.
 Why, not, a spirit, in the cowslip, bee,
 Whose, if phenomena of matter, how,
 Man's, if excepted?—From a simple cell,
 To culture life, up to intelligence
 May be a process, nature had enjoyed
 Past, peopling orbs, with unrelated life,
 Special creations—if, with power endued,
 So, to have populated sea and land.
 Authentic time, too short, to demonstrate
 Such transformations, as had been the key
 To Nature's methods—to analogy,
 In the larva and the tadpole, argument
 Postulates, Nature would develop form,
 Not, specially, create it.

Memory displays the cells whereon are stamp
 The truths of Magna Charta, or the fall,
 Of youth's first idol or a mother's own—
 Nature, while, foremost in photography,
 Strung, too, the wires for the first telegram.
 The same material force that tints the rose
 May bloom in Rubens, or in Angelo;
 An incorporeal essence, as of soul,
 Constraining matter, Orient fancy—ours.
 Of sleep, dreams are not a phenomenon
 But, of a wakeful brain, with part asleep;
 Whence, inconsistency and the mad freaks
 Of unleashed fancy: thus, the brain presents
 In dreams, a maudlin state like drunkenness,
 Its master functions, somnolent. So, to affirm
 Mind is the source of matter seems untrue,
 As matter stands revealed: the argument,
 The universe, of something, precedent,
 Is a result, seems more a mighty stretch
 Of fancy, than of wisdom; what, we see,
 Why not eternal? What analogy
 In man, whose source was something, to sustain
 A parallel, in Nature, that her source
 Was, indeed, Nothing?

Of natural powers, since man knows nothing
 else,
 Than thro' deductions from phenomena,
 Why postulate, in man, some principle,
 Of higher rank, to operate in him
 Results, no more astounding, than are wrought
 In sentient life, below him, or in life
 If vegetable, only? it so clear,
 Matter, to science, tenders every force

That, fabled spirit, proffered ignorance?
 Yet th' immaterial appeals to pride
 As if it stood life on a higher plane
 Than matter, singly, had: thus, dualism,
 In that, it flatters, so bewitches man
 That his vainglory bumps against the staves
 And spills the mammal's brains. If, not to
 man's

To whose assent, or why, doth flattery
 Stand guard, at every entrance to the heart,
 To wave distemper in, or evil out?
 Why ignore matter and then substitute
 For that, five senses demonstrate a fact,
 That, whereof five are silent? or why clothe
 A bald hypothesis with faculties,
 Powers, matter proves analogous to hers,
 If not with hers, identical?
 To the idealist, the universe
 Resolves into ideas and this globe
 Exists, but to the mind, conceiving it;
 Matter, more a sensation, than a fact
 Man has yet failed, or to annihilate
 Or grind to atoms. Matter builds for man
 A brain, to apprehend her; at his birth
 Plays the accoucher—met with oxygen,
 She gives him suck, anon; his mental force,
 Consistent with his growth, heredity,
 A constant factor, in the equity
 Of natural ethics. If, idealism
 Be held invincible, of Priestley held,
 A compromise, of matter and of mind;
 Matter and spirit, interchangeable,
 Thro' spirit, well materialized, as thro'
 Matter half spiritual—as Science then
 A hundred years, nay, even more, ago,
 So nudged his elbow, that his quill has left
 Mortality behind it, as the fate
 Of soul and body, but to pledges, Christ's
 Of resurrection, only—to success,
 Science, exploiting matter, has achieved,
 Her forces are of yesterday, and raise
 New questions to new premises and proof,
 E'en raise them daily: within forty years,
 Logic, not proven false, but Nature true.
 Science is but the art of seeking God
 Within his workshop—there, or nowhere, found.

Man's, a new cult, let it develop him,
 Abreast with reason, until cast aside
 As outgrown scaffolding: all light appears

The product of man's brain and what he seeks
 Is th' fuel to increase it.—Why may not
 Man's reason argue God, in well-girt loins,
 With presence decent, yet attract his eye,
 Kindly, as had an anchorite?—Should Time
 Be, other, than, duration, infinite,
 Save, as, a time-piece makes time, fractional,
 Or the Sun's humor, scoring solar years?
 An incident of Nature, while, she may
 Incline the axis of the earth, for him,
 Man hath no cycle, publishing its close,
 In an extinguished Sun: man tho' extinct,
 The Sun had, still, vocation—not an orb,
 Had marvelled at the absence of the Lord
 Of a decaying sphere—it, with the Moon,
 Yoked, in th' astronomy, belike, of Mars.
 Time shall not close his cycle, to a wink,
 From any God of Asia; 'twere the God
 Of all the Continents, whom Time had given
 Prompt heed and dashed his hour-glass.
 —To th' Christian Cult, life is a thousand fold
 Purer, on Western soil, than, when it sprang
 From th' soil of Syria, watered, with the tears
 Of th' living Jesus—since, 'tis here, the fruit
 Of Western culture of the charities,
 Christianity, wherein, unfabulous.
 Man waits a resurrection from himself,
 The grave, wherein, he rots: in every man
 A priest of Nature, by anointing oil,
 No stale decoction, man's—man, hence, confest,
 Not, in a poor apology, for man,
 But, in the mighty conqueror of himself.
 Some change, of reason dreaded, ere, it be,
 Men are amazed, when certified 'tis done,
 Yet, the world, unalarmed: No danger lies,
 In change, when Time is ripe for it, complete,
 Ere, argument has ceased promoting it.
 To human nature apply less the drag,
 With freer motion to the whiffletree.

Cosmic, or chemic forces seem, to think.
 Unconscious intellection, in all life,
 Seems building leaf and fibre, bone and brain;
 While, conscious intellection, sovereign, man's,
 Presents, in him, what flower and plant and tree,
 Seem, half, endued with—an apparent gulf,
 Nature may span, as readily, as that.
 Between a beetle's wing and butterfly's.
 The wounded tree does not curl up its leaves,
 And, meekly, bleed to death, but hero-like,

Assailed, would staunch its wounds and rescue
life:

What, so like reason, what if, not the force
That thinketh in all life, from daisies up?
So, man is taught t' insure his Eddystone
Thro' that amazing genius, in the oak,
Well anchored, for a hundred years, or more.
So, in the tree, stood, hapless, on a rock,
There, to have starved and fitly, but, for wit
To urge its roots, by the best route, athirst,
For nutriment, till had—men are advised,
How, to take heart, who dare, the darkest hour
Life is a property of Nature, fixt,
And indestructible: the fact of death,
Tho', quite unfathomed, life's phenomenon.
Death seems but Nature's shuffle of the cards
For a new deal and more absorbing game.

Annihilation is a term that hath
No meaning in it: to annihilate
An atom were impossible—when, death,
Hath done its worst, the fact has, simply,
changed
The relationship of atoms—what, if, more?

Assume not, fear is normal, prove it so.
All man, in Nature, finds for fear or dread,
Is from th' possible friction of her gear.
Ours a recovered world, a world, redeemed
Of human reason, from th' atrocious crimes
Of human fancy: man is competent
To live a higher and a purer life,
Met, with the fact, his, but, one life to live,
If tho', a brief one; than, to be misled
By th' cruel expectation, of one more.

In every family, the head, thereof,
With Prince and Patriarch, filled the role of
priest

Until the priesthood had become a caste
Or. heritable office in a tribe:
An organized priesthood, thence, a church.
Man's, yet, the slave, with gilded fetters on,
He wore, ungilt, to his theocracy.
Savage or Pagan, Christian, Composite,
When organized religion shall have ceased,
Its vices had departed and its worth,
Were by man's heart, conserved. To current
time,

Religion, thrives, a social institute,
While, the fabulous, that would authenticate

Its origin, is bolted bodily—
To give the social instinct, holiday.

—Should floods of tears
O'erwhelm the immaculate Sun, till every beam
Ran sorrow, man were happy, it so cheers
Grief, to remark profounder grief. Yet, death
Since, not, for man a meditated pang,
But, Nature's own supreme economy—
Let us have done, with sighs.

—To charge delinquency,
On Time and flog him in the public eye,
Amendment, in the lash, were heroism,
Yet, to be flogged, of Time, were cowardice.
Man's mischief, in the East, man, in the West,
May thwart, at will, without apology,
To dead barbarians—charging that, on them,
They, glibly, laid on God.

—The Earth, a plain, girt by the surging sea,
Immovable, yet, by the Sun and Stars,
Lanterned and tended—no inhabitant,
To potentate a planet, except this:
To such conditions, all religion, dawned.
Man wandered West, with fables, on his lips,
From Asia, and retailed them, till the air
Grew black with poison—so that children
screamed

At goblins, met, while manhood, howe'er brave,
Did pale and flinch, at hell. How ludicrous,
That, argument is offered to sustain
The sacerdotal figment to an Age,
When, Virtue hath some honor, from mankind,
And Vice gets, half the lashes, it deserves?
Men appear, eager, truth, if, but, a groat
And error, twelve pence, to elect the last.
Half the gold expended on religious pomp,
Diverted to raise cereals, had insured
Man, against famine, for all time, to be.
A revelation, that shall demonstrate
Penury false and shall not foster it,
Thro' pledge of diadems, in life, to come,
Shall wear a seal, divine, whate'er its source.

Remark Arcturus, that prodigious Sun,
Itself, the lesser, by a million fold
To some Superior Orb, and, wherefore, hail,
To God, outranking all, a paltry sphere,
Worth scarce a groat, in the commerce of the
skies?

God's pleasure seems whatever man finds his,
Who, while, dependent, as a sparrow is,

On Nature's bounty, to investiture,
 Wilds, both, her purse and sword.

—Values have been inverted: thus, faith, late
 Worth all man's blood, is scarcely, worth a drop,
 While reason hath the value, faith had, late.
 Pure morals with monogamy appear
 The soul, itself, of culture while the key
 To social progress: all appeal, besides,
 What aid th' imagination may supply
 Th' positive moral forces of the brain.
 But, one foundation, moral, whereon stands
 All, that is sacred, man's or, secular,
 It reason, always; all security,
 For the continuance of any fact,
 Reason, as, yet, has not outgrown its use.
 To men's conceptions of Him, God remains
 The same as if man had none—to adore,
 God, the Supreme, were homage—ignorant
 Of what, perforce, God is, altho', it seems,
 God is, in all things that exist, or God
 Were elbowed out of His own universe.
 Men, at their best, where, men are, at their
 worst

Is that anomaly, the Social State
 Presents and ever may: Goodness, supreme,
 Is a fact, common, evil would impeach
 But, finds few juries, hers—the course of life
 Preserves, invincibly, an upward trend
 While, side by side, thrive vice and virtue, best.

Faith-ridden World, with such sore withers, too.
 Each shame-faced rider, still, insists, he hath
 A warrant for his rowels, and displays
 Th' attesting beeswax.—Yet, in man, himself,
 Lie all the fundamentals of belief.
 Faith may accept a lie and yet, be faith;
 Faith, never meritorious, in itself,
 But, in clear demonstration of the truth,
 Of th' object of it.

—To what knees are firm
 The World seems, well, worth fighting, dying
 for;
 Tho' men the dice of fortune, cast to a sky
 Astir with goblins, to a future, void
 As man's historic stomach. Liberty?
 To think aloud is liberty; to think
 Behind the teeth, still, thralldom: but to shut
 The mouth and open it, but to the ebb
 Or, flow, of Power, and with no stake, therein,
 Were life, an oyster's.

Ours is, perhaps, the fittest time, to doubt,
And test that, most unquestioned: argument
Has raised man to his throne and crowned him,
sat,

Of flints, disarmed, and of his furs, disrobed.
No man is here, thro' being prest, to come,
Nor, of his own volition; being, here,
Who casts about for warrant to remain.
An inexhaustive factor, light appears
To stretch man's limitations, palpably:
Man, thus, the evil he may wallow in,
Yet, the restoring bath.—To th' human, man
Hath grown, who had not to the Supernatural,
An inch in more than forty centuries.
The powers of Nature seem intelligent,
Seem, not, blind forces, that to positive law
Betray significance: man's the same right
To say, of Nature, that she thinks and acts
As, of himself, he cogitates and wills.
This is like that, that unlike something else:
Hereof, comes Knowledge—thus appearances,
Are all men know as true; perhaps, thence all
Man ever, may know—knowledge, otherwise,
A guess, however, shrewd. So, competent,
To that, she undertakes, how, Nature thinks
In man, in every cricket, every tree,
Waits demonstration.

—To th' ancient mind, the fact of life, itself,
Suggested, early, a material soul;
An immaterial soul, the fact of thought.
From Aristotle, it absorbed the Greek,
Engaged the Roman, when he sheathed his
steel;

The pagan fathers of the Church, pursued
A vagary, they left, much, as they found
It, Aristotle's—while the Schoolmen, thence,
Relanterned the dark problem, with the rays
Sickly and few, that through their cloisters
crept:

And when Descartes had located a soul
In the pineal gland, there fell a calm
Till Science, late, invoked reargument,
And as a product of the brain, itself,
Drew from material elements the mind:
His thoughts, immortal, but the thinker, not.
All men are mortal, life, immortal, man
In whom the race continues, hope is that
Hereafters are all made of. Who shall say,
A being lives, in all the universe,
Who may not like a burnt-out candle die?

—Man's place, in Nature, is not optional,
 A cog, in Nature's gearing, he may not
 Divert his office: not t' invent a man
 But, to educe one, glory. Let man be,
 As Nature made him, only, teach him, how,
 To better handle tools and, bravelier, think:
 Thought, wiselier, argued a phenomenon
 Of nervous force, engendered by the brain.
 Who dare tell Nature, matter shall not think?
 Advising her, what powers are Nature's own—
 She might retort—What powers, not, matter's
 mine?

The brain, no organ, but the mind itself,
 Were there humiliation, in the fact?
 If matter thinks, it is her matter, how:
 Tho' Science may insist 'tis her concern.

As a mechanic, Nature builds a man,
 Then, winds him up, as Nuremberg, her toys,
 For one, for ten, or for a hundred years.
 The fact were stranger, if man had a soul
 That must survive him, by a thousand fold
 That dissolution, absolute—it puts
 The query, Why, a body, man's, at all?
 Or, how, a spirit could inhabit it?
 Assuming that, unproven, spirits be.

—Mind appears,
 But, Matter's thinking side—all thought, itself,
 A product, of burnt carbon: Science lays
 Her hand, so foully, on humanity,
 Man dieth, like a dog, yet, as a man,
 To exit rational.—Why not, quite, true,
 That, all life reasons, from an insect up,
 Since, plants elect their food, reach after light,
 Hold their stems, plumb, and fortify their
 roots?

Tho' chemistry and reason differ—how?

To burn, the body, dead, less harrowing seems,
 Than, cast into a pit, to slow decay,
 To worms and putrefaction: theirs, an urn,
 With all therein, well purified by fire,
 That was a man, or woman—the bereft
 Eye, but with pangs of Nature, gently, healed.
 The marrow freezes, at th' possible fact
 Of premature interment: thus to add
 To dying, terrors, Nature hath withheld.
 The fact of death, precertified, by fire,
 Had to the dying, death, well-nigh, disarmed.
 No plea for inhumation, but, wherein
 Convenience, only, as th' instinctive act,

Of life, untutored: to Semitic faith,
 To quickly hide from sight the unclean corpse:
 To Zoroastrian dreams, to bury it
 In the vain hope of resurrection, left
 To the discretion of the elements.

—The Roman revered his ancestral dust;
 Oft, when imperilled, bore it off with him:
 Tho' reverence, ours, had sought ancestral
 worth—

Ancestral ashes, in mausolea,
 Sealed, against accidents of fire or flood,
 Or personal fortune.—Pestilence bestrides
 All winds from th' Eastward, when the rags of
 faith

Reek, with the plagues of Asia—while the
 graves

By the plague-stricken Cities of the West,
 Still, menace life remaining, and to fire
 Humanity appeals, as, if, to God.

So, to treat others, as men would themselves,
 Of men be treated, has stood nations where,
 Men are found foremost—tho' the Golden Rule
 Were but a ruse of supreme policy
 Pure selfishness had prompted, if, in man,
 No higher motives moved him, to just aims.
 The brotherhood of man awaits the fall
 Of man's traditions of a variant God,
 Absorbed in man's affairs—with frank farewell
 To all, acclaimed, as Supernatural.
 God is not writing history, but man,
 With his impatient quill, hence, why not more
 Mistakes and errors, were more pertinent,
 Than, why, so many. History is, yet,
 But a continuous roar of musketry
 Since powder was invented—while good steel
 In lusty heroes' hands, dealt death for death,
 Embroiled in riotous, fierce argument,
 With th' dogmas of tradition, ere Troy rose.
 Evil bears witness, to its turpitude,
 Less, by some ordinance defining it,
 Than to a law of Nature, every man
 May grow as versed in as a Chancellor.
 Yet, th' world is better than it, ever, was,
 Tho' half its good, while, all its evil rides
 In the omnivorous sheet that every morn
 Aids his digestion, who has broken fast.
 Ere, lead grew vocal and the mystic wire,
 Then, what assassins brandished, fear^{less},
 knives

Against detection? While, what argument
 For murder, in cold blood, when vigilance
 E'en, at her best, rode, post, but, at her worst,
 Slept on the spoil, herself?

—The poet's topic is whatever, man's;
 He, not a shepherd, only, with his lute,
 His, Neptune's trident, strung, and roundly
 swept,
 Of storm and tempest.

—Of Nature, ever, on a gala-day,
 In kirtle green, with cowslips, in her hair,
 Life is enamored and would wed with her
 In cheery light, to the sweet song of birds.
 To gesture speech and notes of music, moved,
 The cardinal points, in vicinage, to man—
 His genius, freed, has argued hell, itself,
 To Etna's bowels and reputed heaven,
 To th' Fortunate Isles—life, to th' elements
 Quit, of all curse, unless from light, itself:
 Whose brain, of water, eight parts, out of ten,
 Like a Sargasso Sea doth bear, afloat,
 Life's varied scenes the eye hath there imprest,
 With life's transactions, if, for fourscore years,
 Imprisoned in its cells. Thus, Art may, yet,
 Unfold within the Artist's studio
 The panorama of a splendid life,
 From the pictorial canvas of man's brain.

—He who burnt
 Whale's blubber, to illuminate the night,
 Inflames a subtle agent, that may, yet
 Prove both the sphere's vitality and man's.
 To triumphs, fairly, heralded of Art,
 The cities of the old world and the new,
 May, hourly, panoramic views indulge,
 Each, of all others—cosmopolitan,
 Thus, the untravelled, of each hemisphere.
 Nor, witch, nor, wizard, left—if heretics,
 Not sacerdotal vantage, to ignite
 A seasoned fagot—while, in common sense,
 Rolls such a torrent, as shall overwhelm
 Each fortress, Superstition huddles in.
 That, hailed the moral government of God,
 Seems, the continuous action of a force,
 In man, styled, reason, that perverted, oft,
 Transpires, the poison of false premises.
 So, the cause of man, is, always, God's, own
 cause.

Reason, supreme, in reason, man's, to-day:
 Appeal lies to the future, no appeal

To the dead ages, but, to analyze
 For virulent poison, their exhumed remains.
 Free speech, still, freer, to increasing light
 Has closed a devil's annals, in a roar
 Of festal mirth, in volume, thrice as loud
 As th' fabled wail of damned souls, from hell.
 Man's horizontal chin reflects the West,
 He, late, an Asiatic, with the stoop,
 Of sixty centuries, of faith and fear.
 More faith, in man, were no less faith in God
 Whose course toward man, apparent, argues
 man,

Left, so to trim his fortunes, as he may :
 God, satisfied, to let the mammal have
 His head and take it : past all argument,
 Joint with man's brain, the forces, of the
 sphere,

Do sway the naughty world.

Religion fades, less, into what, than why.
 Had all religions, man's, resolved to none,
 Within man's heart, were heaven, for that dis-
 mist.

Man's brave astronomy has clomb too high
 To dare peer down, at the diminished man :
 Whose physics are most eloquent, of force
 In vital atoms—and whose chemistry
 Invites a God, to her alembic stir :
 When, as of unity, all seas partake,
 In th' able swimmers, with a town, afloat,
 Within their several hulls ; of armaments
 Had plowed Salamis under, as a lark ;
 Of flying chariots, that fraternize
 Dissocial man and to the offices
 Of sympathy, devote him—half, the Age,
 A conquest, Iron's, with a ring of gold
 Thrust thro' her nostrils ; th' enfranchised man
 Reining his genius forward, to the spur
 Of fresh invention—while his fertile art
 Has made of every man, Briareus ;
 E'en, gives a drop of sweat, like consequence
 A river of it had ; of man, himself,
 Whereof, grave expectations, were th' result
 Of moral mathematics—not, the man,
 Erewhile, a piteous homunculus
 Outelbowed, by his peers ; an underling,
 Who, when, his shackles had turned into gold
 Argued chains, joyous—but, the braver chief
 Who, with a broadsword, argued liberty,
 His lips ineloquent : of thought, itself,
 Contingent on no past, but, on the fact,

Man thinks, and dare maintain his right to
 think,
 If, to his thighs, in blood or bridle rein.
 Yet, truth has come, to tarry, bloodlessly,
 Whose ensign, white, she means to carry thro'
 The hottest of the battle, still, unstained.
 A world of clansmen is the world that is;
 A world of brothers, the world, yet, to be.
 I am a Roman, hushed, I am a man;
 I am a man exploded Rome, herself:
 I am a man is, both, the argument
 And fact, of human unity, when come.
 The rights of man include the right to look
 Within the chalice, ere, he empties it.
 Man is, in treaty, with his intellect
 That hath, in hand, the fortunes of this world:
 All creeds fast merging into—man, for man;
 Done, the world's ordnance, publish it to Mars.
 —Who fights Apollo, with Achilles' spear,
 Hath no advantage o'er his flaming shield,
 It, midway, had consumed the spear, tho', sent
 No matter, by whose arm.

THE END.



A
MEMORIAL

OF

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON:

BY

JOHN EDWARD HOWELL.

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ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

OBIIT OCT. VI., MDCCCXCII.

A Poet, dead, at fourscore years and three,
Fallen on vantage ground, with knife in hand,
Fresh, from his thrifty vines, still, menacing
Growth, half in doubt of, spared—in Tenny-
son,
Far less surprised, than pained a busy world :
From his own Isle, as if, to brighter skies,
Than Surrey's, who sang, long, with voice
enough
To fill the earth—nor, had he thought, to die,
Near the World's Maelstrom, urging his return :
Genius, with scarce a parallel, in song
Wherein, with lyre, thro' more than sixty years,
Strung, for his instant touch ; whose patient
art
Had filed and polished what the hardy few
Who climb the top of Ida had flung down,
Reckless, if splintered fragments, to mankind,
Drunk, with delight, thro' simply breathing
there.

Honor is not the echo of one's voice,
Pursuing fame, his quarry, but th' assent
Of all men's reason, in a swelling aye,
That o'erhauls merit, unsolicited—
Albeit, stupendous folly, greatness seems,
In such, as well, might have avoided it.
Pay no attention to a mouthing gun,
Unless a genius prime it : yet, 'tis true
If, all roads led to Rome—Rome built the roads ;
So, thoroughfares, well-beaten, men have built,
Tho' leading to their graves, thro' opulence
Of genius, goodness, gold ; devotion finds
Something, for love, where she erects a shrine.

Fame, at its height, is like a tidal wave,
The ripples of all envy, swampt therein.
Yet, honors that o'erwhelm, do humble men
Bred, to sustain them, for men sound them-
selves

Oft, much, expected from them and the lead
Finds bottom, quickly—thence, so competent
To wear their laurels, with a regal grace
Which so commends them, every honor seems
To perch below them—they, with names at
death

Left to survivors, whole—all winds of Fame,

Thence—constant as the gales off Hatteras,
As, off Cape Horn, frost and inclement seas.

Ah! me, to love not—or, to be not loved
Stamps finis on life's volume, dull and thin.
Bard, of the gentler passions, from whose
strings

Love pays her court to Nature, yet affects
The garb of Fashion, stately, circumspect,
With fewer blushes, for her slips, than mar
Much elder psalmody—the stainless girl
May, to his measures, culture maidenhood;
Thence, wives may learn to prize fidelity;
While, erring husbands pause to ponder him,
As, the true spouse loves his true wife, yet
more—

So sweet love is, or seems, a Master's gift,
Whose pure, pale grace enchants the lily,
more,
Than, painted charms the license of lewd eyes.

How oft, some lyric, the impassioned lyre
Smote, by the breath of Spring, gave off, at
morn,

Lives, to see e'en, the Epic of an age
Imprinted on rare vellum, to applause,
Expire, the lining of a yeoman's trunk.
So false, his seership, that involved his Muse
Even, a Milton hailed his masterpiece,
In an inglorious Paradise, regained.
So, when, our Bard, of the Six Hundred, sang
'Twas the explosion of a magazine,
At daybreak, or, at midnight—while his Muse
Charmed with the fragments, scattered at her
feet,

Wrought a mosaic of immortal words.

If, thou hadst prayed the Sun, where, yester-
night,

He slept—his anger had kept thee, awake
A sennight, thinking: what, if he, his flame
Should snuff out, as a candle, to enjoy
Sleep, in delightful darkness, how profound
Men's execration of the innocent sphere,
Caught, napping, once, as men do?—In the
Muse,

True courage halts to wince, not wincing halts,
As Valor rolls her cheers down the broad aisles
of Time.

A genius is a lunatic, till when
 Pronounced success crowns him, a prodigy,
 Thence, every cur that bayed him long and
 loud

Whines to his kennel: so 'tis, ever, true,
 An Age must have its laugh o'er ere prepared
 To reverence a teacher—as, with him,
 England bears to her Abbey, so, with one,
 Whose Muse was railed at, half a century.
 Yet, genius is born, always, with a caul,
 The secret of her destiny, her own:
 Were it not so, a Wordsworth had not sung,
 Nor, had a Tennyson found, in his youth,
 The kernel of the Tennyson, revered;
 Nor, did a Shakespeare, or, a Milton sing,
 To motives, half, so urgent as—I must.
 The Poet, like the Orator, confest,
 Is, man in earnest; half the minstrel's art,
 Half, the divine afflatus, earnestness.
 A poet is his own Age, luminous,
 His Muse, an Epos of th' heroic Age;
 His genius, nowise, subject to the lash
 Of avarice, whence, to unseemly welts,
 Dandling a crock of gold: poesy had
 No function, if inutile—as an Art,
 At peace, with Phidias, Titian, Angelo.

Met with the stage, where life's stale comedy
 Still, holds the boards, he had nor jest, nor leer,
 Nor wit, nor humor, for the sweltering pit,
 Rarely, a gleaming shaft for Fashion, sat,
 In gems and gold, tired of the humdrum play.
 Fashion's supreme, with life, or death, at
 stake,

Or, but a Brummel's waistcoat—yet, who
 smiles?

If, gold but stay his ladder at the foot,
 Gold may roll murders down, as he mounts
 up;

The core of half the evils of this world
 Is—money means too much; whence, sorcery
 Had disenthralled this money-getting sphere?

A blade of grass contains that quantity,
 Unknown, in Nature, while, no star presents,
 Than, may a leaf, a problem, more profound.
 For high debate, when girt, he whet his steel,
 With logic, whose deductions were the fruit
 Of his own vantage, not of lesser men's.
 He hath an audience, whom men applaud,
 Or, men may censure—tho' his argument

Must wait man's candor; life is positive
 And to the friction of a stirring Age
 Excels all augury; grieved, to endure
 Cowards, who hibernate, when dangers lower,
 Yet, from their covert slip, to skies serene.
 The Thinker is the summit of this world,
 Which flies its colors thence; if, Tennyson
 Hath broadened man, a whit, or emptied him
 Of one delusion, 'twere a coronet,
 So well becomes his bier, let's leave it there.

Clear, to the Poet's vision, Somerby
 Rose, with its Brook, that flows forever on,
 While men have come and gone, still, come
 and go;

So, from the Poet's heart, the Vicarage
 Contends, thro' In Memoriam, for a place,
 First, in the Thinker's own philosophy.
 —O Poet, to have lived so harmlessly,
 To have won fame and riches, rank and ease,
 Yet, to prize friendship—while, the painful
 stare

Of admiration, striving to endure—
 What didst thou lack, thou wouldst not, Ten-
 nyson?

Minstrel, who found, in duty, ably done,
 Reward enough, e'en his, no Laureate's bays,
 He wore to such remark, as Wordsworth had—
 Him, death, restored to Alfred Tennyson,
 Bequeathed to th' English Language and her
 heirs.

He sleeps, by Browning—Browning sleeps, by
 him:

In genius each, as the antithesis
 Of his bed-fellow, yet in oneness, both
 Respond to genius, from Queen Bessie's day
 E'en to Victoria's; while, to culture, each
 Appeals, for homage: genius, whence, or what,
 Half, undefined, but, when uncovered, known.

That is immortal, which a century
 Of doubt, debate, or partial pens, survives,
 Thence, no man's dictum weighs a feather's
 weight

Against the common verdict, rendered worth,
 Voted immortal, in that, Time hath failed
 Absorbed, by living men, to gag some, dead.
 Fame, come, of thinking, level, with the mass,
 Hath, oft, the ring of silver; lasting fame



May, e'en, premise a stomach, querulous,
 To roar, the lustier, in dead men's ears.
 Such glory sours the stomach of the base
 As fires a brave man's heart: who fights
 the truth
 Tears his own flesh, hath his own wounds to
 dress.

In crystalizing truth, in matchless gems;
 In scouring life, unlovely—humble—proud,
 For worth, to cherish, Tennyson excelled:
 So, when the Knights of Arthur, to his lyre,
 Wake, harnessed, for intrigue—in chivalry;
 He cuts the gems, snatched, from her turbid
 streams
 He, swearing, by St. George, for England,
 lived,
 Would breathe her sunshine, in her moonlight
 die,
 Yet, where, all men would seize his skirts,
 they may,
 There, broad enough, to whisk an age along:
 The world were one man, only—man, complete,
 As, all the world shone in his countenance.
 To, rather, believe, nothing, than too much,
 Preserves an empty purse, for sterling coin:
 Since, sayings are not true, for being old;
 Antiquity embalmed a thousand lies,
 For one sound maxim of experience.
 Opinion, to the palate of the world,
 If, there be marrow in it, were a dish,
 Not served, too often: so when reason lights
 Her torch, man blushes to the accusing flame,
 But, for his passions, just—since, he reveres
 The thing he hates, in unaccepted truth.
 It is no fiction, but, a verity,
 That, men are, inly, better, than they seem.

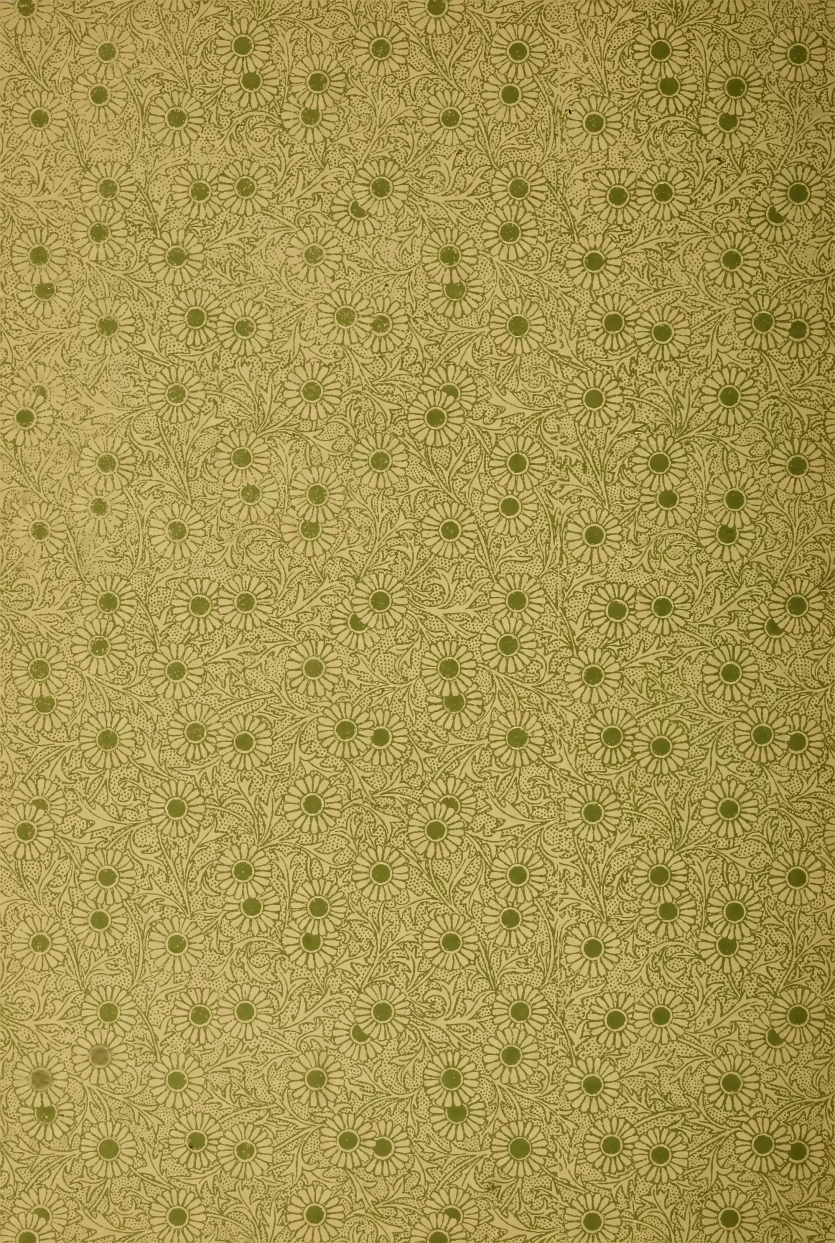
Not, falling, silent, to a stealthy blow,
 Our Bard had cheery exit—from his Muse,
 Who, scarce, in death, had parted company.
 Confessing inspiration, he had thrust
 In Cymbeline, his fingers, stiffening, there:
 Of inspiration, all he sang shall live,
 Should Time neglect to water it, shall sprout,
 To vernal suns, in virgin soil, anew,
 Companioned, by the Past, wherein, it must
 Survive itself—wherein, the Future may,
 Companioned—while, men love The Beautiful.

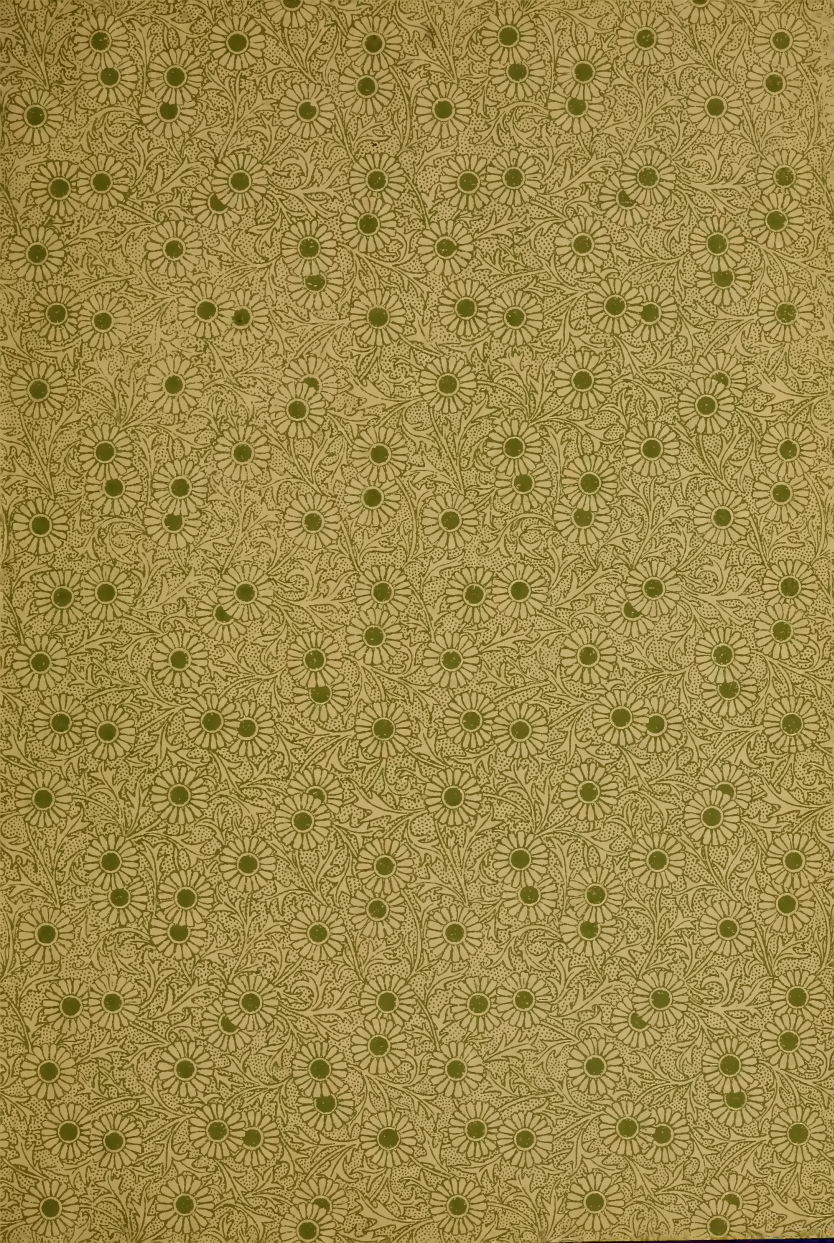
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